

BESSBORO :

A HISTORY

OF

WESTPORT, ESSEX CO., N. Y.

BY

CAROLINE HALSTEAD ROYCE.

1898

Miss Alice Lee

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CAROLINE HALSTEAD ROYCE



Will no one tell me what she sings?

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago.

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

— Wordsworth's "Reaper"

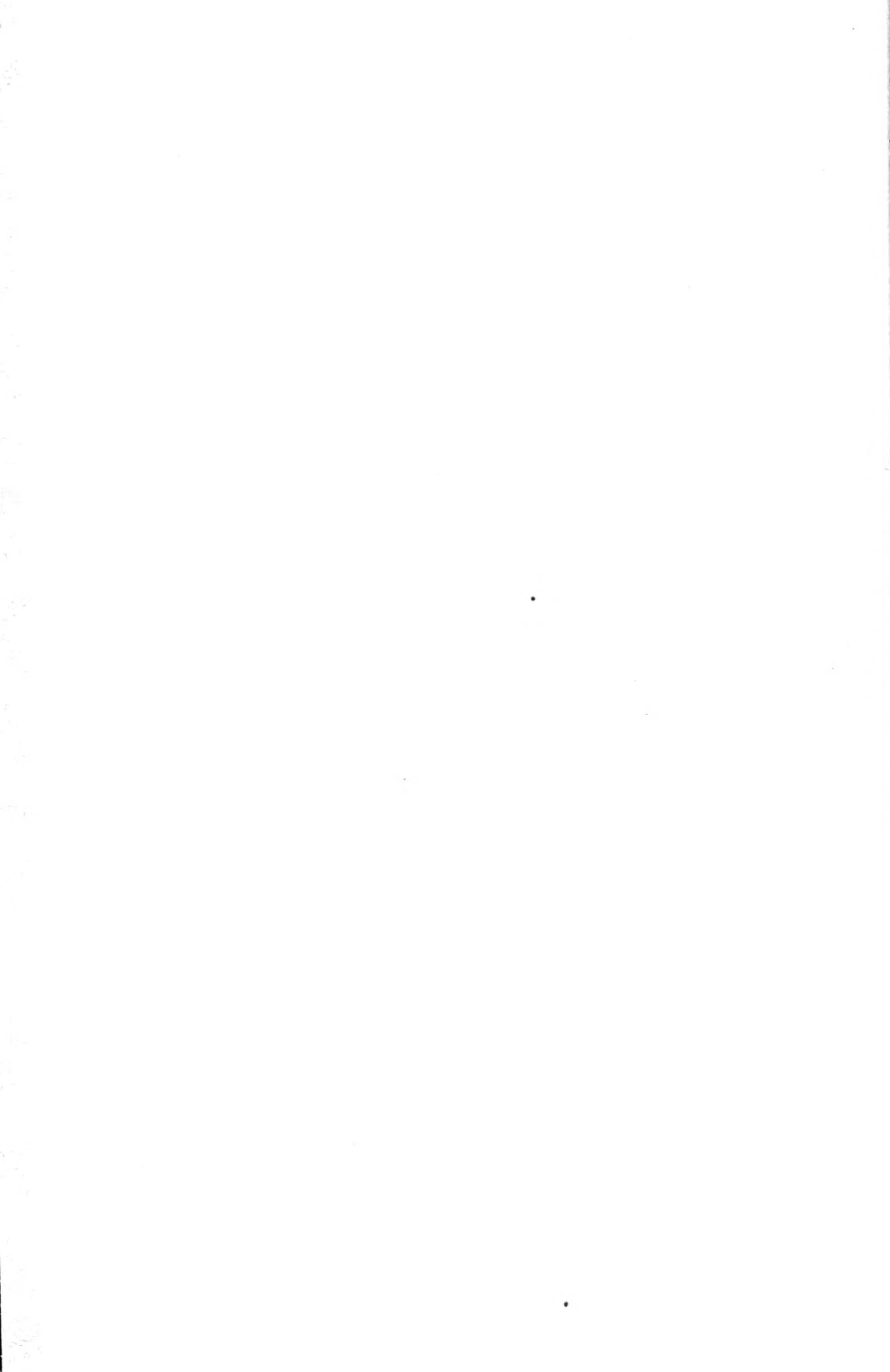


TO
MY MOTHER.

No one will ever care for my book as she would have cared for it.

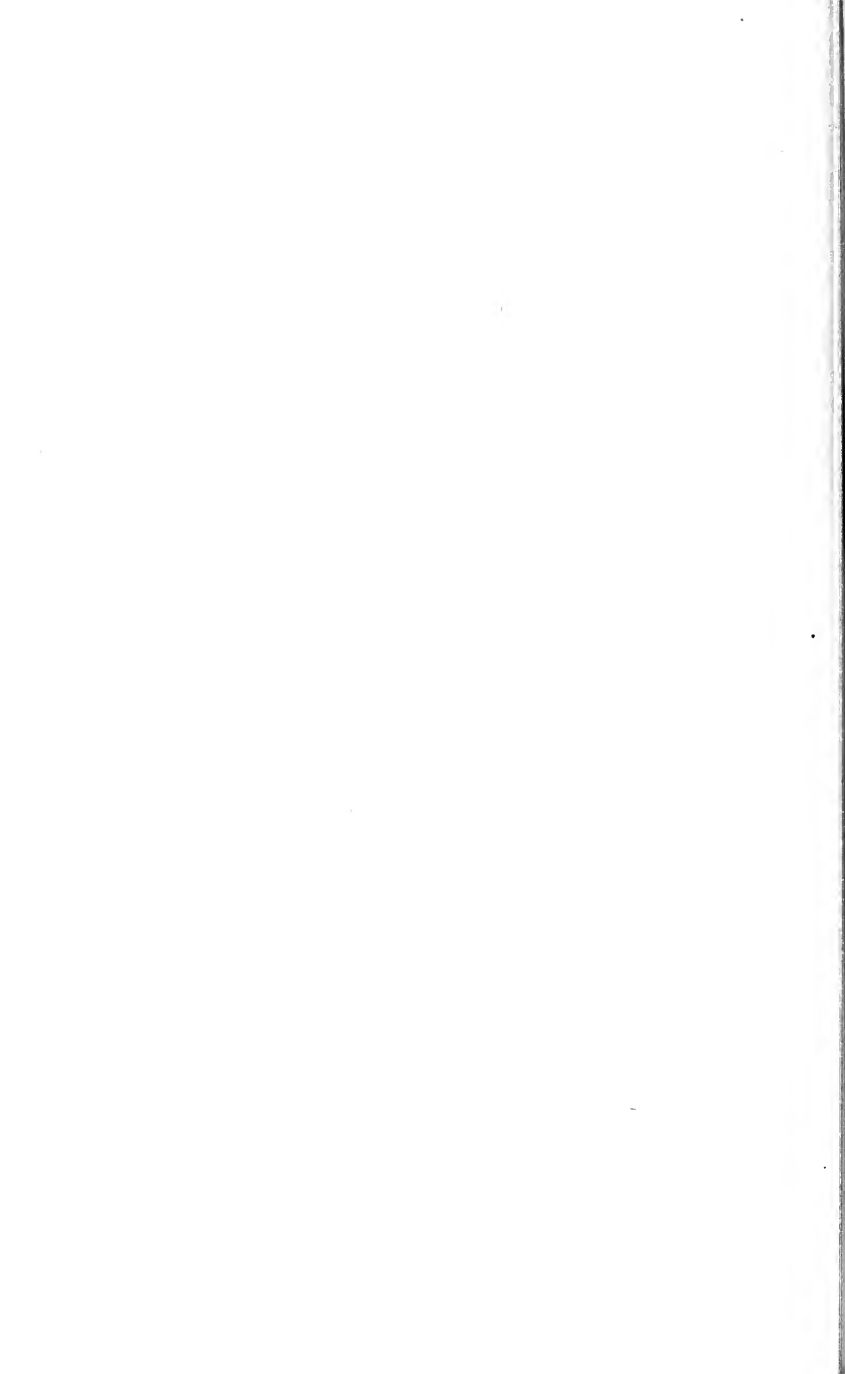
Had she lived, she would have helped me to make it better than it is.

As she knew all the pleasure of cultivated flowers, but still was pleased with nothing so much as with a handful of the wild honeysuckle which grows on our rocky ledges, so, though she knew the best that was in literature, her delight in a book of mine would have been beyond measure. Through her am I most closely connected with the soil of which I write, and to no one else can I give my book.



"Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future pre-emin-
ent over the present, advances us in the dignity of think-
ing beings."

— Samuel Johnson

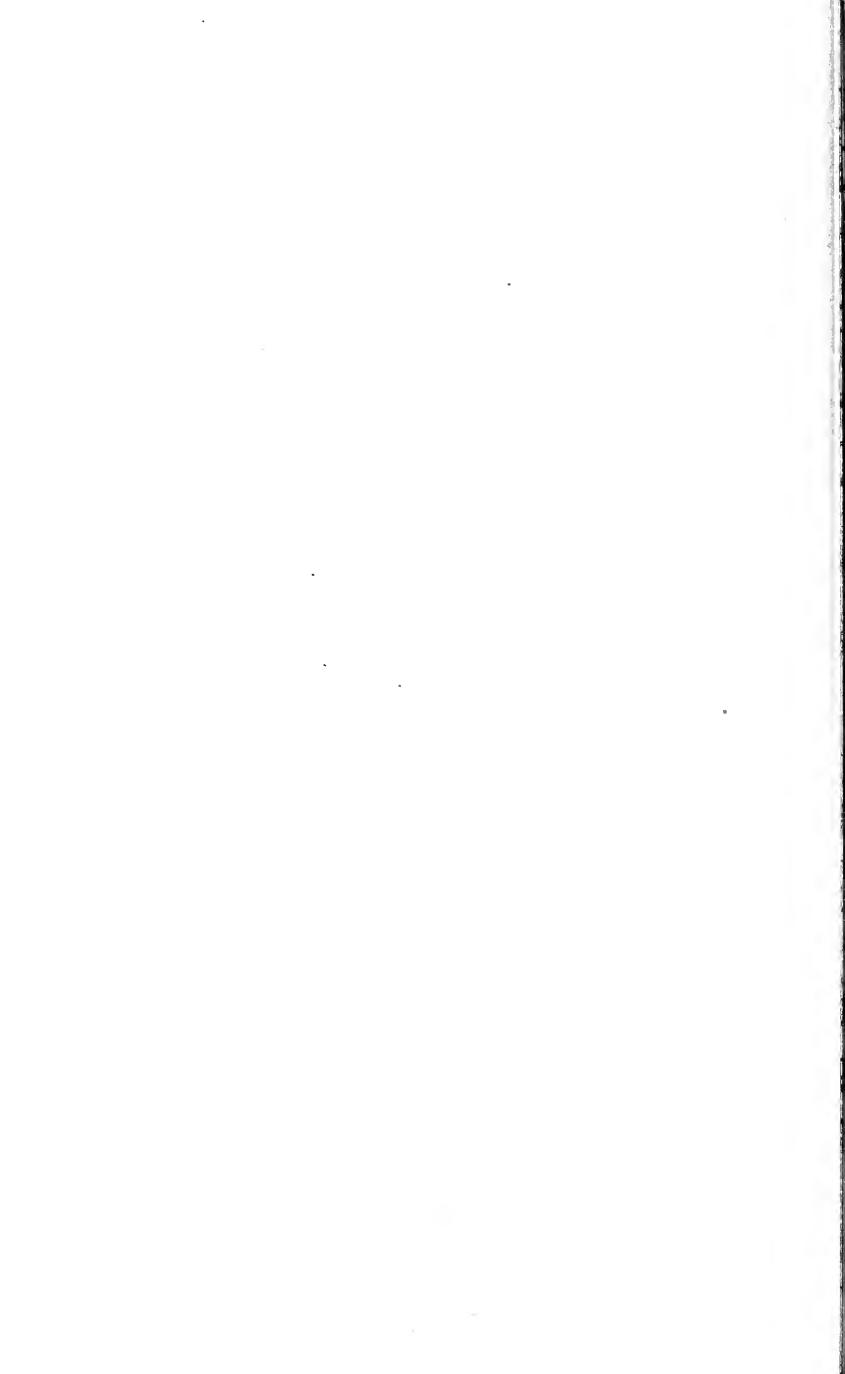


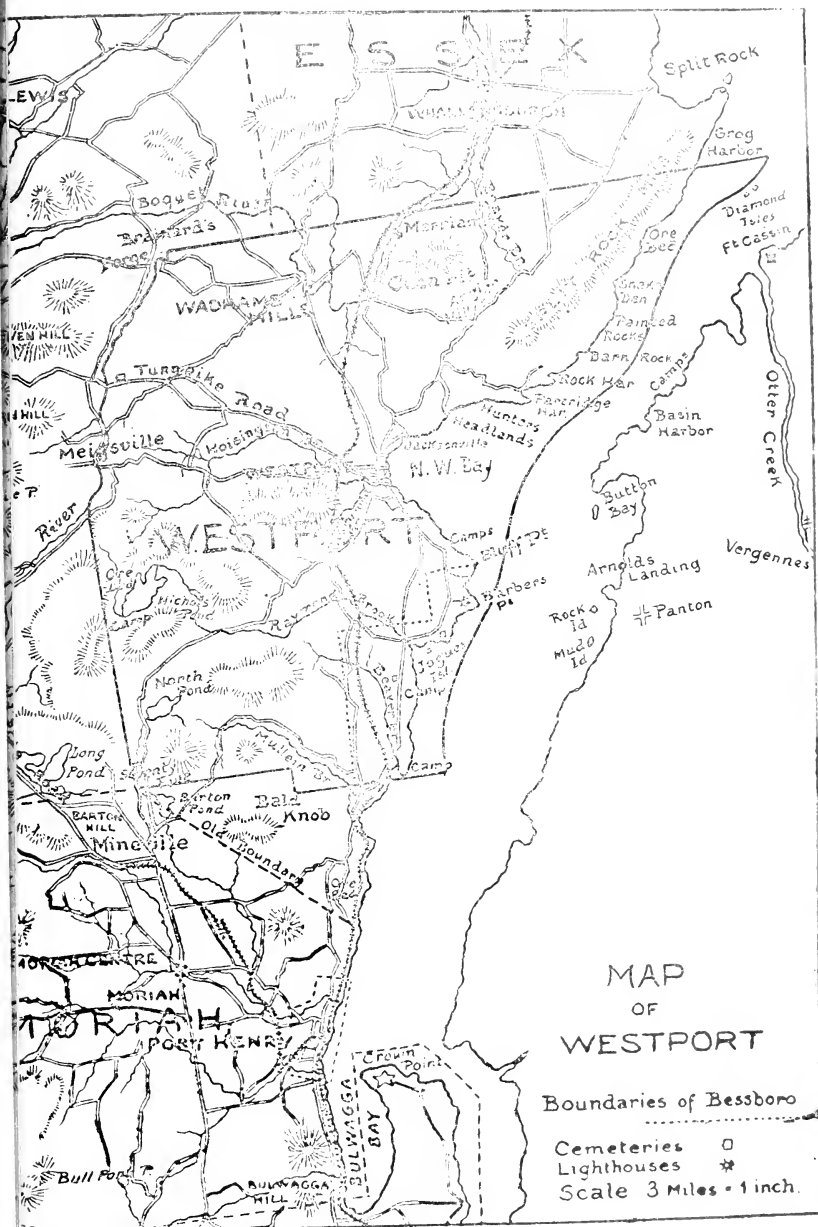
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Errata on Map.

The engraver has omitted to indicate "the Narrows" in the lake, between Basin Harbor and the opposite shore.

The light-houses at Crown Point and Split Rock are omitted, and also the "Hoisington cemetery," on the road from Westport to Meigsville, where the road crosses the brook.

The camp at Nichols Pond is on the island in the pond, and not at the southern end of the pond.

The little island just south of Arnold's Landing is called on the latest Government survey "Rock Island," but the more common name is Clara's Island.

PREFACE.

At the Centennial Celebration of the formation of the county of Essex, N. Y., held in June of 1899 at the Court House in Elizabethtown, preparation was made for the presentation of the history of each town in the county. The choice of the authors of these histories was left with the supervisors of the several towns. In the case of Westport the writer was requested to perform this task, which was accordingly attempted, with very little knowledge of its requirements, and no more than a general interest in the subject. There were two months in which to write the history. As for material, there was the History of Essex County, by Winslow C. Watson, admirable in every way, but with little bearing directly upon the story of Westport, and the later history, published in 1885 by Smith, with several pages of rather incoherent information upon the subject. Then there was the fine Atlas of Essex County, published in 1876, and a friend lent me the New York Gazetteer of 1860. I went to look at Miss Alice Lee's first map of the village, made in 1800, and copied the letter which she had carefully framed, written by Judge Charles Hatch in 1842 in regard to the early settlement of the town. Mrs. Francis L. Lee lent me Palmer's History of Lake Champlain, and one day I went into the Town Clerk's office and took a hasty look at the old book of the town records, copying the first entry. With this equipment I went to work, and what I put together was read at the Centennial.

It goes without saying that even this quantity of material could not have been well digested in two month's time by a writer entirely new to the work, and I found myself haunted by continual discoveries of the incompleteness, and, in some particulars, the actual untruth of my so-called "history." This was enough to complete the fascination of the subject, and since then it has formed my chief mental occupation to find out what was really true about my native town. I grew to respect my subject more and more, and the mere attraction of my own interest seemed to throw in my way material hitherto undreamed of. Cousins in Chicago sent me the priceless Map of Skene's Patent. Miss Alice Lee's tact and energy succeeded in recovering from deserts of hopeless unappreciation the map of the northern part of the village, made by Diadorus Holcomb for "old Squire Hatch," a map of the Iron Ore Tract, and Burr's map of the county for 1829. Mr. Henry Harmon Noble, of Essex, chief clerk in the State Historians' office, becoming interested in my work, discovered for me in the office of the State Engineer and Surveyor the map and field notes of Bessboro, of which he secured certified copies, as well as an affidavit in regard to Bessboro which forms our principal evidence in regard to the settlement upon it. Another map by Platt Rogers of the northern patents of the township I had the good fortune to find in the State Engineer's office, and received a copy of it by the kindness of Mr. Wm. Pierson Judson, Deputy State Engineer. Cousins at Basin Harbor lent me family papers out of an

old trunk in the attic. I myself copied almost the whole of the old town book, from 1815 to 1875. Mrs. J. L. Roberts lent me an invaluable scrap-book containing a miscellany of information about the Champlain valley, and also, a prize which was greeted with delight, two copies of the Westport newspaper published in 1842 and 1843. Hon. Richard L. Hand afterward presented Miss Lee with two more copies, of 1841 and 1844. Mr. Henry Richards lent me four volumes of the Documentary History of New York. When I began to study the period of Burgoyne, Mr. Henry Harmon Noble sent me from the State Library the following books: Burgoyne's Orderly Book; Stone's Campaign of Burgoyne; Memoirs of Gen. Riedesel; Journal of Madame Riedesel; Pausch's Journal; and Watson's Pioneers of the Champlain Valley. From his own library he sent me Digby's Journal; Hadden's Journal; Journals of Major Robert Rogers; Journal of Charles Carroll, and afterwards Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams, by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth. For the War of 1812 I consulted Thos. Wentworth Higginson's History of the United States; New York, by Ellis H. Roberts; History of the United States, by E. Benjamin Andrews, and Military Papers of Daniel D. Tompkins, published by the State. Mr. Noble also copied for me some Military orders and records still in manuscript in the State archives, and from the papers of his grandfather Gen. Ransom Noble. I also received information from the War Department at Washington.

In addition to these books, and perhaps others which

I have forgotten. I have had numberless interviews with numberless people. Some have been waylaid upon the street with abrupt and apparently irrelevant inquiries, and some have given me hours of delightful reminiscence. For a long time it seemed to me that whatever question I asked of any one, I was told to go and ask Henry Holcomb, which I finally did, and was rewarded by receiving a vast deal of information. Mrs. William Richards has been of great help to me; so has Mrs. Harriet Sheldon and Mr. James Allen. If I should recount the names of all the people who have answered questions for me with patience and intelligence I should give something like a list of my acquaintances in Westport. I have also received valuable letters from former residents, of which the most detailed and helpful is one from Mrs. Victor Spencer, Saginaw, Mich. Miss Lee gave me a package of notes and printed slips from Mr. David Turner, of Washington, who published the Westport newspaper in the forties.

Books from which many items of information have been obtained are the life of Catherine Schuyler, by Mary Gay Humphreys; Carrington's Campaigns of the Revolution; Burgoyne's Invasion, by Samuel Adams Drake; History of the Empire State by Lossing. Altogether indispensable has been the article in Scribner's Magazine for February, 1898, by Alfred T. Mahan, upon the Battle of Lake Champlain, and I shall often refer to Parkman's volumes upon the history of this region.

Of more value to me than many books have been the

exquisite maps of the United States Geological Survey. The bulletins of the New York State Museum have been also helpful.

It is common in town histories to give long tables of genealogy, which are always of interest. This I have been entirely unable to do for this book. In a few instances people have very kindly supplied me with information in regard to their lines of descent, always in response to my inquiries, and these I have been glad to print, but to make an exhaustive showing of the subject would require years of work. No one can really obtain a perfect understanding of the history of any town without some idea of the race and descent of the people who live in it, and especially of those families which have remained in it from generation to generation. Therefore I will give here a short account of my own descent, as one, I think, entirely representative of the town. I might have chosen the genealogy of families more distinguished, in remote and recent times, but none more typical, and, naturally, none upon which I could speak with so much confidence.

I can trace three lines of descent from "first emigrants,"—the first who came to this continent from the old world.

I will begin with my father's family, the Bartons. The first whom we know was Samuel Barton, who was a witness at one of the witchcraft trials in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1691. His testimony was in favor of the woman accused as a witch which we hope was not the result of a spirit of contra-

rieness, but of an unshakable sense of justice. His wife was Hannah Bridges, and he had a large family, his youngest son becoming the ancestor of Miss Clara Barton of the Red Cross. Another son, Joshua, was destined to have no such distinguished descendants. He lived in the towns of Leicester and Spencer, in Massachusetts, and his wife's name was Anna. They were blessed with seven children, the fourth of whom was Timothy, born in 1732, (and therefore of the same age as George Washington,) at Leicester. He fought in the Revolution, taking up arms at the "alarm of Bennington," when the approach of Burgoyne threatened every home in New England. In 1753 he married Hepsibah Stow, and they had also seven children, the third of whom was named Timothy Stow, and who enlisted at Charlton, Mass., in 1775. He married Phebe Stone, and they had no less than nine children. After the Revolution they were stirred by that pioneer spirit which moved so many at that time to emigrate westward to newer lands, and they moved to Bolton, on Lake George, where the rest of their lives was spent, and where they now lie buried. Their oldest son was Simon, and he it was who first came into Essex county, settling on a farm in Moriah in 1812, and living there the rest of his life. He was a deacon in the Baptist church. His wife was Olive Cary, and it is through her that black eyes and hair came into the family. The original Bartons were blue-eyed. Simon Barton had a large family, well-known in this section. Perhaps the best known of the sons who remained in Essex county was

Dr. Lyman Barton, of Willsboro. The oldest son was William, who settled in Crown Point. His son, John Nelson, came to Westport as a young man, and has spent the greater part of his life here as a carriage maker. Our line of Bartons seem to have been mainly artisans, always fond of working with their hands. When one of them has become a physician, we often remark that he is likely to make a specialty of surgery, showing this inborn tendency. A love of music also runs through the family but we fancy that it is shown more in the delight of making it upon an instrument than in that of simply hearing it.

The Sawyers show characteristics quite different from these. A real Sawyer, we say, can neither make a boot-jack nor play the fiddle. If any one of the name has these talents, it comes in through some other ancestor. The first Sawyer of whom we know anything positively is Thomas, born in Lincolnshire, Eng., in 1615. He came to Massachusetts in 1639 and settled in Lancaster, where he died and was buried, as his tombstone still stands to attest. In the attack upon Lancaster during King Philip's War, his son Ephraim was killed by Indians, and from that day until the Indian was driven west of the Mississippi, there was always a Sawyer fighting Indians. John, eighth in a family of nine children, moved to Lyme, Connecticut. His son Edward, born at Lancaster in 1687, following the pioneer instincts which seem to mark the family, was one of ten men who first settled the town of Hebron, Conn., in 1704. His son, born at Hebron in 1721, we always

speak of as "Isaac, the Indian fighter." He was twice married, and our line comes from the second wife, an Irishwoman and a McFarland. (Whenever red hair, eloquence or a sense of humor develops in any of our race, it is at once ascribed to this Irish ancestress.) He emigrated with his family into the wilds beyond the Hudson river, and settled in the wilderness, high up on the West Branch of the Delaware river. He was there at the time of the Indian massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, but soon removed his family to the fort at Schoharie. He and another man were captured by four Indians, but killed three of the Indians and wounded the fourth, and so escaped. Stories are also told of his wife's courage in driving Indians away from the house. His son Isaac was left an orphan at an early age, and it was his lot to be a bound boy to a man who went into the howling wilderness of northern Vermont and settled at Monkton. This Isaac grew up in roughness and ignorance, but was destined to be redeemed by the wife he married. She was Mary Willoughby, daughter of Joseph Willoughby, a soldier of the Revolution and a deacon of a little Baptist church which had sprung up in the wilderness. Isaac became converted, and then, throwing himself into his new experience with all the fire of his fighting ancestors, began to preach. He knew his Bible almost by heart, and in those days no congregation asked for any better equipment. Wonderful stories are told of the power of his preaching, and perhaps there is some proof of this in the fact that he had five sons who also became Baptist

ministers, all with more education than he. He had, I think, four grandsons who were also preachers, but most of them took to the medical profession or to teaching. He journeyed over all northern New York and Vermont founding churches and preaching. In 1828 he came to the Baptist church in Westport, and remained as pastor six years. It was while he was here that his son, Miles McFarland, married my grandmother, Caroline Halstead.

For my grandmother's family I must go back to Hendrick Martensen Wiltse, who came to New Netherlands from Copenhagen in 1655. There he married Margaret Meijers, and came far up the Hudson to settle at Esopus. There he was captured by Indians at the Massacre of Wiltwyck, but escaped, and spent the rest of his life within the bounds of civilization, on Long Island. His son Martin married Maria Van Wyck, and had a son Marten who removed to Dutchess county as one of the earliest settlers, and became one of the substantial Dutch farmers along the Hudson. His wife's name was Jannetje Suydam, and his youngest daughter, Eyda, (afterward Anglicized to Ida,) was born after her father's death, in 1746. In 1764 she married Platt Rogers, and in 1789 moved with him to Basin Harbor, on Lake Champlain. From this line of Wiltses comes a strain of the art-loving, contemplative, money-making Dutch blood, in strong contrast to the hardy contempt of luxury found in the Puritan Sawyers.

The father of Platt Rogers was named Ananias, and he lived at Huntington, Long Island. We fondly hope

to prove some day that he descended from Thomas Rogers of the Mayflower, whose son William moved to Long Island and there had a numerous family—far too numerous for the comfort of the toiling genealogist. The Rogerses were closely connected with the Platts, and when the latter moved from Long Island into Dutchess county, before the Revolution, Platt Rogers went also, and so met and married Eyda Wiltse. He served in the Continental army during the Revolution, and was afterward one of the “twelve patriarchs” of Plattsburgh, who founded that town in 1785. In 1789 he moved to Basin Harbor, on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain, opposite Westport. He had eight children, and of his four sons not one ever married, so that there is to-day no descendant of his bearing the name of Rogers. His daughter Phebe married John Halstead, who sold a farm in Dutchess county to follow the fortunes of the family in this region. (His daughter Ida married James Winans, and her descendants still live at Basin Harbor.)

Platt Rogers and his associates in a large land company owned Skene’s patent, on Northwest Bay, upon which the village of Westport now stands. After the death of Platt Rogers, in 1798, a portion of this land fell to his daughter Phebe, and so John Halstead moved over the lake into the new settlement, and his was the first frame house built in the village, in 1800. It was his daughter, Caroline Eliza, who married Miles McFarland Sawyer. Their daughter, Phebe Maria, married John Nelson Barton, and now we have brought all these ancestral lines to their meeting point in Westport.

My sister and I can claim to have been born here for three generations, with ancestors in the Champlain valley since 1785.

Such a description of each of the old families in the township would show, I have concluded from my own knowledge of them, a marked similarity. A great preponderance of pure English blood, coming here after generations of residence in New England, is a characteristic common to all. The dash of Irish blood is not uncommon, but the Dutch strain is less often met with.

As for the Royces, theirs is a New England family too. The first record is at Lyme, Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, from which place they moved up the Connecticut river, settling at Walpole, N. H. From that place came William Royce, early in the last century, across the state of Vermont to Lake Champlain, and took the ferry from Basin Harbor to Rock Harbor. At that time there was a well-traveled road running to the north across the Split Rock ridge, from the landing at Rock Harbor to Essex. By this route came many of the early settlers from New England into Essex, and some of the New Hampshire Royces owned tracts of land in Essex. William Royce settled upon this road, on the western slope of the Split Rock mountains. He was familiarly called "Bildad" among his neighbors, and the old road, long since disused, is still spoken of as the "old Bildad road." William Royce had sons and daughters, and his descendants now form a large and clannish family connection in the towns of Essex and Westport, intermarried with the Mathers

and Staffords and Saffords and Walkers, and other old names.

This book would never have been written or printed except for the enthusiastic encouragement of Mrs. Francis L. Lee, whose recent death has been such a loss to the community. Herself the author of the only other book ever published by a Westport woman, her interest in this history never failed, and my pleasure in seeing it in print is dimmed by the thought that it can now bring no pleasure to her.

One word more. I have written this history for my own townspeople first of all—those who will care most for it, and who will be most charitable in their judgments. If I have made any mistake in it—and I do not know of anything so easy to do as making mistakes (unless possibly it may be seeing the mistakes of other people)—I hope that it will be considered a duty, and a kindness to me, to call my attention to it. If I have put any one's grandfather in the wrong place, or omitted anything whatever that some person would like to see printed in a history of the town, I hope I shall be told of it. Be sure that I shall not be surprised at any such correction, for the point of view of one person, and that person by no means accustomed to be in the center of public events, cannot be expected to take in everything. It may be—if children cry for it, as Gail Hamilton said—that there will be another edition some day, with additions and corrections.

And for the rest—let my little book be read, as indeed it has been written, in the spirit of this quotation

from a Master of Arts oration at a Harvard Commencement, by Robert Bartlett,—

“We are looking abroad and back after a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living a high philosophy and faith; so shall we find now, here, the elements, and in our own good souls the fire. Of every storied bay and cliff we will make something infinitely nobler than Salamis or Marathon. This pale Massachusetts sky, this sandy soil and raw wind, all shall nurture us. *Unlike all the world before us, our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves.*

CAROLINE HALSTEAD ROYCE.

Westport-on-Lake-Champlain, January, 1902.

God giveth us Remembrance as a shield
To carry into warfare, or a cloak
To keep us warm when we walk forth alone
'Tis never good nor blessed to forget.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

Westport is a large, thinly settled township in the Adirondack region of northern New York. It is one of the eighteen towns of the most mountainous county in the state,—that of Essex. Essex county has seven towns which border on Lake Champlain, and of these Westport is the central one. Its southern boundary is very nearly coincident with the parallel of 44 deg. north latitude. This parallel crosses Lakes Huron and Michigan, and the state of Oregon, touches the city of Avignon, in the south of France, and crosses the Gulf of Genoa. The meridian of Westport lies between 3 ° and 43 ° east of Washington.

NAME.

The name of Westport was given to the town in 1815, after it had known at least thirty years of recorded history. Nothing is more unlikely than that it was named after the English Westport, in Devonshire, near Plymouth,—the Westport from which Sir Francis Drake set sail for the Spanish main. Neither was it named from the town on beautiful Clew Bay, in the west of Ireland, in Connaught, where was the family seat of that Lord Westport who had Thomas de Quincey for his tutor. It is true that William Gilliland was an Irishman, and that if any man had a right to name this town, that right was his, but he never called it Westport. His name for the place was BESSBORO, after his daughter Elizabeth.

This name we have taken the liberty to restore upon our title-page and cover. Of all the twelve original patents into which the soil of our township was divided, as they were granted by British king or American Congress, one only was named and settled by the man who first owned it, and that was Gilliland's Bessboro. Upon it stood the first settlement, and the only one before the Revolution, which broke into the monotony of the primeval forest. Had the princely plans of Gilliland been fulfilled, the quaint and pretty name would never have been changed. Had George the Third of England been a sensible man, had Benedict Arnold been an honest one,—in a word, if the pioneer work of William Gilliland had not been swept clean out of the Cham-

plain valley by the ebb and flow of the tides of the Revolution, the place would still be known by the household name of the little daughter. It pleases us to recall it, with its suggestion of family affection and of baronial rights, and we offer it to the memory of one of the most romantic and picturesque figures in the history of this region.

"Elizabethtown" is only a paraphrase of "Bessboro," more stately and less musical. It was chosen for the title of the new township erected in 1798, comprising the present townships of Elizabethtown and Westport. It was then thirty-four years since Gilliland's first entrance into the Champlain valley as a colonizer, and he himself had been dead two years, but his claim to consideration was still recognized in the choice of a name. It is thought that those who named the township at that time meant to honor the wife of Gilliland, rather than his daughter, who bore the same name.

That Elizabeth, by the way, who has been so honored in our nomenclature married Daniel Ross, First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex county, and many of her descendants are still living in the county. She was a child only one or two years old in 1764, when the patent of Bessboro was first surveyed and named, and was at that time Gilliland's youngest child, though others were born afterward.

The village of Westport was originally called "North-west Bay," taking its name from the bay at the head of which it stands. This bay is one of the largest on the lake, and was named very early in its history. The

French called it "Baie des Rocher Fendus," or "Bay of the Split Rocks," and it is so marked on Sauthier's map of 1779. It is interesting to note how plainly this name indicates the approach of the French discoverers from the north. When the early explorers had occasion to refer to the bay, they said, "It is that great bay which you enter after passing Split Rock, keeping to the deep water along the cliffs, as a careful sailor naturally will." On the other hand, the name of Northwest Bay shows just as clearly the approach of the English from the south. The bay west of Crown Point fort, to which we now give the old name of Bulwagga,* was then called West Bay, and it seems plain that Northwest Bay was named by the English with reference to this, reckoning the points of the compass from their most important post, Crown Point.

Though officially named Westport in 1815, the village retained its early name for many years. As late as 1840 we find mentioned even in the town records both Northwest Bay and Pleasant Valley (the old name of Elizabethtown). Old people to this day speak of going to "the Valley," and to "the Falls," and, especially if they live on the high lands near the Black River, "down to the Bay." Old letters are still preserved directed to "Northwest Bay, Elizabethtown," written

*NOTE. Governor George Clinton called it "Bullwagen Bay," June 13, 1780, in a letter to Washington, (Clinton Papers, MSS. Doc. No. 2970,) and also in a letter to Gen. Howe, June 14, 1780, (C. P. 2972,) and in a letter to Col. Robert Van Rensselaer, (date about June 2, 1780,) writes, "Your letter of last night dated at Bullwagen Bay." This was during the pursuit of Sir John Johnson after he had his raid on the Mohawk valley, and was making his escape to Canada.

- Letter from H. H. NOBLE.

before the days of post-office stamps, and evidently intended to be carried by private messenger.

The township of Westport contains two post-offices, Westport and Wadhams Mills, the latter built upon the falls of the Boquet river, in the northern part of the town. This village was named after General Luman Wadhams, an early resident and mill-owner, who was prominent in the annals of the place.

It is likely that the present name was given to our town by "old Judge Hatch," who wrote his name "Charles Hatch, Esquire," and was a leading figure in our ancient history. He was one of a committee of three appointed to run the line dividing the original Elizabethtown, which stretched from Keene to the shore of Lake Champlain, into two townships, the eastern of which was the present Westport. Tradition has not handed down to us the names of the other members of the committee, but it is plain that "the old Squire," as we call him, must have known the choice and agreed to it. A wild fancy suggests that one of that committee was a Scotchman, born near the West Port of Edinburgh, and had ancestors who were "cut in the '45," and sang, (if the song was written then,)

"Then up with the West Port an' let us gae free,
And its ho! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

But the reason for the name is obvious enough, and the committee were not trying to be original. Doubtless they relished the commercial sound of the "port" and saw visions of the harbor filled with shipping, and

great riches coming from the iron mines. They had never seen the geographical gazetteer of 1900, with column after column of an unbroken succession of places named Westport! We may look upon it now as an interesting language-proof that an Essex county lake town, in the old days, always looked to the lake for its nature.

BOUNDARIES.

Westport is bounded on the north by the towns of Lewis and Essex, on the east by the state of Vermont, on the south by the town of Moriah, and on the west by the town of Elizabethtown.

The north boundary is a straight line, run by surveyor's chain and compass. It was intended to be a due east-and-west line, but owing to the imperfections of surveyors' instruments in the eighteenth century, when the line was run, it has a slight inclination to the north-east and south-west.*

*NOTE While studying the subject of the old town lines, a letter was received from Mr. Wm. Pierson Judson, Deputy State Engineer, with the following explanation :

"The lines which are shown on the United States Geological Survey maps are True, (or astronomical,) North-and-South and True East-and-West, while the old Town lines, to which you refer, are the magnetic East-and-West lines of 1772. The deviation of these old lines is the magnetic declination of the needle at the time the surveys were made. The question as to how much this declination was, and what the correct direction of these lines should be, is one which has been, and now is, before the Courts, and has been the subject of much discussion and many opinions."

This letter is intended to answer the question in a general way, and is not to be taken as specifically applying to any particular line or set of lines.

It would appear from some old records that the north line was originally intended to run to the mouth of the Black river, but if so, a change was made at some time unrecorded, perhaps when a new survey rectified the lines of the patents.

We learn from the old town records that in 1848 our northern boundary was in danger. At the town meeting in March every voter gave his voice in support of a resolution setting forth that the citizens of Westport did protest against a petition from the town of Essex to the state Legislature, which petition prayed that a strip one mile wide of our domain should be set off to our northern neighbor. Our supervisor, then John H. Low, was authorized to send a copy of the resolution to our Representative at Albany, and the measures taken were plainly sufficient to prevent further aggression from the north. I do not understand this at all, but I suspect a "school house war," over a school district which lay in both towns.

The eastern boundary is the irregular and invisible line, drawn through the waters of Lake Champlain, which marks the division between New York and Vermont. It is not equidistant from shore to shore, but follows the channel, or deepest part of the lake. The towns east of this line are Ferrisburgh and Panton, in Addison county, Vt.

The southern boundary is a straight line, except for a small jog on the east side of Bald Knob, made for the sake of consistency with the lines of some of the lots of the Iron Ore Tract. This line was run in 1849. From

1815 to 1849 the boundary was a diagonal line from the south-east corner of Elizabethtown to "the old ore-bed wharf," which was the terminus of one of the roads from the Cheever ore-bed. This included Bald Knob and Bartlett pond, as well as the busy mining settlement of "the Cheever." As a larger and larger population clustered around the mine shafts, there was, of course, an increased number of voters, who were obliged to go to the village of Westport, eight or nine miles away, to cast their votes. With a polling place only two miles away, at Port Henry, this came to seem quite absurd, and steps were soon taken to set off this southern triangle to the town of Moriah. Our present southern boundary was determined by the southern line of Gilliland's Bessboro, as directed by the act of the Legislature which made the change.

The northern part of the western boundary follows the course of the Black river, "as it winds and turns." The town line is not in the middle of the stream, but follows the eastern bank. Consequently every bridge which crosses Black river is upon Elizabethtown territory, and must be built and repaired at the expense of that town. This canny arrangement is due to the shrewdness of Squire Hatch, bent upon the advantage of his own town, while the commissioners from Elizabethtown thought only of keeping control of as much of the water power as possible.*

*NOTE. After this was written, appeared in the *Elizabethtown Post* (George L. Brown, editor,) the following which completes the history of this boundary line :

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ACT for dividing Elizabethtown, in the County of Essex.

Passed March 24, 1815.

I. Be it enacted by the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, That from and after the first Monday of April next, all that part of Elizabethtown, in the county of Essex, bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the north line of the said Elizabethtown at the mouth of the Black river; thence up the said river as it winds and turns on the east shore of said river, until it intersects the south line of Morgan's patent; thence due south to the north line of Moriah; thence easterly on said line of Moriah to the ore bed wharf; thence east to the east line of this State; thence northerly on the east line of this State to the south-east corner of Essex; thence west on the south line of Essex to the place of beginning be, and hereby is erected into a separate town, by the name of Westport, and that the first town meeting be held at the dwelling house now occupied by Charles Hatch, in said town.

II. Be it further enacted, that all the remaining part of Elizabethtown shall be and remain a separate town by the name of Elizabethtown and that the next town meeting shall be held at the dwelling house now occupied by Norman Newell and son in said town.

III. And be it further enacted, That as soon as may be after the first Tuesday in April next, the supervisors and overseers of the poor of the said towns of Elizabethtown and Westport, on notice first being given by the supervisors of said towns for that purpose, shall meet together and divide the money and poor belonging to the town of Elizabethtown previous, agreeable to the last tax list, and that each of the said towns shall forever thereafter respectfully maintain their own poor.

The above is copied from page 100 of the bound volume of the Session Laws of 1814-15. The late Judge Charles Hatch, who built the fine old brick mansion in 1825 which still stands in the village of Westport, who was noted for cunning and shrewdness, is credited with having drafted the above copied law, making the line between Elizabethtown and Westport follow the east bank of the Black River so that the former town would be obliged to build the bridges across that stream. However, in due time the matter was tested. It came about that a new bridge was needed across the Black River near the Nathaniel Pierson place just above Meigsville proper, there being long and somewhat expensive "approaches" to construct each side of the stream. The late Jacob Lobdell, son of Captain John Lobdell, of Battle of Plattsburgh fame, was Highway Commissioner in Elizabethtown, the late Marcus Storrs holding that office in the town of Westport. Action was commenced in March, 1870, to compel the town of Westport to stand half the expense of constructing the bridge, approaches, etc. Richard L. Hand acted as counsel for Elizabethtown, Waldo, Tobey & Grover acting in behalf of Westport. The matter in dispute was finally referred to Peter S. Palmer, the late well-known Plattsburgh lawyer and historian. He decided, in accordance with the general statute applying to such cases, that the towns of Elizabethtown and Westport were jointly and equally liable to the expenses incident to bridge construction, etc., along the Black River town line. Reference to page 50 of the pamphlet of proceedings of the Board of Supervisors for the year 1874 shows that a judgment for \$300 was paid by Westport.

The southern part of the western boundary is a straight line drawn from the Black river to the south line of Elizabethtown. The point at which this line touches the Black river is also the point at which the river is touched by the north line of Skene's patent, and was determined by that fact. This was intended to be a due north-and-south line, but it has the same variation as all the early patent lines, a slight inclination to the north-west.

There was a dispute over the location of the southwestern corner of the town after the iron mines near Mineville began to rise in value. All the boundary lines were very clear on the map, but standing among the rocks and trees on the mountain side, it was not so easy to prove just where the early surveyors had intended them to run. So a new survey was ordered, and it was discovered that the settlement which had been from the first called "Seventy-five," because it was believed to lie upon Lot No. 75 of the Iron Ore Tract, in Elizabethtown, actually lay upon Lot No. 48 in Westport and Lot No. 47 in Moriah. There was a feeling of gratification in Westport at the time to find that she had a larger share than was supposed in this rich territory, and it is curious to reflect how little it matters now. None of our ancient border wars would be possible to-day. They were all brought on by economic conditions no longer to be found. The water power of the Black river is now worth no one's scheming. "The Cheever" and "Seventy-five" put no large taxes into the hands of the collector, nor do they furnish voters for

town meeting day. Rather has the town doled out its meagre charity to the poor who were left stranded at Seventy-five for years after the mines shut down. To-day I believe there are no more souls to be found there than lived on the dry, hilly farms before ore began to be raised from the Thompson shaft, and the short, bright day of its prosperity dawned.

Giving measurements which do not claim to be exact, but close enough to give a good general idea of the extent of the town, the length of the north line is about nine miles, and that of the south line five miles. From the north-east corner, where the Essex line touches the lake, to the south-west corner at the mining hamlet of "Seventy-five," as the crow flies, it is about thirteen and one-half miles. If the same crow should fly from the mouth of Black river to the Moriah line, he would go a little less than nine miles, and if he flew from the mouth of the brook in the village, straight west from the lake shore until he came to the town line at Black river, he would go four and one-half miles. Flying from Nichols pond, straight east to Bluff Point, he would go five and a half miles. Dismissing the crow from our service, if a boy in a rowboat took a fancy to follow every curve of the shore line, he might row eighteen miles in Westport waters. Before Moriah was ceded a part of our territory in 1849, he might have rowed twenty.

POPULATION.

Westport cannot be said to be densely populated. The census of 1900 reports the total population as one thousand seven hundred twenty-seven (1,727). This, for a township containing about thirty-five thousand acres, gives plenty of breathing space. But the main body of the population is gathered within an area of not more than half the total acreage,—perhaps it would not be incorrect to say within one-third. The village of Westport is reckoned to contain five hundred sixty-three souls, and Wadhams Mills one hundred sixty. At the last presidential election, held in 1900, there were one hundred and six votes cast in the first, or northern district, and two hundred and sixty-nine in the second or southern district, making a total of three hundred and seventy-five.

Westport is not as thickly settled as it was fifty years ago, as will be seen by the following figures:

On Burr's map of Essex county, published in 1829, the population is given as one thousand three hundred twenty-two (1,322). The town at that time included the southern portion, containing the Cheever ore-bed, set off to Moriah in 1849. In 1845 the population had increased to two thousand ninety-four (2,094). Before the next census the area of the township had been diminished by the loss of the territory mentioned, but nevertheless we reached the highwater mark of two thousand three hundred fifty-two (2,352). Westport has never come up to that level since. It will be remembered that Jackson opened his furnace in 1848,

and those were the gala days of the iron business. For the next twenty-five years the population varied as follows :

1850,—2352.

1855,—2041.

1860,—1981.

1865,—1687.

1870,—1577.

1875,—1981.

Doubtless in 1875 the census taker enrolled all the men employed in working upon the railroad, which would explain the increase.

The Supervisors' Report of 1900 gives the exact number of acres in town as thirty-four thousand five hundred eighty-five (34,585). The total valuation of real estate is set down as \$728,815. Of course it will be understood that this is the assessed valuation, for purposes of taxation. The actual value, or selling price of a farm or a house is often double the assessment. Personal property is given as \$83,200, and this should be multiplied at least by three to express actual conditions. The census of 1900 shows a marked increase in the value of property over that of 1890.

PRODUCTIONS.

Our productions are mainly agricultural,—hay, oats, potatoes and apples, with milk, butter and wool. No iron has been mined or manufactured for many years. Lumber is sawed and shipped in moderate quantities, chiefly from the mills at Wadhams.

There are still some of the quaint home industries of colonial times carried on among us to a small extent. Some homespun woolen yarn is knit into heavy socks and mittens, which are brought into the stores at Wadhams every fall. Warm and durable they are, too, every pair worth three that are factory woven. These are most often made by the older women, who were taught the homely art of knitting in their childhood. The girls nowadays make "Battenburgh" lace "throws," to hang on the corners of picture frames.

The weaving of rag carpets on a hand loom is still a thriving industry, though the number of weavers is few. The massive looms are very quaint and interesting, and the skill of the weaver is still that which was required before the days of steam invention. Perhaps there are a half dozen of these primitive looms in town, none of them built within sixty years, and some of them very much older than that. I know of but three which are now fitted for work.

Of the extinct industries, the most unusual was the making of clay pipes. At Coll's Bay, near the place of the early Raymond settlement, lived an Englishman by the name of James Smith, always distinguished by the title of Pipe-maker Smith. He and his sons for years made the old-fashioned clay pipes, in a shop at one end of the farm house. The pipe clay came from New Jersey, and the pipes were burned in a kiln attached to the house. The burning was an operation requiring much skill and patience. This was the only place between Albany and Montreal where clay pipes were

made. The business was kept up until some time in the eighties.

All the brick buildings in town were made from brick of our own manufacture, but none of them have been built within thirty years. To-day no one builds of anything but wood, and the bricks for foundations and chimneys come in on the railroad. There were, at the time of our greatest prosperity, a number of brick-yards in town, and all agree that the material was of the best.

One unusual industry is that of gathering ginseng root in the woods, to be sold at a high price and sent to China. There is a little spruce gum gathered to be sold every year. More important than either of these, though small, is the trade in the skins of furbearing-animals. Every spring several thousand pounds of maple sugar are made.

GEOLOGY.

For the geology of Westport I am entirely indebted to a bulletin issued in 1895 by the New York State Museum, called "The Geology of Moriah and Westport Townships," by James Furman Kemp, in which it is said that

"The geology of the eastern Adirondacks presents many problems of interest. The townships along Lake Champlain contain within their borders the contacts of the labradorite rocks – (gabbros, norites and anorthosites) with the quartzose gneisses and crystalline limestones; and the later-formed unconformabilities of all these with the Potsdam sandstone of the Upper

Cambrian. The crystalline rocks of the Archean invite study of both igneous and metamorphosed forms, while along the old shore line are the Cambro-Silurian sediments, unchanged, not much disturbed and rich in fossils."

This will not be especially illuminating to the average un-geologic reader, but the language of this science has "unconformabilities" which render it difficult to translate. On page 332 we find this :

"The southern part of Westport is mainly gneiss, but the northern is all anorthosite and gabbro. The anorthosites have an extended development in Split Rock Mountain, and also appear in the southeast. The gabbro is especially important in the central portion. The sedimentary rocks mark the southeastern lake shore. The Potsdam, Calceiferous, Chazy and Trenton are all well shown."

In the matter of trap dikes it seems that we are somewhat deficient, though several "are exposed along the lake shore a mile or two north of Westport,—and others appear in the old iron mines on the west side of the Split Rock ridge. Porphyries, tho' known in the next township north, have not been met."

As it is quite possible that some reader may be interested in the detailed description of the "Iron Mines of Westport," I will copy it in full :

"There are at present no producing mines in Westport, and such as have been opened have been idle for many years. Except perhaps the second bed at Nichols Pond, all that we visited were clearly in the gabbro

series, and gave thus every reason to infer that they are titaniferous, and such analyses as have been available have carried out this impression.

“THE NICHOLS POND MINES.—These are situated high up on a mountainous ridge above Lake Champlain, and just north of Nichols Pond. There are two beds; the southerly one is in gneissic gabbro, and is about 9' thick. It strikes nearly east and west, and dips south about 80° . The ore is magnetite mixed with hornblende and is lean. The second bed lies more to the north, and shows the following section, with a strike and dip like the last. 1. Hanging wall gneiss. 2. Ore 12'-15', shot ore consisting of magnetite and quartz. 3. Lean ore not worth separating 20', but of same general character as 2. 4. Compact feldspathic rock, 15'. 5. Lean shot ore and quartz same character as 2, not worked. 6. Foot wall coarse gneiss. There was a large separator in operation some twenty-five years ago at Nichols Pond, and a tramway ballasted with tailings runs down to the highway to the eastward. These mines are in lots 166 and 168 of the Iron Ore Tract and on Campbell Hill.

“THE LEDGE HILL MINES.—This name may not be the most common or correct one, but it is the one given us in Westport. The mines are near the summit of a hill, two miles west of Westport, and are several hundred feet above Lake Champlain. They are in gabbro of a gneissic habit, but at times quite massive at points not far from the ore. There are two ore bodies. The ore is richest in the middle and becomes lean towards the

walls, with abundant hornblende and garnets. In the lowest opening there are 4'-6' of richest ore. Fifty feet higher up there is another opening on the same ore. The strike is east of north and the dip is high to the west. A little to the east is a second ore body, opened by a cut about 6' feet wide at the bottom. The walls are gabbro. The mines are in lot 153 of the Iron Ore Tract.

"THE SPLIT ROCK MINES.—These are opened in Split Rock mountain, about one hundred feet above Lake Champlain, and show very considerable excavations, which are practically dry, as the situation for mining is very convenient. The ore is 10' thick, strikes N. 70-80 ° E. and dips 50 ° south. Gabbro forms the walls right up to the ore on both sides. It is the metamorphosed variety with the copious reaction runs of garnets. The writer was told that there is another opening to the south. There is a separator on a level with the lake, and above the mines, in a terrace in a break in the hills, are the old boarding houses. From this terrace there is a most superb view of the lake and the Green Mountains. The mine is just across from Fort Cassin."

And the summing up of the whole matter is this :

"There seems little if any prospect of profitable mines in Westport in the future. Those ores that are reasonably near the lake are certainly titaniferous, and cannot be used under the present calculation of blast furnace slags and mixtures. The non-titaniferous ores

which may be in the western limits of the town are extremely inaccessible, if indeed in any quantity."

One of the Mineville ore beds, called the Cook Shaft Mine, is crossed by the town line, so that its northern opening, called Thompson's shaft, lies in Westport, but this mine is no longer worked. Its ore is valuable, but not so cheaply obtained as that from the other mines of Moriah. West of the school-house at "Seventy-five," (called more commonly "Fletcherville" in Moriah,) is a body of ore known as the "Humbug Mine," a title given it when the ore was proved to be titaniferous, and therefore valueless. My information in regard to the mines at "Seventy-five" has been obtained from Mr. S. B. McKee, so long Engineer of Witherbee, Sherman & Co., at Mineville.

HAMLETS.

Our terms of local geography contain constant allusion to five or six hamlets which seem to a stranger to be little more than a name. They are referred to by the titles given when they were scenes of far greater activity than can often be the case now. There is Brainard's Forge, in the extreme north west corner, on the Black river, just where Westport, Elizabethtown and Lewis join, and where the teacher in the school keeps the names of pupils on three separate pages of the register, according to the town in which each one lives. In 1807 there was a forge here, built on the Elizabethtown side of the river, which is

alluded to in the old town records as "Morgan's New Forge," but is called "Brainard's" in 1817, and has kept that name for nearly a century. This was the earliest and one of the best known forges of the number built upon the Black river between the beginning of the nineteenth century and the final declension of the iron industry in Westport and Elizabethtown. Now you find there a steam saw-mill, a school-house, half a dozen farm-houses, and the little river slipping by under the bridge, still darkened by the stain of iron ore to the color which gave it its name from the first settlers. It is dwindled to less than half its volume since those days, in common with every other water course in the country.

Then there is Meigsville, up the Black river to the south-west, perhaps three miles. Here is a school-house, and a number of houses on both sides of the river, six hundred feet above sea level, and deep within the mountains, with the wild scenery of the great uninhabited Iron Ore Tract to the west and south. If you should follow the road further up the river, you would find only a desolate, almost uninhabited region for miles and miles.

Few and faint are the memories of Meigs. His name was Guy, and he owned the mill and the forge, and I know not what besides. He went away some thirty years ago, he and all his family, in a big emigrant wagon drawn by four horses, to a place indefinitely given as "out west." I find that in the history of our town, the people who have moved away may almost

always be said to have gone to one of two places. Either they went "out west" or "over the lake." The first means an enterprising seeking of new countries, the second an unambitious return to the older civilization of New England, often expressed by the phrase, "went back to his wife's folks." So much of the western shore of Lake Champlain was settled by emigrants from New England that going back "over the Lake" was, in the earlier days, something like going back to the old country. But Guy Meigs disappeared toward the wild west, which means, of course, that he left Westport bearing due south, not turning literally to the west until he had made his way past the ramparts of the Adirondacks. I have sometimes discovered that when men are accounted for as having "gone west" any time before the last quarter century, they have, not uncommonly, gone no further than Buffalo. But as for Meigs of Meigsville, I know no more of him than I have here set down. Doubtless his most enduring monument is the mountain hamlet still called by his name.*

In the southwest corner, where Westport, Elizabethtown and Moriah meet, is the larger settlement of "Seventy-five." This was named from the surveyor's number for the lot in the Iron Ore Tract upon which it was supposed to stand. In geography and in politics "Seventy-five" is obliged to belong to the town of West-

*NOTE.—There has been recently published a large volume containing a genealogical record of the Meigs family in America, in which it appears that Guy Meigs of Meigsville is of the same family as General Meigs of the Civil War, as well as many other notable people. The author of the book is Captain Henry B. Meigs, a brother of the late Guy Meigs.

port, but in every thing else it is part and parcel of Moriah, or, to speak more exactly, of Mineville. Here is situated the Cook Shaft No. 2, one of the system of Moriah mines, which have made such fortunes for their owners. Here was once a great furnace, offices, stores, and a village of more than thirty houses, with a large school-house. It remained a populous place for some time after the mines shut down. Those who were able, went away as fast as they found chances to work in other places, leaving a sediment of those who were too poor to move. In 1846 we fought with our neighbors for the possession of the soil. In 1896 either one might have had it for less than the asking, for that winter the poormaster traveled wearily over the long, hilly road, once a week, with a great load of provisions to keep some of the people there from starving. This was our small share, as a town, in the problem of dealing with the mass of unemployed poor which Moriah struggled so bravely to solve in those dark years.

Near the place where the town line crosses Mullett Brook is a saw-mill and school-house, and we always speak of the neighborhood as "Stevenson's," from the name of the family who have long owned the mill. This is also known as "Adirondack Springs," and at one time was called "Spencer's." The oldest name, and one seldom or never heard now, was "Fisher Mills," from the name of the first settler.

Where the railroad crosses the highway near the lake shore is a place where mail is left and taken on for a short time during the summer, called

after the boarding-house near by "Oak Point." The next railroad crossing to the north is spoken of as "Graeffes" or, more formally, the Westport Farms. The latter title indicates more properly all the land between the railroad and the lake, with the residence on the lake road, and the numerous tenement houses and barns.

In the northeast part of the town, not far from the Essex line, on the Boquet river, lies "Merriam's Forge." A passing stranger can see no reason for the name, as even the ruins of the old forge, built in 1825, were swept away in the flood of 1897. The dam in the river is still left, kept in repair by the terms of the will of the former owner, Mr. William P. Merriam, but the water runs away unemployed and useless. There is something pathetic in this one surviving token of the care and energy once lavished on the place. The forge, with its three fires, and the labor of the colony of operatives for whom the row of houses were built, made its founder and owner a rich man. Now his house by the riverside stands empty most of the year, and the workmen's houses are filled with an agricultural or a wandering population.

None of the forges on the Black and Boquet were situated near iron mines. All the ore was brought in wagons from the Moriah mines, or, in latter times, from the ore beds at Nichols Pond or Ledge Hill. If you drive over the roads now you may form some idea of the profits of a business which paid for such long and laborious transportation.

The name "Jacksonville" indicates to us the most important iron enterprise which Westport ever knew, in the amount of money involved and the actual results. The place was upon a beautiful point, across the bay to the northeast of the village, now occupied by the houses of Mrs. Hall and of Mr. Robertson Marshall. The name is taken from that of Francis H. Jackson, of Boston, who built the Sisco furnace here in 1848, at a cost, it is said, of one hundred thousand dollars. The massive foundations of this furnace still remain, and much of the stone of its walls has been used in Mr. Marshall's house. The house occupied by Mrs. Hall was built for Mr. Jackson's residence. The book-keeper's house is still in use, but most of the workmen's houses have disappeared, or are used in other ways. The wharf is still left, but the heavy barges, laden with coal and iron, are now replaced by the graceful lines of some pleasure craft.

Very recently have been observed in the local news of the county papers substitutions for the old names of our hamlets. Meigsville is West Westport, Stevenson's is South Westport, and Brainard's Forge is West Wadhams. Perhaps this is an indication that the ancient names are passing away, and that utility is becoming more to us than memory.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

There are eleven school districts in the town. The most southern is at "Stevenson's," near the saw mill on Mullein brook. Here you can turn off the "back road,"

and take the "Bald Peak road" to Mineville, skirting the base of the mountain, and with Mullein brook for company half the way. Then there is the school house at "Graeffes," *alias* the Westport Farms. This is the district that was spoken of for many years as "Root's" because Mr. Samuel Root lived here. The school-house stands on a hill overlooking Coll's bay, with a beautiful view of the lake and of the Vermont mountains. North of this, on the lake road, stands what must be the oldest school building in town,—the "stone school-house." It is built of the limestone of the neighborhood, with windows let in directly under the eaves, so that no one can look out of them without standing up, and little folks not at all unless they climb upon the desks. Consequently, you will usually find the door open in summer, and can look in sociably as you pass.

At the point where the cross road and the back road and the railroad meet is the Howard school house. Here come the children "off the mountain," two and three miles sometimes. This school house, as well as the one at Stevenson's, sees a regular Sunday gathering for religious services. Here the meeting of adults on that day is larger than that of the children during the week.

There is a large school house at Seventy-five, which had until very recently a full attendance, but is now closed. At Meigsville the school house stands on the Elizabethtown side of the river, and this is also the case at Brainard's Forge. You will find one at Hois-

ington's, accommodating children from four roads, and about half way to Elizabethtown on the turnpike is the one most likely to be noticed by a stranger. This is because it stands half hidden by an immense boulder, almost as high and half as large as the building. This used to be called "the red school-house," but since it was rebuilt with a different eye for color we make sure of being understood by saying "the one by the big rock."

At Wadham's Mills is a large brick school-house, one of the oldest in town, often repaired, which the people still make use of, patiently waiting some turn of events which shall bring them a new one. On the road to Whallonsburgh, just over the hill which rises south of the river, is the Royce district, now oftener referred to as the Sherman district. On the lake road to Whallonsburgh, where the road divides, the east branch running direct to Essex village, stands the "Angier Hill school-house." The Angiers are long since gone, but here, I am happy to say, the old name still holds in spite of all new comers. Angier Hill itself you will find a half mile further north. Standing at its top, you look off over the level land of the river bottom in Essex, and the earth drops away from before you suddenly in a terrace. This is "Angier Hill," once a synonym for stony steepness, but much modified by years of patient grading.

The school house in the village was built in 1889, after such a prolonged and heated "school-house war" as is often seen when there are two parties of opposing opinions, only one of which can possibly have its way. It is hard to believe that any spot could have been bet-

ter than the one chosen, on the flat near the shore of the bay, where the building shows so finely in the first view of the village from the lake.

All these school-houses are to a certain extent social centres, particularly in the remote districts. Here are not only the school exhibitions but the Sunday-schools and the mid-week prayer meeting often held, as well as the annual "school-meetings" for the election of trustees and officers of the district.

CEMETTERIES.

The cemeteries of a town are always interesting places to any one who cares for its history. There you find a directory of the past, with blanks in place of the names of those who died among other scenes, or who left no one behind them who cared to raise a stone to their memory. Here dates are copious and authentic, and it seems a relief to walk these silent aisles after much experience with the uncertainty and contradiction of local legendary history. Not that long exploration of the legends will not add to the interest of loitering in these old graveyards. One of the most delightful of summer afternoons can be spent in wandering thro' the village cemetery in company with the Oldest Inhabitant, and and listening to story after story suggested by the names on the tombstone.

The largest cemetery in town is the one in Westport village, on the north bank of the brook, on Pleasant St. It must be almost as old as the village itself, but the

earliest date of burial here cut in stone is in the year 1808.

Here are buried many of the men conspicuous in our history. Here lies "old Squire Hatch," as we commonly call him, "Hon. Charles Hatch," it reads here, — with a monument which was altogether the most imposing one in the cemetery when it was erected, though somewhat overshadowed since.

There is scarcely an old name which is met with in our annals that cannot be found here, and of course one cannot attempt to name them all. Most of the earlier graves are found in the eastern end. Here is the shaft put up for Barnabas Myrick, who seems to have been the great man of the village after the days of Squire Hatch. Near it is the grave of General Daniel Wright, who commanded all the militia forces of Essex and Clinton counties in the War of 1812, with the title of Brigadier-General. His tombstone relates none of his deeds or distinctions, and his wife, whose name was Patience, might be fancied to have need of that virtue in putting up with the fact that she has no stone of her own, but is given a few lower lines on that of her husband. Perhaps it is going too far to imagine any one criticising one's own epitaph, or the manner in which it is emblazoned to the world, but it has an odd effect of making her name seem appropriate. It was a very common custom in those days.

Across the graveled path are the Holcombs. Doctor Diadorus Holcomb was a very early settler, and the first one who practiced the healing art. He acted as a

surgeon at the Battle of Plattsburgh. Not far away are the graves of the Cuttings, conspicuous in the village life a little later. These are some of the oldest names, most of them on quaint, old-fashioned slabs, sometimes with the conventional weeping willow cut at the top. There are many handsome monuments of recent date, like those with the names of Page, Sargent and Newell.

One of the most interesting graves in the cemetery is that of Col. Francis L. Lee, Colonel of the 44th Massachusetts Volunteers. A shaft of stone in its native beauty, uncut and unpolished, taken from his own estate at Stony Sides, marks the spot. A tablet of slate is let in on one side, with name and date. A massive boulder from North Shore is laid at the grave of Mr. William Guy Hunter, in which are deeply cut his name and that of his wife.

There is the grave of Joseph Call, the giant, of whose feats of strength so many tales are told. Ebenezer Durfee has written on his tombstone that he was a Revolutionary soldier, the only stone so marked. Would that more old soldiers had left it cut in stone, so that we might know and honor them all.

A noticeable thing is the number of stones on which it is recorded that the silent sleeper beneath met his death by drowning. In former times such an interesting fact as this could not fail to be engraved upon the tombstone, with the appropriate moral reflection thrown in. Of late we are grown more reserved, or more indifferent, and in the newer part of the cemetery the

stones grow larger and the inscriptions smaller, and there is no longer any literature of the dead, but merely a catalogue. For my part, I like the old way best. It used to be an art to write an epitaph, and to engrave it properly, and then it was something worth while for one to read, walking in the cemetery of a Sunday afternoon.

This is the Protestant cemetery. That of the Roman Catholic church lies not far west of it, behind the pretty church, and is full of interest. There is another graveyard in the village, but it is only the old people who can tell you much about it, as it has been long unused. It is spoken of as the "South burying ground." It lies just northeast of the old Arsenal, and back of Mrs. Gregory's house, on land now owned by the Westport Inn. It is a neglected corner, overgrown with briars and burdocks in the late summer. Here lie Tillinghast Cole, and some of the Havenses and Reynoldses and a number of graves unmarked by stones. These unmarked graves are always found in the oldest cemeteries, often outnumbering those whose names have been preserved.

At Wadhams Falls there is a very pretty cemetery, on the high river bank, across the road from the M. E. church. Here are the old names of this section,—Felt, and Braman and Whitney, Hardy and Dunster and Brown and Sherman, Woodruff and Payne and many more. The earliest cemetery at Wadhams was on the flat lower down the river, but was soon abandoned, and no stones were left to mark the spot. The Wadhams

family were buried in a private ground back of Com. A. V. Wadhams' residence, but were removed and placed in the large cemetery within a few years.

All our cemeteries are in spots of natural beauty. At Merriam's Forge is a small private ground, where all the Merriams lie buried. It is not far from the former residence of William P. Merriam, across the road, and on much higher ground, with a fine view of the river.

On the road to Elizabethtown, near the Black river, is what the old people call "the Newcomb burying ground." This has received the remains of all the old families of this region.

As old as any of them all must be the graveyard at Hoisington's. The earliest date is 1805, at the grave of Datus, son of Enos and Anna Loveland. What a dear, romantic bit it is, this little square fenced in among the mountains! Here you get no water view at all, only the dark mountains with their folded valleys, pressing close around. This lies on the highest ground of any of our resting places for the dead, as here it is six hundred feet above sea level, with mountains towering far above it. There are very few family names represented, mainly Lovelands, Nichols and Slughters. On the lake road to Port Henry is a small private cemetery on the land of Hinkley Coll, where all the names are Coll by birth or marriage.

Without doubt the most ancient burial place in town is on the wooded point which runs out north of the mouth of Raymond brook, close to the island.

Very near this spot was the first settlement of white men on our soil. The oldest date of burial to be read is that of Levi Alexander, 1816, but we know that many graves here must be older than that. There are not half a dozen stones now standing in the little enclosure, but all around are signs of a large cemetery. Many of the graves were marked only with that most pathetic thing in old graveyards,—rough, uncut, unshaped and unmarked stones, selected from hillside or door yard or any where they could be found. They were set up carefully at the head and the foot of the grave, many of them marking only a baby's length between them, and for the lifetime of one generation we may be sure that these graves were not nameless as they now must be to us. These rough stones are found in all our old cemeteries, and indicate a time when the stone cutter had not yet reached the place, and cut marble must be brought long distances. Indeed, many of the stones with the oldest dates were set up years after the body beneath was laid to rest.

We have a right to claim the cemetery just over the line in Moriah, as it belonged to Westport until after the first generation of settlers must have been buried.

ROADS.

To attempt a description of all the roads of a township would be very tedious. Only a study of the map can give an adequate idea of them. To a person coming from one of the southern counties of New York, where highways and railroads are constantly crossing in a network, and there is never one house built out of sight of another, our town looks like a mere wilderness, threaded here and there with a slender, solitary, trail, often without human habitation to pass for long distances. To the same person, coming direct from any of the "back towns" of the county, namely, North Hudson, or Keene, or North Elba, where an immense township sometimes is traversed by a single road, with one or two branches, Westport seems thickly settled, and very comfortably supplied with roads. The highways, of course, as in every place, indicate perfectly the needs of the population by their direction and extent, and their resources and enterprise by their condition.

Taking the village of Westport as a center, the main roads running from it are those to Whallonsburgh, Wadhams Mills, Elizabethtown and Port Henry. Going to the first place, you may take the river road or the lake road. The river road goes north until it comes to the bank of the Boquet, then follows it closely, after crossing it near the town line, into the township of Essex. The lake road takes you northeast, over many hills, with beautiful views of lake and mountains. At the top of Angier Hill you look down upon the valley of

the Boquet. At what is called "the forest gate," after you pass through the wonderful gateway in the rocks, of such interest to geologists, a private road leads some two miles to Hunter's Bay, Partridge Harbor and Rock Harbor.

The road to Wadhams Mills, runs to the northwest, crossing the railroad and the river. Here are the beautiful falls and the busy mills. If you are very lucky you may find the river full of logs, and a gang of picturesque "loggers" with red shirts, high rubber boots and pike poles, trying to break a log jam. The river road will take you to Mount Discovery and to Lewis. Thence, if you are so minded, you go northward to the place which we call the "Poke o' Moonshine." A road to the west goes to Brainard's Forge, and there are many cross roads, in this region of rolling farms, connecting the main roads.

If you wish to go to the county seat you must go to the station and then along the only turnpike in the county. This is the stage route for the mountains, and altogether the most constantly travelled road in town. You must stop at the toll-gate and pay toll, which you will not begrudge when you see that your money goes to keep the road both smooth and wide. Beautiful mountain views you will find, and when you come to the Black river and cross the bridge, then you have left Westport and are in Elizabethtown.

To go to Port Henry you may take either the "back road" or the lake road. The first follows the railroad most of the way, and runs not far from the high bank

which indicates the last slope of the mountains of the Iron Ore Tract, in their nearest approach to the shore of the lake. The lake road, (called a part of the way the "middle road,") runs parallel with the back road, and joins it just beyond the town line, so that you are obliged, in any case, if it is your will to go to Port Henry, to cross Mullein Brook and climb "Bigelow hill" beyond. This brook was undoubtedly named after a person, but at the present day the hill just south of the bridge is so covered with the withered, woolly green of the unesteemed mullein that one feels that the reason of the name might not be far to seek. About two miles from Port Henry you will pass through "the Cheever," meaning the ruins of the mining village which sprang up so suddenly in the prosperity of the great Cheever ore bed, and fell into ruins so deliberately when fortune frowned upon the God of Iron. You are in what was once Westport territory until within two miles of Port Henry, although it has belonged to Moriah for fifty years.

From Holt's brook to the Raymond brook we call this the "middle" or the "state road," because there is a "lake road" farther to the east. And a pleasant road it is, looking off over the tops of "the Cedars" to the lake and the Vermont shore. There is a lane leading down to the Worman place at Young's bay, and another, much travelled, to the light-house and the ferry at Barber's point. A favorite short drive from the village is to take this road around to the island, and then come back by the middle road, or by the cross road which

cuts through the Westport Farms, and back past the golf links.

Other roads less travelled have often quite as much interest. By turning off the turnpike near the station you can go up the Ledge Hill road. After you have crossed the brook you will never wonder at the meaning of the name. When you come to the twin fish ponds at Hoisington's you may take your choice of going on to Meigsville, and perhaps away off across the Black river to "the Kingdom," (peopled now only by ghosts of the old Days of Iron,) or you may turn and go south between the mountains until you come to the spring which supplies the village of Westport with water. If you choose this road, the first little bridge you cross is called, in local talk, "tea-kettle bridge." The name is the most valuable part of the legend, as the neighbors can only tell you that once, when they mended the bridge they found a new tea-kettle carefully hidden under it, whose owner they never discovered.

On this road stood, not many years ago, a charcoal kiln, the last, perhaps, of the large number which might be found all over the town fifty years ago, when there was so much more wood to burn. It was not far from "the old tram road," which leads to Nichols Pond, two miles west of the highway. This pond is a favorite resort of hunters and campers, and you can hardly pass this way in the hunting season without seeing a hunter with gun and basket, making for the pond. It lies fourteen hundred feet above sea-level, and there is a camp

on an island. Another trail to the pond leads in from the south.

When you come to the turn at the old Stacy place, *alias* the Greeley place, now owned by Mr. Lee, you may go back to the village, or turn up the hill and take the mountain road to "Seventy-five." This road reaches the highest altitude of any road in town. After you have passed the "John Smith place," where you get such a charming glimpse of the lake through the trees, looking down over Bessboro, and have climbed the hills along the musical tumbling brook, and passed the solitary farm-house of Levi Moore, you come to the summit of the road, fifteen hundred feet above tide. After this there is a descent until you reach the deserted village of "Seventy-five."

Surely a more desolate place cannot be imagined than this ruined mining settlement, lying high up in the mountains, where the soil is thin and poor, and where the trees have been cut off for miles around, burned to feed the great furnace which is now but a heap of shapeless ruin. Time has veiled the naked hillsides with the thick, slender "second-growth" timber, but the village houses still stand unshielded upon the bare slopes. Most of the houses were well-built, large and comfortable, and it will take a long time for the chimneys to fall and the roof-trees to sink. All the population here had to be fed by the farming country of the Champlain littoral, and farmers as far away as Lewis and Essex drew hay and other farm produce over the

mountains to Seventy-five, receiving high prices and a share in the general prosperity.

This is the most direct road to the villages of Mineville and Moriah. If you choose you may return to Westport by keeping on around Bartlett pond, (in Moriah,) which lies so still and dark, surrounded by the still, dark mountains, and taking the Bald Peak road, through mountain valleys, following Mullein brook to the school house at Stevenson's, then the "back road" to North-west Bay.

The shortest way from the village to the Mountain Spring is to go up the hill past the golf links, cross the railroad and take the turn at Rush Howard's. This brings you to a bit of new road not shown on the map, because it was made after the map was engraved, which exchanges a stony hill for an easy grade through the meadows for a mile, on the land of the Mountain Spring Company.

As for the smoothness of these roads—well, you will not find them planed and sand-papared. It is evident that in township the elevation of whose surface varies from the level of the lake to eighteen hundred feet above it, the roads cannot be expected to maintain a dreary monotony. I am reminded of a story. Driving over a mountain road from Hoisington's to Greeley's, with a friend returned from South Dakota, we came to "tea-kettle bridge," with the little clear, brown stream pouring and gurgling under it. "Oh, stop the horse a moment," said she, "and let me hear the water run." The muddy sloughs of Dakota do not look nor sound

like that!" And then she told me the story of an Essex county boy who took his degree at a medical college and went west to practice in a prairie state. For years he drove over level roads, with a level horizon around him. One day he was called to go a long distance to a place he had never seen. On his way he saw, in a field by the side of the road, the first rock that had met his eyes since he entered the state. He left the road, drove until he came to the rock, and then deliberately guided the horse so that two wheels of his buggy went directly over it. He made a turn, came back, and sent the other wheels over the rock, enjoying the bounce and jolt. Then he made his way back to the main road, went home and told his wife. "Oh, it felt good," said he. "It felt like Essex county once more!" And no one will deny that that is the way Essex county feels, when you are driving, and Westport is no exception.

Nevertheless, our roads are better than those of many other towns, and especially in the fall, when our clay packs into a hard smooth surface, only made smoother by every passing wheel. It is the spring mud, after heavy rains and thaws that make our roads a terror and a penance. Our system of working roads is exceedingly deficient, resulting in a marked line of division, in some cases, between a one road-district with a business-like "path-master" and high taxes, and another district with a path-master ignorant or unwilling, or with taxes too low to do half the work.

One characteristic feature of our road-sides is the stump fence. This is made of pine roots from the

forest primeval, left after the trees were cut down, and dug out of the earth to leave the land clear for the planting of crops. We have an invention called a "stump-machine," made for pulling the stumps out of the ground. Then they are set up in rows along the borders of our fields, with the wide-spreading roots joining in an abattis which makes an excellent fence. We have very little of the zig-zag rail fence left, and stone walls are not so common as in the southern part of the state, but a gray, mossy, old stump fence, whose gnarled and twisted outlines take fantastic shapes, festooned with the woodbine and the wild grape, is picturesque indeed.

There is a folding road map of Westport, with mile circles, easily obtainable, and also a larger wall map. The map of the United States Geological Survey, on the scale of nearly one mile to one inch, shows every road perfectly, to the least turning, and also indicates with contour lines the elevation of every point. Because of the perfection of these maps, and their accessibility, no effort has been made to provide this book with a large and complete map. The small one in the front of the book will give a quite sufficient idea of the town and its vicinity.

NATURAL FEATURES.

Westport's one supreme claim to consideration is in the beauty of her natural features. Mountains and lake together give this bit of earth a charm which is never unfelt or denied. The natives, born upon the soil, always the last to analyze the influence of nature upon themselves, are by no means the last to feel it. How we pity the people condemned to live in a flat country, and what a keen edge has the regret of the exile who leaves us to live upon the prairies of the West! But we would not have it all mountains. "Keene Valley?" we say. "We could not live shut in like that, only able to look up, and not out. We never take a free breath until we get back where we can look off upon the lake." That is what gives us the sense of freedom and distance, and I think we love it best of all.

RIVERS AND BROOKS.

Our largest river is the Boquet. This beautiful mountain stream has its ultimate springs high among the peaks of Keene and North Hudson, and follows a northeasterly course through the "Pleasant Valley" of Elizabethtown, and into the townships of Lewis and Essex. Then it bends suddenly to the south, and makes a loop of five or six miles to enter Westport. Here it comes within three miles of the lake, and perhaps in some pre-historic age it flowed into Northwest Bay, but now the Split Rock range pushes its foothills to the south and bars the way. The New York and Canada

railroad, in passing over this divide between the Schroon range and the valley of the Boquet, makes the heaviest grade between Albany and Montreal. This is the reason why a loaded freight train is so often "stalled" near Viall's crossing. After leaving Westport, the river flows through Essex and Willsboro into Lake Champlain. Some of its most remote springs must be nearly three thousand feet above sea level. At Elizabethtown, it is but a little less than six hundred feet high, and at its mouth it is of course of the same level as Lake Champlain, one hundred and one feet above tide. Such a descent as this proves it to be a clear, swift running river, with many falls. The most considerable of these is at Wadhams Mills, and gave that place its early name, still often used, of "The Falls."

Within our borders, the Boquet flows for the greater part through a fine farming country, cleared and cultivated, except where it is crowded by the rocky base of Coon mountain. It is crossed by the railroad, which follows closely along its northern bank for several miles.

The river is used extensively for logging. Logs are cut by gangs of lumbermen in the forests of Elizabethtown and Lewis, and floated down in time of high water to the mills at Wadhams or Whallonsburgh or Willsboro. All this logging business is very interesting and picturesque, and one may pick up many a quaint bit of experience out of it. An old farmer who had watched the river many years told me one day that he could tell at a glance whether the river was rising or falling. If the logs are all in the middle of the river it is falling.

If they are floating along upon each side next the banks the river is rising. When the water is rising it is highest in the middle, and the logs take the lower level next the bank. When it is falling it is the lowest in mid-stream, and there the logs collect.

There are two dams in the river within Westport, one at Wadhams and one at Merriam's Forge. The highway crosses it but twice, once at each of the two places just mentioned.

The name of the river is commonly a stumbling-block to strangers, in the matter of its pronunciation. A true native never calls it boo-kay, but always bo-kwet. As it is evidently a French name, the stranger is likely to set this pronunciation down as a result of crass ignorance. On the contrary, it is a most interesting linguistic proof of the real origin of the name. That sound of final "t" has survived for one hundred and seventy years, and, like most survivals, has an excuse for being.

The Boquet river was named by the French before 1731, as is conclusively shown by maps of that date. This point has been thoroughly investigated by Mr. Henry Harmon Noble, who has had every opportunity to examine the documents bearing upon the subject in the State Historian's office. In a letter written to the author he says :

"I find in New York Colonial MSS., Volume XCVIII. page 24, 'Carte du Lac Champlain, depuis le fort Chambly jusqu'au fort St. Frederic. Levee par le Sieur Anger, arpenteur du Roy en 1732, fait a Quebec le 10

Octobre 1748, signe de Lery.' That is to say, a map of Lake Champlain from Fort Chambly to Fort St. Frederic, surveyed by Mr. Anger, Surveyor to the King in 1732, made at Quebec October 10th, 1748. On this map the river is put down as 'R. Boquette,' showing that it was called by that name as early as 1732.

"Also in Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, volume 9, opposite page 1022, is a map, a copy of which was procured in Paris in 1842 by John Romeyn Brodhead. On this map, date 1731, 'Carte du lac Champlain avec les Rivières depuis le fort de Chambly dans la Nouvelle France, jusques a Orangeville de le Nouvelle Angleterre, dresse sur divers memoirs,'—it is called *R. Bouquette*. The 'a' is quite plain."

In a very interesting article upon the naming of the Ausable river, in the Essex County Republican, in October of 1894, Mr. Frederick H. Comstock, a well-known authority on the history and nomenclature of this region, speaks of both the maps mentioned by Mr. Noble, and says:

"The French being established so near the lake soon familiarized themselves with it, and gave names to prominent natural features of its shores—Roche fendre (Split Rock), Carillon (Ticonderoga), Isle La Motte, Sorel, Chazy, St. Armant, Boquet, Valcour, Grand Isle, etc., many of which remain even to this day." And he calls special attention to the fact that the rivers were named from their mouths.

So it is plain that the French had given our river its name before they built the first fortifications upon the lake, at Crown Point, in 1731. As for the meaning of the name, it seems probable that it was derived from the word "baquet," that is "a trough," from the formation of the river banks near its mouth. The French named the Au Sable river, that is, the Sandy river, from the long point of sand at its mouth, and remarked that it was so choked with sand at its entrance into the lake that it was impossible for boats to enter it at all except in time of high water. After passing this river mouth, their eyes were quick to notice that the next one to which they came, on their southward way, was of a very different character, flowing deep and full into the lake through steep banks. There was no obstruction to the entrance of boats of large size, and their passage was clear almost to the foot of the falls. It will be remembered that Burgoyne encamped here in 1777 because the river afforded a shelter for his boats, and in 1812 it was entered by British gun-boats. So the French voyageurs described it as the "river which is like a trough at its month,"—Baquet, or Banquette, afterward written Boquette or Boquet.

It is sometimes asserted that our river was named after Colonel Henry Bouquet, a British officer during the French and Indian War. This is not possible, since Colonel Bouquet never saw America until 1756, twenty-five years after the river was named. Turning to the second volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe," by Francis Parkman, we may read :

"The Royal American regiment was a new corps raised, in the colonies, largely from among the Germans of Pennsylvania. Its officers were from Europe; and conspicuous among them was Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Bouquet, who commanded one of the four battalions of which the regiment was composed."

The gallant Colonel, afterward made a General by a grateful sovereign, distinguished himself in his operations against the Indians of Pennsylvania and Ohio, but at no period was he in service upon Lake Champlain. His own letters and journals, and the records of his campaigns, prove this. There were parts of the regiment of Royal Americans with Abercrombie in his attempt upon Ticonderoga, and with Wolfe at Quebec, but not Bouquet's battalion in either case.

The name of Bouquet was a famous one in the colonies at the time of the "old French war" and immediately after it. How famous it was we can hardly realize since the Revolution has lighted so many greater lights. It would have been in no way strange that any unnamed river should be named after him, and I have no doubt that at this time a misconception of the facts arose. The great majority of the English had never seen the original French maps, and were quite ignorant of the early history of the lake. What more natural than for them to suppose that the name "Baquet" or "Boquette" referred to their own admired General? In this way it may be admitted that the river was, in a certain sense, rebaptized after General Henry Bouquet,

and so the newer spelling and pronunciation might be allowed. But your true native will always sound that final "t" and thus bear witness, often unconsciously, of that Loyalty to the Oldest which makes so large a part of the historical sense.

The river next largest in size is the Black, a tributary of the Boquet. It defines about five miles of our western border, the boundary line between Elizabethtown and Westport following its eastern bank. It rises in the southeastern corner of the township of Elizabethtown, in Long Pond, which lies nearly sixteen hundred feet above tide. "Long Pond" is the name given on all the old maps, but I see that the latest Government survey has changed it to "the Four Ponds." Doubtless that which was one continuous pond in the early days of thick forests and deep, full streams, has now dwindled to four small ponds connected by slender brooks. From Long Pond runs Brandy Brook, falling over five hundred feet in less than two miles, into Black Pond, which is commonly given its modern title of Lincoln Pond. Black Pond was named, like the Black river, from the color of its water, derived from the iron in the soil. From Black Pond the river runs north-east, and all along its course you may find its banks dotted with the ruins of mills and forges.

At "the Kingdom" lies the most memorable ruin, rivaling the mournful interest of "Seventy-five." I have always wished some one would tell me why a soulless corporation ever chose the name of "the Kingdom Iron Ore Company." Was it with a bounding hope for the

future like that expressed by the southern negroes in their song of "Kingdom Come?" At any rate, the name is all that is left to remark upon now, and as even that does not belong to Westport, we must hurry on down the river.

It is six hundred feet above sea level at Meigsville, and four hundred feet above it at its junction with the Boquet in Lewis. It has a descent from Black Pond to the Boquet of six hundred and fifty feet. It will be seen that with this fall, and with the volume of water here in early days, the stream was of great value to the first settlers, and as long as there was a demand for the products of mills and forges. To-day there is but one mill running along all its course,—the one at Brainard's Forge,—but, alas, for the ancient pride of the river, the saw is driven by steam! A hundred years ago the river ran with full banks, deep and still, all the year, but now in summer it dwindles to a thin stream, spread over a pebbly bed. The water is not now noticeably dark, except as it runs over stones which show the coloring of iron ore. I suppose that when the first settlers saw it, it had something of the inky blackness of the AuSable river in the Chasm, flashing into white at the falls and rapids.

Four bridges cross the Black river from one township to the other.

The small streams entirely within the township are numerous. There are at least five flowing into the Boquet, and as many into the Black river. In the center of the town, flowing into *the* Northwest Bay, and crossed

near its mouth by the bridge in the village, is Hoisington's brook, named after an early settler. In strict justice it should be called the Loveland brook, as the Lovelands preceded the Hoisingtons on the farm near its source, but strict justice does not always prevail in the names of places. In some cases our local names go back to the earliest comers, and generation after generation makes no effort to change them, thus preserving a record of early history, and preventing all further confusion. There is something pleasant in the thought of thus honoring the first settlers, who saw the country when it was new, cut the first trees, plowed the first furrow, and did so much to make it habitable for us who were to come after them. Not that I am murmuring that Hoisington brook should be so called. It is a good old name, and that the two fish ponds date back only to the day of the Hoisingtons is sufficient reason for naming the whole brook after them. By the roadside, near the bridge at Hoisington's, the traveller can see two pretty little ponds, one emptying into the other, and the outlet falling into the brook. The sources of the brook are much higher in the mountains. This stream was called Mill Brook by the first settlers at Northwest Bay.

Hammond Brook.

The Hoisington brook is joined, not far back of the village, by another stream coming from the south-west, called the Hammond brook. This stream has for one of its sources the Mountain Spring, which supplies the

village with water. Of late years it is sometimes spoken of as the Pooler brook, but the old name is much oftener used, and is far more appropriate. Nathan Hammond settled here not long after 1800, and his son Gideon, also a dweller by the brook, was a prominent man in our history, being supervisor of the town for years, and going to Albany to represent the county in the Assembly. They are all gone, long since, but the name is still used.

On the map of the United States Geological Survey, though it is quite correct so far as the natural aspect of the country is concerned, our Hoisington brook is miscalled the "Hammond brook," while the true Hammond brook is given no name at all.

Raymond Brook.

Often a stream is known by different names at different points along its course. Up in the mountains, where Joseph Stacy, one of the first settlers, owned large tracts of land, you will hear of "the Stacy brook." Near its mouth, where it falls into Coll's bay, you will hear it called "Coll's brook." But there is still another name. Nothing in all my study of our town history has delighted me more than to find this brook referred to, in the common speech of the neighborhood, as "the Raymond brook." This is the oldest survival of nomenclature that I have discovered. It dates back to that first of all first settlers, Edward Raymond, who came here in 1770, and formed a small settlement at the mouth of the brook. James W. Coll came to this

vicinity in 1808, and I heard his grandson, without suggestion or premeditation, refer to this as "the Raymond brook," thus showing that this was the accepted name in the family. Surely we cannot do better than to keep this up. The land in this vicinity may change hands as many times in the next quarter century as it has in the last, but it is to be hoped that the little river may never lose the name of Raymond. The name of the original Coll is perhaps sufficiently honored by giving his name to the bay.

The Raymond brook, then, is our longest stream, with its highest source probably fifteen hundred feet above tide, in the mountains near the Elizabethtown line. On my map it is made to rise in Nichols pond, but I am told that this is a mistake, and that the outlet of the pond is toward the west. It is a beautiful, clear mountain stream, with many a little fall and cascade, and still pools full of trout. It makes a most musical companion on the road to Seventy-five, and it is a considerable stream where it flows under the highway near William Floyd's. When it has come in sight of the lake, and flows under the bridge near the Graeffe residence, it leaps over a steep ledge of rocks in one foaming sheet. Above the fall is the pool where half the town, in ancient times, used to come to wash their sheep.

Mullein Brook.

On Sauthier's map, made 1779, of the lake there are two of our streams put down,—Hoisington and Muilein

brooks. Only one is given a name, and that the latter, which is called "Iron or Beaver Cr." On the map of the Iron Ore Tract, made 1810, it is called "Bever Creek," so that it is plain that this was its early name, unchanged for the time of one generation. ("Bever" is not a misspelling of "Beaver," but the same word in the Dutch language. Albany, you remember, was called by the Dutch "Beverwyck.")

In the old town records, in 1815, it is spoken of as "Mollins brook," and afterward as "Mullens" and "Mullin" brook, as though a man by that name lived near it, which was perhaps the case. It is well-known that the heroine of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" was named Priscilla Mullen. Possibly a descendant of the family of arch and lovely wife of John Alden settled in early days upon this rushing mountain torrent. It is an odd coincidence that there is a hill-side, just where the highway crosses this brook, which I have always seen covered with the stiff, untidy, poverty-stricken leaves and stalks of the common mullein, and I had believed from childhood that this hill-side gave its name to the stream. Later years brought the reflection that it was likely to have been named before the forest was cut from that hill, and now I cherish an original theory of my own. Near the end of the French and Indian war, one of the men of Robert Rogers, the Ranger, was sent on a dangerous and daring errand up this side of the lake, from Canada to Lake George. His name was Lieutenant Patrick McMullen, and I like to believe that he had some romantic ad-

venture near this stream which caused it to be called after his name.

It rises high in the Iron Ore Tract, probably thirteen hundred feet above sea level, and flows down the side of Bald Peak with a swift, tumbling current. In the early days it had strength to run a mill at "Svenson's," but now it can be used only a little while in the spring floods. From the mill it drops into a deep, dark ravine, at the steep foot of Bald Peak. Between this ravine and the road lies the little cemetery, with its wide outlook over the lake and Vermont to the south, and the gloomy mountain rising high behind it, a most picturesque and lonely spot. The brook is crossed by the highway and the railroad near its mouth. From the highway bridge you can catch the prettiest glimpse of the water of the lake, framed in by the arch of the culvert under the railroad. The little valley is very deep, and the "fill" of the railroad very high and dangerous. Engineers know that the embankment here is treacherous, and never to be trusted after a heavy rain.

Beaver Brook.

South of Raymond brook is a stream comparatively short, and with many tributaries, called on the Government map of 1896 "Beaver Brook." It rises in the hills west of the "back road," and flows into Presbrey's bay at the stone bridge, on the lake road. One branch of it comes down the hillside back of Oren Howard's in a pretty fall, and runs under the great fill in the railroad there. Another branch supplied the water for

the reservoir where the locomotives watered on the switch, before the large reservoir was built at the station and supplied by the Mountain Spring. There is a ford at the mouth of this brook, and when the bridge was up for repairs, a number of years ago, people who had not been forewarned to go by the back road would sometimes drive through the shallow waters of the bay to reach the road on the other side again. After an east wind has been blowing, you will find the water under the stone bridge running up stream, from the lake into the brook.

This brook is not shown in the large atlas of 1876, which is a strange oversight for so accurate a work. On the Government map of 1896 the bay into which it flows is called "Mullen Bay," which is manifestly wrong, and will, I have been assured, be corrected in the next edition.

There is another Beaver Brook in the northern part of the township. It rises on the western slope of the Split Rock range, and flows north through the Mather and Whallon farms into the Boquet river, in Essex. The name is a common one, and indicates that the first settlers found the beavers and their dams in great number on these streams. And now I suppose there is not one beaver left for this generation to kill.

Many little streams flow into the lake all along the shore, some of them dry a part of the year. "Holt's brook" was formerly "Rogers's brook" and is crossed by two bridges near the stone house at the fork of the roads. It runs through the cedar woods into a sandy

bay, and at its mouth was an encampment of Indians when Hezekiah Barber came here in 1785. A little stream sets in to the head of Sisco Bay, running through a deep wooded ravine after it crosses the road on Mrs. Lee's land. Another, near Hunter's Bay, makes its slender way down the side of the mountain and runs into the lake across a flat, bare rock, smoothed by the action of water and ice for ages.

When old people have talked to me of the streams of our town as they knew them in their youth, they have always striven to impress me with the fact that all this country was far better watered then than it is now. Some short streams have entirely disappeared. Mrs. Harriet Sheldon, daughter of Hezekiah Barber, has told me of a brook which in her girlhood's days ran into the head of Young's bay, of volume sufficient to run a spinning wheel which had been made to work by water power. It is known in the family now as "the spinning wheel place." And Mrs. William Richards, daughter of Ira Henderson, has told me how high the water used to come up behind her father's house, covering all the marsh at the mouth of the brook, so that his boats came to the foot of his garden to load and unload their freight. Old boatmen will tell you the same.

MOUNTAINS.

Of mountains surely we have good store, but of single peaks with a distinctive history hardly one. Through the centre of the township lies a valley of irregular

shape, running back to the northwest, from the lake to the Black and Boquet rivers. This valley is widest on the lake front, and extends from Head lands on the north to the southern extremity of Bessboro. It contains all the tillable land of the township, of which the most valuable are those of the southern lake front and the rich bottom lands of the Boquet. The few farms between Coon mountain and the Split Rock range, in the valley of the Boquet, should be added to this area. All the rest of the town is rough, mountainous country, covered with timber, with here and there a high, sandy farm, cleared when the country was new, whose light soil is easily cultivated, but powerless to make rich returns. We may be said to have two mountain systems, although when the Adirondacks are viewed as a whole, both belong to the Schroon range, which extends from Schroon Lake to Split Rock. The mountains to the south-west of our fruitful and inhabited valley we call the Iron Ore Tract. Those to the northeast we call the Split Rock range.

The valley mentioned lends a beautiful variety to the sky line as seen from the lake, as it slopes upward from the head of the bay, where the village lies, back to the highlands of Elizabethtown, dividing the dark mass of hills which form the Iron Ore Tract from the rugged spurs of the Split Rock range, pushing boldly into the lake. Through the gap are seen, sketched in the clear, fine blue of mountain distances, the outlines of Mount Hurricane and the Jay peaks. Against a sunset sky,

and reflected in the still water of the bay, it is a sight to be thankful for.

The highest mountain in town has no name, of its own. It lies in the south-west corner of the town, and is nineteen hundred feet high. It is between Stacy and Mullein brooks, and its summit may be pointed out as the one next north of that of Bald Peak. Between it and Bald Peak lies the high valley through which passes the "Bald Peak road."

The Schroon range attains its highest elevation in Bald Peak, which rises two thousand and sixty-five feet above tide. It is now in Moriah, though it belonged to ancient Westport. Seen from the lake road, near, the cemetery, it seems a noble height, rugged and grand. It is easily ascended from Mireville, on its western slope. Its summit was an important point in the measurement of distances in the Adirondack Survey of Verplanck Colvin, as you may read in his report. Upon the map of the Geological Survey of 1892, (edition of 1898) it is named "Bald Knob" instead of Bald Peak. This is, I think, to distinguish it from the "Bald Peak" of Elizabethtown, which is nearly a thousand feet higher. The change of name is a very reasonable one, and my mind was fain to further it, but I have found local usage so persistent that I have subsided from the reformer to the mere unreasoning chronicler.

The people who live nearest neighbors to the mountains have names for all the heights, like the Harper mountain, (named after a family who lived at its foot in early times,) the Nichols Pond mountains, etc. I

believe the height back of the old Bromley place, where William Smith now lives, is called the Bromley mountain. It is over a thousand feet high, and even from the foot of it, where the house stands, a remarkable view is obtained, looking over the Split Rock range down the lake. At the top it must be magnificent. The mountain back of Nichols pond, where the iron mines are, is Campbell mountain, named, from an early owner of the ore beds.

The Split Rock range forms one continuous mass from Headlands to Split Rock, penetrated by but one carriage road, in the whole distance the one going in to Rock Harbor. There are a number of well worn trails across the mountains, following the valleys, and the heights are by no means inaccessible. The highest point is one thousand and thirty-five feet, and is called Grand View. It rises almost sheer from the waters of the lake. This is the mountain which frowns upon you as you emerge from the mouth of Otter Creek, dark with its iron rocks and its evergreen trees, and with the buildings of the old Iron Ore Bed works clinging to a narrow shelf half way up the side.

A spur of the Split Rock range to the westward, its base washed by the Boquet River, is Coon mountain. Its name is descriptive even now, as it is not at all uncommon for a raccoon to be killed within its shadow. Its height is one thousand and fifteen feet. Standing on the ramparts of Crown Point fort, you may see its scalloped outlines against the sky, and it is a well-known landmark up and down the lake.

Local names are Higginson's and Lee's mountains, and Merlin's Peak, a fanciful name for a hill near the road, on the west of the Split Rock range.

PONDS.

Nichols Pond.

Our ponds cannot be said to be numerous when one considers that we are reckoned as belonging to the Adirondack country. All that we have lie within the Iron Ore Tract. The largest is Nichols pond, lying well back in the mountains, not far from the town line. ("Back," in our parlance, may always be understood to mean "toward the west," or "away from the lake.") It lies fourteen hundred feet above sea level, and is surrounded by high forest-clad mountains. It is less than a mile in length, and has two islands, upon one of which is a permanent camp. No highway runs near it, but it is reached by two trails, one from the east, the other from the south, each about two miles long. If you go in from the east, you will leave the highway near Ed. McMahon's, not far from the place where the charcoal kiln stood for so many years, and follow up the track of the old tram road, which will lead you direct to the pond. This tram road was built to carry ore from the mines to the highway, but was never finished. You will find the ruins of the separator which separated the ore after it was raised from the mine, near the northern end of the pond.

The original John Nichols, after whom the pond was named, lived where Ed. McMahon now does. He came in sometime during the first decade of the nineteenth century, and now lies buried, with others of the same name and race, in the Hoisington cemetery. Within the past few years I have heard some people who were not acquainted with the history of this region call the pond "Nicholas pond," an error caused by a misunderstanding of the name. The earliest name given it was "Spring Pond," as is shown on the map of the Iron Ore Tract, made in 1810. This name is very appropriate, as there is no doubt that the pond is fed mainly by springs in the bottom. There are but a few small inlets, quite insufficient to maintain such a body of water. The outlet according to the latest Government survey, is through Cold Brook, flowing from the southern end of the pond, westward to the Black river. On the Platt Rogers map of 1785 the Stacy brook is made to rise in two ponds not far apart, and of nearly the same size, one of which is no doubt intended for our Nichols pond. That part of the map was not based on actual survey, and is manifestly inexact. On the map of the Iron Ore Tract it is impossible to find the outlet, as the paper was folded across the pond, and has worn entirely away in the creases. A gentleman who camped for several summers at the pond has assured me that the Government survey is right, and the older maps wrong.

The trail to the pond from the south goes in from the road to Seventy-five, a little way east of Levi Moore's.

This way it is possible to drive in with a loaded team. Both these trails you will find well worn, as they are used a great deal all through the season, camping parties sometimes staying late in the fall. The pond is a favorite resort for convalescents or for those threatened with lung troubles, on account of its elevation, and some cures have been thought to date from a sojourn here. The famous Willey House, in Keene, so well-known as a refuge for victims of hay fever, has an elevation of only seventeen hundred and sixty feet, and many popular places in the Adirondacks have no greater elevation than Nichols Pond.

Women seldom visit the pond, because of the rough walking through the woods, but parties are sometimes made up for their especial convenience.

For an invalid with any predisposition to heart trouble, fourteen hundred feet is a much safer elevation than eighteen hundred or two thousand.

North Pond.

The pond next in size is North pond. This lies in the southwestern corner of the township, and its name indicates that its first discoverer came in from the south. It is the most northern of three ponds which feed Bartlett brook, in Moriah. Its outlet flows south through Seventy-five into Bartlett pond, which lies just over the line in Moriah. Mr. Walter Witherbee of Port Henry has a summer cottage on North pond, occupied in the hunting season. The pond lies higher than the main road, and is not in sight from it.

There is a small pond, called by that often used and most blighting name of "Mud pond," half a mile or more south of North pond, which is also one of the head waters of the Bartlett brook. It is reached by a trail from the highway. On the northern side of Campbell mountain is a tiny pond, hardly worth mention, and on the eastern side of Coon mountain is a shallow, marshy pond, reached by a road which turns in north of Monteville's. Doubtless there are others in town which have never come to my notice.

The ponds at Hoisington's are artificial, and were made by Marcus Hoisington, I have been told, by damming natural springs. They lie by the side of the road, at the turn near the old Hoisington place, and for many years it was a pretty sight to look down upon them as one passed by, but of late they are somewhat overgrown by underbrush. One empties into the other, and the outlet flows into the Hoisington brook. They were originally intended for the breeding of fish.

In one respect the Hammond (sometimes called the Pooler) brook is the most remarkable of all our streams, and the one of most importance to the village of Westport, in that it rises in the Mountain Spring. Most of the brooks have innumerable tiny sources high on the sides of the mountains, little trickles out of pockets of wet moss, dripping down the cliffs to join other tiny streams until a brook is formed, but here a large spring, fully a rod across and three or four feet deep, bursts out at the foot of a hill, and flows away a full stream. The elevation is less than six hundred

feet, and there must be reservoirs of supply somewhere in the valleys of the mountains which rise so dark to westward. I once heard some of the mountain dwellers, whose fathers and grandfathers roamed these hillsides all their lives, knowing little of any other part of the world, gravely discussing the question whether this spring might not be an outlet to Nichols pond. A river flowing two miles and a half underground, with a fall of eight hundred feet, makes a picture delightful to one's imagination, with its suggestion of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

And I heard too, at the same time, legends of a "Lost Brook," which might be followed for a long way by some lone fisherman, who would at last come to a deep pool beneath overhanging boulders, and there the brook would disappear entirely, and never could be traced another rod. I have cherished these tales for their hint of a folk-lore among our prosaic people.

This mountain spring was early a precious possession, well-known to the first settlers, and no doubt to the Indians before them. I think it was Joseph Stacy who cleared the forests from the field near the spring, and he gained but a barren pasture thereby. But the little glen around the spring, and through which the brook flows away down the hills, is still shaded with trees. The water is very clear and soft, and supplies all the village through pipes. The place

is not so wild and pretty since the pavilion has been built over the spring by the water company, but the flow of water in the brook is not perceptibly diminished by the large quantity drawn away daily, especially in the summer. The water is carried to the railway station, where it fills the great stone reservoir, to Stony Sides and to Jacksonville.

In the southeastern corner of the town, about a half mile from the lake and not far from the railroad, lie the Adirondack Springs, four in number. I believe the analysis shows them to be very similar to the famous springs of Saratoga, and I am sure they have much the same forbidding taste. They have had great local celebrity since the first settlement, especially in the cure of skin diseases. Twenty years or more ago Mr. George Spencer bought the property, built spring houses over the springs, hung up a framed analysis of their waters, and invited fame and prosperity to the spot, but neither responded in anything but a moderate degree, and the mantle of Saratoga has not yet fallen upon us.

Almost every farm has one or two small springs for domestic use, though in some places the tell-tale windmill proclaims the poverty of the water supply.

FLORA.

Our short summer is full of luxuriant life. Though we call our mountains barren, because they produce so little with which to support human life, they are covered with the richest foliage everywhere except upon the steepest ledges and cliffs. All the country is green and beautiful with a wealth of vegetable life.

Our most common trees, are the maple, elm, birch and oak. There is the soft maple, which has every twig as red as coral in the spring, and the rock maple, or sugar maple, which furnishes a staple industry in the season of sugar making. The elm is not so common nor so large as in the Connecticut valley, but its graceful shape is seen in every landscape. One of our distinctive trees is the white birch, slender, with delicate foliage, apparently always young. The finest oaks that I know are those at the Hunter place, on North Shore. They look as though they saw war-dances of Iroquois, and would hold those great limbs out for centuries after we are all gone. Ash and poplar are also common. On the highlands we find the white ash, good for timber, and in the swamps the worthless black ash. The shimmering poplar is one of our prettiest forest trees, and we have the Lombardy poplar, but that, of course, is a transplanted tree, brought in from New England, whence it came from old England, who had it from Italy, who had it first from Persia. There are only a few in town, but the fine row at Basin Harbor make a decorative effect very noticeable on a

clear day. Other transplanted trees, not native to our forest, are the locust, a favorite in old-fashioned door-yards for the sake of its fragrant blossoms in the spring; the mountain ash, brought from high mountain levels for the beauty of its great scarlet bunches of berries; the horse-chestnut, with its spikes of blossoms, the silver maple, and the "balm of Gilead." Our basswood is the English linden, I have been told, and its blossoms are loved by the bees.

Our nut trees are the hickory, which we always call the walnut, the butternut, and the beech. We have neither the chestnut tree nor the black walnut, although a few of the latter have been set out as an experiment. In this climate many of the shells of the black walnut will be found to be empty. The hazel nut is common, growing on wayside shrubs, and the weird witch hazel, with its wild November blossoms. Hardhack, willow, alder, sumac, osier,—I am afraid I shall not name them all.

Our evergreen trees are pine, spruce and hemlock, with some cedar and balsam, and an occasional tamarack. The juniper sprawls untidily over barren cleared fields. Wild vines are the bitter-sweet, the clematis or smoke-vine, the wild grape, the wood-bine, and the dreaded poison ivy.

Every field has strawberries in June, and raspberries a little later along the fences, and then blackberries. You may find a few blueberries on the mountain sides, but nothing like the blueberry plains of Saranac, where they are scooped off the bushes with tin dippers

and brought down to the lowlands in wagon-loads to be sold.

Our cultivated fruit trees are the apple, pear, cherry and plum. We are too far north for peaches, quinces or prunes, though I have known them all to be raised as an experiment. The apple crop of the Champlain valley is acknowledged to be as good as anything in the market, and Westport raises large quantities of apples.

ANIMALS.

I suppose there is not a dangerous wild animal left in Westport, even in the recesses of the mountains. But I may perhaps speak too confidently, as I remember that within twenty years our oldest hunter, Mr. Hinckley Coll, brought into the village the carcass of a bear which he had caught in a trap somewhere in the hills back of his farm. I ate a piece of the steak cut from it myself, and very black and tough it seemed. Even as I write, is there not a lawsuit pending, in which charges are made against some person, not a bear, who stole a bear trap from a mountain side? I believe the trap was set a long time ago, and the person who stole it is dead, and the lawsuit the expression of a mountain feud, but it shows that we have not forgotten what bear traps are, at any rate, and so has its value as a picturesque incident. Panthers have been extinct within our limits a longer time than bears, but the old people can still tell you stories about wolves. Mr. Henry Betts has told me of sheep caught by wolves

when he was a young man, living on a farm on the western slope of the Split Rock range, and of bears who came around the out-buildings at night.

The moose were gone more than two generations ago, and the beaver, so harmless and so easily killed, was soon exterminated by the early settlers.

The largest wild animal which we ever see is the deer. Their gentle habits lead them sometimes to seek pasturage among sheep and cattle in outlying pastures.

Foxes and rabbits we have, the "fretful porcupine," dangerous to inexperienced dogs, the loud and frequent skunk, the solemn woodchuck, the striped-back chipmunk, the pert red squirrel, the beautiful silver gray squirrel, whose tail is such a splendid plume, and, though rare, the flying squirrel. There are muskrats around the brooks, sometimes a mink or a marten. The farmer's boy has stories of the elusive weasel, and the raccoon is still occasionally killed. Swarms of wild bees are found and hived every season by lovers of the gentle craft of "hunting bee trees."

Mosquitoes we know, especially if living near the edge of the woods, but they are seldom troublesome after June. The dreaded black-fly of the mountains I have never seen here.

I think our only game bird is the partridge. We have all the northern singing birds, robin, bobolink, blue-bird, chickadee, phebe-bird, oriole and the cat-bird, or American mocking-bird, with its two distinct songs. The swallow builds under the eaves of barns, and the English sparrow is noisy in the village streets.

We are sure that spring has come only when we have heard, on the edge of the evening, the cry of the whip-poorwill.

The oldest family which can trace lineal descent within the borders of the town is that of the rattlesnake. They are found in but one locality—that of the remoter parts of the Split Rock range. Here they have dens in the rocks, and when there was a bounty paid by the town for each rattle, people living near by used to go into the mountains to their dens and kill them in large numbers. I believe the bounty is no longer paid, which seems a pity, as these unpleasant neighbors must be increasing. There is no record of any person being bitten by them within the memory of living man. I have tried to draw out rattlesnake stories from people who have lived long in the rattlesnake region, but never heard of even a cow in the pasture which suffered from the wound of a rattlesnake bite. I have been told that it was unpleasant to find one of the uncanny things in a cock of hay in the hay field, or to come upon one sleeping comfortably in your back kitchen, but the rattlesnake is not pugnacious, and would rather run than fight. The Indians tried to propitiate them by always speaking politely of them as “the old bright inhabitants.”

CLIMATE.

The climate of Westport is, like its dialect, that of New England. It is often described by the natives, (who could not be induced to exchange it for that of any other spot on earth,) as "nine months winter and three months late in the fall." Granting that there are moods and seasons when this description has a ring of solemn reality, it fails as a literal formula in one essential point. It gives an impression of continuity, of monotony, and never, never could the worst enemy of our climate call it monotonous! No, we have endless variety. Our winter is long and cold. A fire lighted to warm the house in November will not be suffered to go out until the next March, perhaps April. We do not expect much snow until after Christmas, though in exceptional years we have had a heavy fall for Thanksgiving which has stayed upon the ground until the next spring. If you winter in Westport, pray for snow. Anything but an "open winter." A foot of hard packed snow, good sleighing, no drifts, a clear air, and life may be not only tolerable but merry. Even heavy snows, with high winds and deep drifts, have an interest and enjoyment, and set one to quoting lines from "Snow-bound" with much relish. Often there are marvelous displays of the aurora borealis, on clear cold nights.

The lake freezes over at any time between the first of January and the middle of February. About once in every generation there comes one of those exceptional winters when the lake does not freeze over at all. If it freezes late, we are likely to have no good crossing

on the ice from Westport to Basin Harbor, a distance of four miles. The crossing from Arnold's bay to Barber's point is the one most used. The lake is narrower from Rock Harbor to Basin Harbor, but this is entirely out of the ordinary line of travel. When the ice is discovered to be firm enough to bear up a horse, some one, usually a man living near the shore, whose family, perhaps, has performed the same public service for generations, like the Barbers of Barber's point, will go on the ice and "bush out a road" from one shore to the other, choosing the best places to cross the cracks, turning out for air holes, etc. This road is outlined by bushes fixed in holes in the ice, and will be used by all travelers until the ice becomes weak and treacherous in the spring.

The ice breaks up, as a rule, between the last of March and the first of May. Sometimes it melts slowly and gradually under a constantly rising temperature, but more often it goes out with tempestuous winds, which toss and grind it against the shore, sometimes piling it many feet high. The breaking up of the ice is always eagerly longed for, and occasions much remark and discussion. The relief from the tension of the "long and dreary winter" is always very noticeable. Charles Dudley Warner described our spring when he described that of New England,—that is, he described one spring, knowing full well that no one spring time is ever like another. Sometimes it is long and tedious, exaggerating Coleridge's line.

"Spring comes slowly up this way."

Sometimes we have a howling blizzard one week, and the next,—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer—"

and we have not had any spring at all.

I have gathered pussy willows by the side of a dusty road early in March, and on the other hand, I have seen my tomato plants seared by a frost the first night in June. These two events represent the extremes of my own experience, and may be taken to demonstrate the fact that upon our calendar spring is a movable feast. But,—*"Thanks be!"* as Mr. Dooley says, it always is spring when it comes, and it always brings summer.

No higher praise of our summers can be said or sung than that over and over again, year after year, they force us to forgive our climate for the winters. Our summers and autumns are the loveliest in the world, or at least they seem so to us who love the "north countree."

I have no statistics of the temperature, or the rainfall, or the velocity of the wind, nor do I know that any one ever took the trouble to observe these things scientifically in Westport. I know that the thermometer sometimes touches ninety degrees above in the summer, and twenty below in the winter, but these are extremes not repeated in every season.

Along the lake shore the temperature is equalized to a certain degree by the proximity of a large body of water, so that sudden changes are not so much felt as

in the mountains. Frost comes earlier in the autumn and later in the spring upon the highlands than along the lake, and of course Nichols pond and the river freeze much earlier than Lake Champlain.

DIALECT.

Our dialect you will find reproduced in the New England fiction of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett and Mr. Howells. You will also find it in "David Harum." But its most perfect copy, drawn with the keenest sense of its shades and fancies, you will find in the inimitable sketches of Rowland E. Robinson. He is dead now, alas! and he will never take us again to hear the talk in "Uncle 'Lisha's Shop," nor let us go hunting with Sam Lovel. How well he knew the speech of the country folk, and with what love and enjoyment he set it down! He lived only a few miles away, across the lake in the town of Ferrisburgh, near Basin Harbor, and the people that he knew had the same ways, and the same thoughts and the same forms of expression as the people of Westport. Our amazement is sometimes expressed in the mysterious allusion of "What in Sam Hill!" or "What in tunket!" We clip out of our speech every vowel and consonant that can possibly be spared. We say, "We sh'd thiuk 't Sam Lov'l 'n' Pel'tiah 'n' 'mongst 'em might 'a' ketched ev'ry dum fish 'n th' lake b' this time," precisely like Mr. Robinson's characters. At the same time, most of us are perfectly well able to write a letter in good dictionary

English, or to make a speech, or to carry on a conversation, and only drop into the dialect when we feel it quite proper to the occasion. We are conscious of our dialect and connoisseurs in its use, like the Scotch, and unlike the English, who drop their h's and final g's in serene belief that all the world does the same.

But we have those among us who are not conscious of their dialect. I do not mean the city visitors, but the French Canadians who form a certain proportion of our population. Mr. Robinson has given us the type in his Antwine,—and many and many an “Antwine” is ours! His broken speech, a mixture of Canadian *patois* and Yankee English, his small wiry form, the traces of his Indian ancestry shown in swarthy skin, high cheek bones, black bead-like eyes and straight black hair, his industry, his cleanliness and thrift, his incapacity to rise to wealth or office, his illimitable family,—all these characteristics mark the people known familiarly and not disrespectfully as “Canucks.” They probably came in very early, as soon as laborers were required upon the farms or in the iron works, and, easily satisfied with simple conditions, have been content to stay.

These two forms of dialect seem to have modified each other but little, the native New England speech being altogether the prevailing language. A close observer can trace in the latter some modifications caused by the summer floods of strangers from Boston and New York. Thus the youth who was wont to answer an inquiry with a drawling “Wha-a-at?” and a vacuous stare, (a “gawp” we call it in the dialect,) now responds

with a "Beg pardon?" and an engaging smile. The bear stories of the Oldest Inhabitant are still couched in the original tongue, but the hotel porter who takes your bag at the station might defy you to prove him not born in New York.

FIRST PART.

1609-1785.

I.



Indian Occupation.

The first inhabitants of Westport were the savage Iroquois, one of the most powerful of the native tribes. Their nomad life, with homes in wigwam and lodge, was peculiarly adapted to leaving no permanent trace upon the soil. The beaver whom they hunted has left more lasting impress of his labor than they. The red Indian never built a dam, and the bark canoe which was the crowning effort of his skill and industry needed no wharf at which to land. Why should he bridge a stream that his enemy might cross more quickly than he? But we often pick up an arrow head, chipped with infinite patience out of stone. On land that has been cultivated for a century, we plow up arrow heads with point and edges as sharp as when the Indian hunter took aim along the shaft and pulled the bow string to send it on its errand to foe or prey.

If we can point to any local monument of the Indian, it is in two places which we call Indian burying grounds, from the quantity of arrow heads which have been found there. Perhaps we should call them battle grounds if our knowledge was more complete. On the Boquet

river, a little below Wadhams Mills, is a place always referred to as "the old Indian burying ground," and on the shore of Lake Champlain, south of the village and north of Holt's brook, is another. Here I am told that hundreds of arrow heads have been discovered.

Another remarkable sign of Indian occupation is found on the top of one of the mountains of the Split Rock range, overlooking North Shore, on the land bought in 1838 by Mr. William Guy Hunter. Here are found quantities of stone chippings, such as are left when Indian pipes and other utensils are made, and which always indicate an Indian work-shop. The place commands an extended view, and no doubt some tribe of the Iroquois was in the habit of encamping here at intervals in its wanderings. The stone chippings are of a peculiar kind of stone, unlike any in the vicinity, and geologists say that it is found only on the shores of Lake Superior. Students of Indian character and customs find no difficulty in believing that the stone was brought here from that place, and supplied material for the first manufacture carried on upon our soil.

Large, bowl-like hollows, worn into the solid rock, found on the hillsides of the Split Rock range, I have heard called "Indian Mortars," but these are no doubt due to glacial action.

1609-1755.

The first white man whose eyes rested upon the shores of Westport was the discoverer of the lake, the brave and brilliant Samuel de Champlain, a soldier in

the service of France. *He passed by on July 4, 1609 the leader of an Indian war-party in twenty-four canoes. After fighting a battle at the head of the lake with the Iroquois, he returned, near the end of July, passing by again on his way to Quebec, founded only the year before. His remark upon the eastern border of what is now Essex county is this: "These parts, though agreeable, are not inhabited by any Indians, in consequence of their wars." In this it was said to be different to the opposite shore, the level bottom lands of Vermont, where were many Iroquois villages, with cultivated fields.

Another reason doubtless influenced the Indians in their avoidance of these shores. It was that they were a corn-raising people, so far as their practice of the art of agriculture went, and our clay soil is not adapted to corn. An Indian village was always set up upon sandy or gravelly loam, if possible. Then the deep water of the lake, with the wide sweep for storms upon it, was very dangerous for the Indian's frail canoe, and for common every day life he chose shallower water.

We do not know the name of the first white man who set foot upon our soil, but there is little doubt that it was one of the band of Jesuit missionaries who followed close after Champlain, traversing all this region again and again with the tireless feet and the unquenchable hope of the religious fanatic. Devoted, highminded men were these missionaries, with an utter disregard of selfish motives unsurpassed in the history of the mind of man. They lived among the savages, making

themselves subject unto them, and often faring worse than they. They were as patient as they were brave and no sublimity of heroism can ever rise above the serenity with which they looked forward to martyrdom as the consummation of their work.

There is a singular proof of the visits of these missionaries to our shores. In the summer of 1875, Dr. Sewall S. Cutting, while walking along the shore of the lake near Hunter's Bay, on North Shore, found among the sand and pebbles a little ebony image of the Virgin and Child, such as might be used in the devotions of a devout Catholic, or shown to the wondering eyes of savages, hearing for the first time of the Mother and Child of Bethlehem. This image must have been lost by a missionary or by some one of his dusky converts, perhaps in the time of Champlain, perhaps much later. It may have belonged to Father Jogues himself, one of the most interesting and pathetic figures in all the history of New France.*

Isaac Jogues was born in Orleans, France, in 1607, He was a Roman Catholic priest, and belonged to the order of Jesuits. He came to the new continent in 1636, passing through the settlement on the St. Lawrence to the Indian mission on Lake Huron, to which he had been assigned. Here he remained six years, laboring with self-sacrificing fervor in his barren field,

*The image found by Dr. Cutting was presented by him to the museum of Brown University, where it may probably be seen now. If Westport had had a museum of her own, as every town should have, this interesting relic would now be treasured in the scenes to which it belongs.

and in 1642 he went to Quebec to obtain supplies for his mission. Returning in a canoe which was one of the foremost in a little fleet of twelve, filled with Huron Indians, he was captured at the mouth of the Richelieu river by a party of Iroquois, and carried captive up the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, to the south. He might have escaped, but seeing his companions taken, he gave himself up. He was beaten with war-clubs, and his finger nails torn off by the teeth of the Iroquois. The two priests with him, Conture and Goupil, were also tortured.

"On the eighth day," (Aug. 9,) says Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America," "they approached their camp, on a small island near the southern end of Lake Champlain. The warriors, two hundred in number, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass up the side of a rocky hill. On the way, they were beaten with such fury that Jogues, who was the last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half dead. As the chief man among the French captives, he fared the worst. In the morning they resumed their journey. And now the lake narrowed to the semblance of a tranquil river."

That the island mentioned was the one now included within the limits of the township of Westport, and sometimes called "No Man's Land," there is no doubt whatever. There are no other islands near the southern end of the lake except Rock and Mud islands, near

the Vermont shore, and neither one is large enough to afford a camp for two hundred Indians.

The captives were taken by way of Lake George to the Iroquois villages on the Mohawk river. For a year Jogues remained a miserable captive among these human wolves, finding his only solace in an occasional opportunity to baptise a dying Indian baby, or a captive perishing at the stake.

The Dutch of Fort Orange forgetting all barriers of blood or religion, tried in vain to ransom him. Finally Arendt van Corlear, the governor so beloved and respected by the Indians, who was afterward drowned in Lake Champlain, contrived to help him to escape to France. There the queen herself kissed his mutilated hands, and he was courted and praised, but the order of Jesuits knows how to make full use of such spirits as that of Isaac Jogues, and in a few months' time he was sent back to Canada. It is said that when this decision of his superiors was communicated to him, for a moment his heart of flesh failed him, and he cried out that this cup might pass from him. One's heart goes out in passionate pity for the man thus sent back to his doom. In 1646 he made three journeys through Lake Champlain, and it may be that he stood again on the island which was the scene of his former tortures, but we do not know. The third time that he traversed the lake he returned to the Mohawk, as he well knew, for the last time. On the eighteenth of October, 1646, he was struck down in an Iroquois wigwam, and his blood

consecrated the soil of the "Mission of the Martyrs" among the Mohawks.

Parkman thus describes the personal appearance of Father Jogues. "His oval face and the delicate mould of his features indicated a modest, thoughtful and refined nature. He was constitutionally timid, with a sensitive conscience and great religious susceptibilities. He was a finished scholar, and might have gained a literary reputation; but he had chosen another career, and one for which he seemed but ill fitted. Physically, however, he was well matched with his work; for, though his frame was slight, he was so active that none of the Indians could surpass him in running."

For a hundred years after the death of Father Jogues we have no record of any event occurring within the limits of our town. Dark forests, rushing streams, steep cliffs or sloping shore, it was traversed by wild beasts and wild men, furnishing shelter and food to both in the same degree. If any human habitation was known here it was that of some Iroquois tribe, but it is not likely that even the family life of a savage went on under any tree of ours. This was the frontier, as the boundary line between the northern Indians and the Iroquois was drawn through Rock Dunder, near Burlington, about thirty miles to the north. This made of Lake Champlain nothing but a war-path, roamed over by painted warriors who had left wives and children in their villages upon the Mohawk or the St. Lawrence.

But had there been eyes to see, many a sight worth seeing, many a sight to stir one's blood, to start a tear or a cry of rage, went past these shores. War-parties of French and Indians swept by, upon the winter ice, with snow shoes and sledges, or in fleets of bark canoes in summer, returning again with trophies of wretched prisoners and bloody scalps. Bands of Dutch or English, always with their horde of Indian allies, were sent out in retaliation for these forays, and but reversed the grim order. Thus, twenty years after the death of Jogues, a nobleman of France, Lord de Courcelles, sent from the court of the king to govern Canada, with that thirst for wild adventure so universal among the French who came to the new world, made a winter's march of three hundred miles into the country of the Mohawks, with a party of six hundred men. Twice, indeed, he went in the same year, once in January, when our bay was frozen and the ice covered with four feet of snow, and again in the still waters of September. It was he and his men whose lives were saved by that same Corlear who planned and carried out the escape of Father Jogues. In all the bloody story, there is nothing that we might not better spare than the record of the nobility of Arendt van Corlear, a Dutchman of Schenectady. The next summer he too passed by, going to Canada for a friendly visit to De Courcelles, Perhaps he stopped to rest in Baie des Roches Fendu, and drank of the stream which runs into it. But he never saw the place again, nor did he

reach Canada, but was drowned "while crossing a large bay," which is believed to mean Willsboro bay.

The Schuylers often looked upon our shores. In 1690 John Schuyler, grandfather of that Philip Schuyler of the Revolution who looked upon them oftener still, went down the lake to Canada, camping "a mile beyond Cruyn Point," as he says, sturdily making the name as Dutch as he was able, and then returned from a successful raid against the enemy. The next summer Major Peter Schuyler met his Indian allies at Crown Point, and went and returned likewise. To the stretch of shore which we now call the lake front of Westport, one war party was only like another, and we need not give details of all.

History begins to close in around this bit of earth in which our interest now centers, with the approach of the first home life in the Champlain valley. This was in the French village at Crown Point.

The French took possession of the peninsula of Crown Point and fortified it in 1731. These were the first fortifications ever built upon the lake, and this act first made colonization possible. A fort and a garrison of soldiers mean as much security as any place between Albany and Montreal could at that time afford. A good stone fort, called Fort St. Frederic, (named after the French Secretary of War, Frederic Maurepas,) was built close to the water's edge, and thirty men were sent to keep it. Almost at the same time came French colonists from Canada and settled on both shores, as near the fort as possible. A

little village lay south-west of the fort, on the shore of the bay, with comfortable houses and barns. In twenty years' time there were fourteen farms occupied within the protection of Fort St. Frederic. All the records of the time contain frequent reference to this settlement. Here, then, were near neighbors of Westport, even though Westport was not yet, nor would be for the space of another generation. Doubtless the hunters and trappers of the village hunted deer and moose, panther and bear, wolf and lynx, upon our territory, and trapped the beaver and mink and otter upon the Hammond and the Stacy brooks, and learned every turn of our points and bays by heart.

The same year the French made a rough map of the lake, which was perfected the next year, and is still known as "the Quebec map." This was by no means the first map made of this region, but it was the first which could be called complete.

The Iroquois were the most intellectual of all the Indians known to the white men. Their mental capacity was quite sufficient for the making and understanding of a rude map, if their necessities required it. We can easily imagine some old and infirm chief, too feeble to lead the young men of his tribe to the hunting grounds or the battle fields of Caniadare Guarante, tracing upon the ground, or upon a sheet of birch bark, the outline of these shores. In later days, after the coming of the whites, such maps were sometimes preserved by being woven into the pattern of a belt of wampum. But no doubt we may say that with the coming of Champlain

in 1609 came the first map-maker. His map of the lake which he sent to France in 1612 is the first one known. After him, the Jesuit missionaries often drew maps of their journeyings to make clear the reports sent home to their superiors. But the first actual survey, with any claim to exactness, was made at the time of the establishment of the first military post.

The French engineers did their work well, and the Quebec map was a very good one. Upon it were based grants of land from the king, but we do not find record of any portion of our soil being granted to any individual by the French king. They named our bay, and drew its outline with careful exactness, but had no reason to penetrate the interior.

II.

French and Indian War.

The lake was now no longer the battle-ground for warring tribes of red men. The Iroquois and the Huron still threaded the forest or paddled over the water in pursuit of his enemy, with a ferocity unabated, but now he went always as the emissary of English or of French, sent out to further their schemes. Kings in Europe desired conquest, terrified colonies desired of all things security from foes near at hand, and these two forces drove onward in their course until they brought about the French and Indian war, so named by the English from the two foes against whom they

fought. Not that the French alone employed Indian allies, for the English used every means to bring into the field those Indians who remained faithful to their cause, notably the Mohawks under the influence of William Johnson,—afterward Sir William, made a baronet as a reward for service during this war.

In August of 1755 Baron Dieskau came from Canada with a large force of men in boats and canoes, rowing up the lake to Crown Point. They came through the Narrows, past the Painted Rocks, across the bay to Bluff point, past the light-house point, and so onward, landing their fleet of boats in Bulwagga bay. The villagers flocked to the landing to see, and the soldiers of the garrison were drawn up and stood in military array to receive the army of Dieskau. There were a few hundred of the white uniforms of regulars from France, the only efficient part of the army, as events proved, with a large force of the Canadian soldiery, and the Indian allies. The latter were hideous in war-paint and feathers, and insolent in their demeanor, swarming over the fort and the village, and looking with especial awe at the cannon upon the ramparts, which they feared more than anything. Dieskau was never able entirely to conceal his dislike of the savages, and they would never do his will as they did that of Johnson or of Frontenac.

Onward moved the motley army, and on the eighth of September the battle of Lake George was fought. Then began to come back straggling bands of Canadians, with some of the white coats, but not so many, as

the regulars alone had faced the enemy with steadiness and they had paid dearly for their fidelity. All the fugitives told one tale : Dieskau wounded and taken prisoner, the army routed, the English pursuing. It was all true except the last, but Crown Point and Ticonderoga never doubted it. The swiftest rowers were hurried instantly into boats with messages for Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, and these messages in turn brought reinforcements to the fort at Crown Point, and to the entrenchments at Ticonderoga, now strengthened in hot haste.

That was a winter of terror and danger at Crown Point. The French held the fort in daily expectation of an attack from the English, who lay at the head of Lake George, continually sending out scouting parties down Lake George and through the hills and forests back of the forts, to lie in ambush and fall upon stragglers from the garrison.

While the two armies lay facing each other, with the length of Lake George between them, the English at the head of the lake, at Fort William Henry, and the French at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, scouts were constantly sent out from both armies to annoy the enemy and to ravage all the frontier. On the part of the French these scouts were mostly Indians. Their mode of warfare was exactly suited to such a task, and it was the only way in which they were of any service to the French, as they almost invariably refused to stand upon the battle field. The English had no body of Indian scouts, but they had instead the corps of the

New Hampshire Rangers. The leader of these was one Robert Rogers, a brave and hardy man, who loved the woods and the woodsman's life. There were also, John Stark, who came from Rogers' own town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, and Capt. Israel Putnam, from Connecticut. All the rangers were picked men, perfect in wood-craft and in the arts of forest warfare. Rogers, it is said, had been a smuggler before the war, and had smuggled French goods into the British colonies through the Champlain valley. Thus he had learned every turn of the shores of the lakes, their islands, and the mountains, streams and valleys as perhaps no other man of his generation knew them. He and his companions knew the shores of Westport as well as they are known to-day. When the corps was formed, Rogers was twenty-eight years old, and Stark was twenty-seven. Putnam was older, being thirty-seven. Three years before this time Stark had been carried through the lake, a captive to the St. Francis Indians, and was afterwards ransomed.

After this war was over, Rogers went to London, and there printed his journal, containing an account of his military service around Lake George and Lake Champlain. His regular reports to his superiors, usually addressed to Sir William Johnson, Commander in Chief of the Provincial Forces, have also been preserved, and agree in all main points with the printed diary. It is interesting to notice indications of the man's character in the minor differences. Thus in his report to his superior, made immediately after his return from a scout,

and often signed by some of his officers as well as by himself, he gave due credit to each man for the part he had taken in the duties and dangers of the expedition. But in the printed journal he is very likely to omit all mention of the share taken by others in a daring deed. Thus in his story of a scout to Crown Point, sent out in October of 1755, when he and four of his men lay in ambush near the fort, he says : "About ten o'clock a single man marched out directly towards our ambush. When I perceived him within ten yards of me, I sprung over the log and met him, and offered him quarters, which he refused, and made a pass at me with a dirk, which I avoided, and presented my fusee to his breast ; but notwithstanding, he still pushed on with resolution and obliged me to dispatch him."

In his report to Johnson there is no essential difference to this, except that he says : "Then I with another man ran up to him to capture him, but he refused to take quarters, so we killed him and took his scalp. in plain sight of the fort, then ran, and in plain view, about twenty rods, and made our escape."

Telling his story to the London public, through his book, it did not seem quite necessary to mention the other man who helped him kill the Frenchman, much less to give his name, which was, as we know from other records, Capt. Israel Putnam. On the other hand, he felt it wise to leave out the little detail of the scalping. It was always difficult to induce the English people to look with any degree of favor upon the practice of scalping, whether done by red man

or white, as Burgoyne found out some years later. But in a report to Johnson, who seemed himself to have the very soul of an Indian, and who would most certainly have gloried in scalping the slain Frenchman exactly as did Rogers himself, it was quite a different matter. In another place in his journal Rogers tells of an English soldier killed and scalped by the Indians, remarking piously in a parenthesis, "such is their barbarous custom." The truth is that all the Rangers made war as much like Indians as possible, and though it is all too dreadful for thought to dwell upon, it is only right to remember that this retaliation in kind was believed to serve a real purpose in the intimidation of the savages.

Rogers and his men traversed the territory of Westport, by land or water, six different times, as told distinctly in his diary, in three scouts which went out from the head of Lake George and returned. The first is recorded in his Journal as follows :

"February 29, 1756.—Agreeable to orders from Col. Glasier," (then commanding at Fort William Henry,) "I this day marched with a party of fifty-six men down the west side of Lake George. We continued our route northward till the fifth of March, and then steered east to Lake Champlain, about six miles north of Crown Point, where by the intelligence we had from the Indians we expected to find some inhabited villages. We then attempted to cross the lake, but found the ice too weak. The 17th we returned and marched round by the bay to the west of Crown Point, and at night got

into the cleared land among their houses and barns. Here we formed an ambush, expecting their labourers out to tend their cattle and clean their grain, of which there were several barns full. We continued there that night, and next day till dark; when discovering none of the enemy, we set fire to the houses and barns, and marched off."

The route of this expedition was not like that of any other scout sent out that year, as it went farther west than any of them. Perhaps the Rangers went by way of Schroon and the western parts of Crown Point and Moriah, following down the valley of the Boquet until Rogers' familiarity with the mountain passes showed him the best place to strike off to the shore of the lake. It seems more probable that the little party came along the highlands of Moriah to a place not far from the present Mineville, and there turned off over the north shoulder of Bald Peak, following down the course of Mullett brook as our "Bald Peak road" now follows it. This would bring them out at "Stevenson's." "About six miles north of Crown Point" would mean at the place where we now find the Presbrey camp, or Oak Point. Here Rogers expected to find villages which he might burn, but either the Indians had deceived him, or the inhabitants had fled to the fort or to Canada. If the Indians had told the truth, and the latter was the case, then Bessboro was inhabited before the French and Indian war.

For twelve days the Rangers remained north of the fort, presumably upon Westport territory. Why was

not Rogers more descriptive in regard to the doings of those twelve days? Did they discover Nichols Pond? Did they stand by the falls of the Boquet? Did they camp in sight of the island of Father Jogues? If they did, we may be sure they knew little enough about him, for these men of Puritan blood were taught no sympathy with anything that savored of the Scarlet Woman. I have no doubt that they tried to cross the lake at Barber's Point, as that was the narrowest place, but the spring of 1756 must have been an early one, since the ice was too weak to bear them in the middle of March. If they could have crossed the lake they would have saved themselves some hard mountain traveling back to Fort William Henry.

The second time that they came to Westport was the next July, and this was one of the most exciting scouts that the Rangers ever undertook.

"About this time," says the Journal, the "General augmented my company to seventy men, and sent me six light whale boats from Albany, with orders to proceed immediately to Lake Champlain, to cut off, if possible, the provisions and flying parties of the enemy. Accordingly, June 28, 1756, I embarked with fifty men in five whale boats, and proceeded to an island in Lake George. The next day, at about five miles distance from this island, we landed our boats and carried them about six miles over a mountain to South Bay, where we arrived the third of July. The following evening we embarked again, and went down the bay to within six miles of the French fort, where we concealed

our boats till the evening. We then embarked again, and passed by Ticonderoga undiscovered, though we were so near the enemy as to hear their centry's watchword. About five miles further down we again concealed our boats and lay by all day. At night we put off again, with a design to pass by Crown Point, but afterward judged it imprudent by means of the clearness of the night, so lay concealed again the next day, when near a hundred boats passed by us, seven of which came very near the point where we were. About nine o'clock at night we reembarked, and passed the fort at Crown Point, and again concealed our boats at about ten miles distance from it." That is, very probably, upon the point south of the Baie des Roches Fendus, which we now call Bluff point. They drew up their boats just "at break of day," having gone as far as they dared in the short summer night.

The boats were concealed in the underbrush fringing the shore, while the men slept under the trees all day. Sentinels were posted where they could command the lake, and never keener eyes peered out from the thick foliage, nor quicker ears listened for every sound. Watching was no dull business on that day, (the seventh of July,) for thirty boats from the French forts went by toward Canada, and a schooner of about thirty or forty tons. The Rangers were too near Crown Point to dare an attack, and besides, it was their especial purpose to intercept boats coming from Canada, laden with provisions. All day they slept and watched, and in the evening slid their boats

into the water and rowed away to the north. "About fifteen miles further down," which was somewhere between Split Rock and the mouth of the Boquet, they landed again. The next day they had their opportunity. Two lighters, manned with twelve men and loaded with wheat, flour, rice, wine and brandy for the French forts, were captured and sunk, and four of the men killed. One of these was dispatched after having been made prisoner, when it became plain that he was wounded so severely that he was unable to walk. This fact Rogers did not parade before his London audience, nor that they took back with them four scalps as well as eight prisoners to Fort William Henry, but it was all duly reported to his chief.

It was learned from the prisoners that they belonged to a force of five hundred men, which was making its way as rapidly as possible to Crown Point. Fifty men could not face five hundred, and if they launched their boats they were sure to be seen and pursued. Now appears the reason why they had always landed for concealment upon the western shore,—so that if they were obliged to abandon their boats they might return to the fort through mountain paths familiar to them but unknown to the enemy. So they hid their boats in the woods, with some kegs of brandy which they had saved from the captured lighters, and made their way back to the head of Lake George, being about a week on the way.

It was now necessary that another expedition should be undertaken to recover the boats and the brandy,

if possible. Accordingly, on the sixteenth of August, the third and last scout of this year which traversed Westport land set out from Fort William Henry. It went in two departments, one commanded by Rogers and the other by Stark. They were also accompanied by thirty of the Stockbridge Indians, who had lately come into camp, and by eight Mohawks. "We then marched," says Rogers, "directly to the place where we left our whale boats the seventh of July, proceeding about twenty-five miles northward to Crown Point fort on the west side of Lake Champlain." They found the boats as they had left them, though no mention is made of the brandy. Perhaps even the civilized Stockbridge Indians could not be trusted within reach of liquor, and surely no Mohawk could be, even on the war-path. They embarked in the boats, which proves that the party could not have numbered more than fifty men, unless some of them were sent back by land. They returned safely up the lake, but this time no perilous passage of the forts was attempted. The French had received reinforcements since the Rangers had passed them before, and perhaps a better watch was kept. At any rate, we may trust Rogers and Stark to have understood what were the chances of success, and they did not undertake it. Besides, they had as yet no prisoner, and this was one of the main objects of every scout, both as a means of obtaining information, and to render themselves constantly feared among the French settlements. So they landed on the east shore, hid their boats eight miles north of Crown Point, and succeeded

in taking some prisoners in the village on Chimney Point, opposite the fort, with whom they returned.

The Rangers never recovered their boats. On October twenty-seventh a sentinel was captured under the very walls of Fort Ticonderoga, who told them "that the French had taken four of Captain Rogers' whale boats in Lake Champlain,"—which does not account for the fifth boat. The discovery of these boats threw the French into a great state of dismay and consternation. They were no birch bark canoes, but large and well made craft, each one capable of carrying ten men, and the French reasoned that it was manifestly impossible that such a flotilla could have escaped the observation of the sentinels at the two forts. "Therefore," said they, "there must be some water passage, unknown to us, which leads from Lake George to Lake Champlain." And they sent out parties with the express purpose of discovering this passage.

After this, the power of France pushed more and more determinedly from the north, the forts were more strongly garrisoned, and the Rangers had more to do near their own posts. Consequently, none of their scouts reached again as far north as the soil of Westport.

The winter of 1757 saw a force of Canadians and Indians go by on the ice, dragging sledges, and well equipped for an attack on Fort William Henry—the affair of St. Patrick's Day. Then it came back, toiling through three feet of snow, a large number of the party struck snowblind and led by the hand, with no prisoners

and no victory worth boasting. But the next summer came serious business indeed.

Up to this time, no such army had ever passed through Westport waters as that which Montcalm gathered at Ticonderoga during the month of July. Six thousand white men and two thousand red, moved on to the siege and massacre of Fort William Henry. Let us be thankful that it is no part of our story to tell over again that tale. Only in one particular does it come within our circle of interest. It may be that William Gilliland was present at that massacre.

Says Watson, in "Pioneers of the Champlain Valley," "the 26th regiment of the line, to which Gilliland was attached, formed the ill-fated garrison of Fort William Henry in 1757, which suffered so fearfully in the massacre by the Indians under Gen. Montcalm. Whether Gilliland was present at that calamitous event I have no means of ascertaining, but his silence on such a subject warrants the presumption that he was not."

It is like Watson's grave punctiliousness that he refuses to state as a fact anything which cannot be absolutely proved, but surely the probabilities are great that Gilliland was there. His discharge, given at Philadelphia in 1758, certifies that "William Gillilan hath served honestly and faithfully for the space of four years." It is well known that Gilliland received a grant of land near Split Rock in return for his services in the "Old French War," and that his first acquaintance with the shores of Lake Champlain dates from the time when he was a soldier in the British army. But "may have" and

“not impossible” are not very satisfactory substitutes for history. What we do know certainly is that after the surrender and the massacre, for many a sad day, these shores saw the lake full of boats laden with plunder from the garrison and with hundreds of captives being hurried away to Canada. Only a week after the massacre Montcalm himself went by, carrying his burden of threatened disgrace, and leaving the frontier to a winter of little incident. The next June he came again, but the fleet that covered the water, rowing and sailing onward in martial array, carried an army not so large as that of the summer before. In July was fought the Battle of Ticonderoga, where four thousand men behind entrenchments said to sixteen thousand, “Thus far and no farther,” and then Montcalm sailed past once more, and looked his last upon our mountains and our bay.

After the repulse of Abercrombie, Israel Putnam was captured by the Indians in a skirmish, and carried to Canada. Bound with cords he went, blackened with the smoke of the fire which the savages had built to burn him alive, only giving up their purpose upon the intervention of a French officer, with a fresh gash upon his cheek, but still looking with eager eyes and unabated spirit upon the freedom of our hills. If his captors camped for a night upon the island of Button Mould Bay, Putnam might have had a vision, as he lay sleeping beneath the stars, with the sound of the lapping water in his ears, of another century, and of a descendant of his own upon the same island, sleeping

with the same sound woven into the fabric of his dreams. In the autumn the hardy Ranger was exchanged, and lived to fight England as fiercely as ever he fought France.

Another year, and Amherst advanced upon Ticonderoga from the south. On the evening of July 26, 1759, a terrific explosion resounded over lake and forest for many a league. Boulamarque had blown up the fort at Ticonderoga and retreated to Crown Point. Here he did the same thing, and moved away to the north, and with him went the domination of France from our land and water. Never again floated the flag of the *fleur de lis* from the bastions of St. Frederic. The villagers, who had suffered so much from the bullet and torch of the Rangers, either loaded their household goods into bateaux and followed the army, or chose to remain and face the chances of life under the cross of St. George.

Amherst came deliberately on, and stopped to build a new fort and a fleet at Crown Point. Then were raised the massive ramparts and the barracks whose ruins we now see. It is a fort which never saw a battle, and has never been of any military consequence since it was built. Had Amherst known that he was simply fashioning a background for Sunday School picnics! But it is not always given us to know to what uses our work shall be put, and Amherst was well satisfied with his. To no more purpose was his fleet of boats, for which he turned Bulwagga bay into a ship-yard, as did Arnold after him. On the eleventh of October Amherst went on board his sloop of sixteen guns and, ac-

accompanied by a brigantine, a radeau and his army in large bateaux, set forth for the support of Wolfe at Quebec. Ten days after, and he is seen returning, having lost twelve boat-loads of soldiers in an inglorious battle with the elements. There had been one of our Autumn gales, and the boats, probably very badly managed, had foundered, while the rest of the fleet had sought shelter under the western shore. Perhaps some of the rear boats got no farther than Northwest Bay.

Amherst made no further attempt to join Wolfe, and Quebec was taken without him September 18th, 1759. Montcalm and Wolfe were both killed, and the war was practically ended.

Fighting in the British army at this time was a man with a remarkable history, by name Philip Skene. He was a Scotchman, and a lineal descendant of William Wallace. He entered the army in 1739, and had a most active and honorable record. He was in many battles, the most famous of which was that of Culloden, 1745, when the hopes of the last Stuart pretender, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," were laid low. He was a captain in the army of Abercrombie in the attack upon Ticonderoga, July 8, 1756, and was there wounded. His regiment was the 27th, or the Inniskilling Foot. The next year he was with the army of Amherst when it marched into the dismantled and smoking fort at Ticonderoga, and he accompanied it to Crown Point. When, in October, Amherst set out with the main body of his army to join Wolfe in Canada, Skene was left

behind, detailed to serve as Major of Brigade at Crown Point under Brigadier Ruggles.

Thus Skene had every opportunity to become acquainted with the shores of the lake, especially at the southern end, and it was no doubt while he was stationed at Crown Point that he learned the value of the iron mine on the lake shore which we now call "the Cheever," and which he took measures to secure to himself as soon as possible at the close of the war. We do not know that this bed was discovered at all during the French occupation. Skene was the first to own and to work it, and its name for a generation or more was "Skene's Ore Bed." He founded Skenesboro in 1761. In 1771 he was granted two thousand four hundred acres of some of the best land in Westport, which is known to this day as "Skene's Patent." We may be sure that he first saw it that summer of 1759 which he spent at Crown Point, and that he rowed along its shore in Northwest Bay, looking at it with calculating eyes, and walked over it, too, thinking how he would ask for a grant of it as soon as ever it came into the gift of the King of England.

Israel Putnam was also at Crown Point that summer, a captain in the colonial troops, and while the army still lay there Rogers went down the lake again for the last time, destroying the Indian village on the St. Francis river in Canada. He came back to Crown Point by way of the Connecticut river, but one of his lieutenants, McMullin, with eight men, returned through the wilderness to Crown Point with a message to Am-

herst. In only nine days they made the journey, and thus for the last time was our soil traversed by a band of Rogers' Rangers.

Would that we might believe that brave Lieutenant McMullen, (or McMullin, as Watson uses both spellings,) gave his name to our Mullein brook as did Israel Putnam to "Put's creek" in Crown Point. Methinks I have seen an amateur genealogist hail with joy the discovery of a new ancestor on the strength of evidence as slender as that which we can bring forward in support of this theory. "What more likely," etc., etc. At any rate, we might do a little toward making history more logical, (a service which it often sadly needs,) especially in the matter of the names of places, by calling the brook after him now.*

Let Watson describe for us the last scene of this war.

"On the 16th of August, 1760, the last brilliant martial procession of the war departed from Crown Point. Bearing about three thousand regulars and provincials, under the command of Colonel Haviland, it moved down the lake in a long line of bateaux, under the convoy of four armed vessels with an equal number of radeaux, each of which bore a heavy armament. Richard Montgomery, who had already attracted the attention, and won the applause of Wolfe, at Louisbourg, accompanied this expedition, as adjutant of the Seventeenth regiment of foot."†

*In one of Gilliland's lists of the names of soldiers who received from the crown grants of land on the western side of Lake Champlain, we find the name of Patrick McMullen, though it is impossible to decide the locality of his grant.

†The Treaty of Paris, in 1765, gave England formal possession of this our soil

III.

Gilliland and Bessboro.

On June 7th, 1765, our shores were passed by Gilliland's first party of colonists. Many an army had made its way across these waters, but never before such an army of occupation. Homely and hundrym it must have looked in comparison to the gorgeous "armies with banners" who had flaunted such martial pageantry in the shadow of our cliffs. There were four large bateaux, heavily loaded with twenty or more people, and with "eighty barrels of stores." There was also a raft of boards, sawed at the saw-mill at Ticonderoga, and there was a drove of cattle which had been forced to swim the lake at Crown Point, making its way along the opposite shore. This proves that at this time there was no road across Westport fit for driving cattle through. There were four white women with the colonists,—the wife of the millwright, the wife of the weaver, Gilliland's housekeeper, and an indentured servant girl. Gilliland's negro man, Ireland, had been left for a few days at Ticonderoga. His was the first black face which looked upon Westport, but there were afterward others at Milltown. Slaves played a larger

England held it just twenty years, disputed, of course, from the day of the taking of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold. After that it may be said to have belonged to "the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" until the final settlement of the Vermont land troubles in 1789. From that time until now it has belonged to the State of New York.

part in the labor of clearing our lands for settlement than is often realized, since the founders of Plattsburgh, as well as Gilliland, brought numbers of slaves with them when they first came.

But who was Gilliland, and why is his name invoked with such confidence? William Gilliland, dear stranger, was none other than the Pioneer of the Champlain Valley, the first settler and colonizer in all this wilderness between Crown Point and Canada. After the settlement around the military posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the colony at Skenesboro at the extreme southern end of the lake, his settlement at the mouth of the Boquet river (which he called Milltown, naming the township Willsboro) was the first home of white men in all the length and breadth of the Valley. Thus the day just named may well begin a new chapter, and the rude little fleet engage our attention as it labors soberly along. We may know all the details of the expedition from reading Gilliland's diary, preserved by his descendants and printed a hundred years afterward by Winslow C. Watson, in a book called *The Pioneer History of the Champlain Valley*. From this book we learn that William Gilliland was, like Sir William Johnson, Sir Guy Carleton and Richard Montgomery, an Irishman. He was born near Armagh, in the province of Ulster, about the year 1734. There is a romantic story of an interrupted love affair with a young and beautiful Lady Betsy Eckles, frowned upon by her family, and resulting in the emigration of the presumptuous lover to America. Here

he served four years as a private in the British army, fighting in the French and Indian War. His regiment, the Thirty-fifth, formed a part of the garrison of Fort William Henry at the time of its surrender to Montcalm, in 1757. If he was with his regiment at the time, he must have been a witness of the Indian massacre which followed the surrender of the fort. He was discharged from the army in 1758, and the next year married Elizabeth Phagan, daughter of a rich merchant of Jamaica. Gilliland received with his wife a considerable dowry, and became his father-in-law's partner in a large mercantile business in the city of New York.

Peace between England and France was proclaimed in 1763, and it became possible for the British crown to give title to the unoccupied lands of the wilderness north and west of the Hudson river valley. Emigration was encouraged by grants of land to soldiers of the recent war, the size of the grants varying according to the military rank of the recipients. Thus a private received fifty acres, and a non-commissioned officer two hundred acres. In almost every case these soldiers' grants were sold immediately to land speculators, men of capital who bought with the purpose of obtaining large tracts for sale or settlement. William Gilliland invested the greater part of the fortune he had accumulated in the purchase of twelve large tracts, all located on the western shore of Lake Champlain, between Crown Point and Cumberland Head. Two of these tracts, according to Mr. Watson, lay within the present territory of our township, and comprised four thousand

five hundred acres. One tract, lying along the southeastern shore, and containing two thousand three hundred acres, he named Bessboro, after his baby daughter Elizabeth. Of his ownership of a second tract in Westport we cannot now find the least trace, but it seems exceedingly likely that he attempted to purchase the land adjoining Bessboro on the north, granted a few years afterward by the king to Philip Skene. The number of acres in the Skene patent does not exactly correspond, but the early surveyors never let a little matter of two or three hundred acres trouble them. Gilliland himself gives a list of fourteen non-commissioned officers and ten privates whose claims he had bought out to obtain possession of the patent of Bessboro, apparently oblivious of the discrepancy of a thousand acres between these aggregate claims and the actual survey.

The king granted ownership of these large patents with the reservation to himself of all gold and silver mines, and all pine trees fit for masts for ships of his navy. There were also conditions that three acres out of every fifty capable of cultivation should be tilled, with settlers in the proportion of one family to every thousand acres.

Thus we come at last to the first individual ownership of any part of Westport land. Bessboro was first surveyed, as appears from Gilliland's own papers, in June of 1764, by Col. Thomas Palmer, Deputy Surveyor, acting by order of Alexander Colden, Esq., the then Surveyor General. The work was done at the expense of Gilliland, and he appears to have accompanied the

surveying party, he himself being a competent surveyor. The survey "passed council the 20th Feby., 1765, as per council minute book may appear."

Thus it is plain that the First Year of our town chronology is 1764, and our First Day is that one in June when Gilliland and Palmer, with their axemen, carrying chain and compass, followed the outline of Bessboro through the unbroken forest from our Bluff Point westward, then south, then west again to the foot of the mountains, and so down to our Mallein brook, which they called Beaver brook, and back to the lake shore again, coming out of the woods very nearly at the place reached by Rogers and his Rangers, in March of 1756, (only eight years before), when they were seeking French villages to burn,—plans different indeed to those of Gilliland. He had encompassed a stretch of land as fair and fertile as any in the world, rolling from the lake shore to the foot of the mountains, well watered, richly wooded, close under the protection of the fort at Crown Point, and if ever a beautiful prospect had power to touch an Irish heart, how must his have swelled with joy as he measured these acres for himself. And though he gained no riches from its possession, losing it all before he died, yet it has borne his name, and the name he gave it, for one hundred and thirty-eight years, as we write now, and is like to perpetuate his memory as long as land is named by man. The whole extent of the patent is now highly cultivated, dotted with barns and farmhouses, and traversed from north to south by the railroad.

After the Revolution, when all land titles derived from the British crown were thrown into more or less confusion and uncertainty, Gilliland had great difficulty in obtaining recognition of his rights as owner of Bessboro. But at last a new survey was ordered, and he received his title from the state in 1786. In the capitol at Albany lie the field notes of this second survey. A certified copy of them, as well as a copy of a map of Bessboro, also certified, (showing the shape of the patent as outlined upon the map opposite our title-page,) was sent me by the kindness of the Hon. William Pierson Judson, Deputy State Engineer. As the field notes constitute a description of the boundaries of the patent, and have never been printed, they are given in a note.* The point of departure of the survey was "a hemlock tree standing on the bank of the lake," and the only names given are those of "Bay de Roche Fendu" and "a place known by the name of Rattlesnake Den." This must have been near the limestone quarry, and not far from the spot where the Y. M. C. A. boys camped for

*In consequence of a Warrant of Survey from the Surveyor General of the State of New York, to be directed, bearing date the — day of November, 1786, I have performed the following Survey for William Gilliland, of a certain Tract, piece or parcel of Land, Situate, lying and being in the County of Washington, and on the West side of Lake Champlain, known by the name of Beth-Borough.

Began September 24th, 1786, at a heap of Stones lying between a Black Oak Tree, marked Z. P. 1786—W. G. 1786, eight links east from a Hemlock Tree marked Z. P. 1786—W. G. 1786, Standing on the Bank of said Lake, between a place known by the name of Rattle Snake Den, and the Bay de Roche Fendu, on the south side of the entrance of said Bay, which is the most easterly corner of a Tract of 2400 Acres of Land, granted to Major Philip Skeen.

Running thence on a South line of said Skeen's Patent, S. 89 deg. 04', W. 44 chains to a Stake thirteen links West from a Beech Tree cornered and marked Z. P.

so many years on the Worman property. I cannot find that any rattlesnake has been seen there for at least the space of one generation, but the name brings out vividly the wild loneliness of the shore when the surveyors first stepped upon it. An epoch is marked in the history of the reclamation of a piece of land from the wilderness when the names given to points within it are no longer those of natural objects. This epoch came to Westport when Gilliland named his patent after his daughter.

Happy is that land whose first settlers have a genius for nomenclature! And if this be so, happy is the land whose second century shall honor the name-giving of the first. William Gilliland was blessed with a good name himself, a fact of some importance when history comes to be written, and the names which he gave to places were always graceful and pertinent. Before the coming of Elizabeth his wife he had named the present site of Essex village after her, and two of his northern patents were named Janesboro and Charlottesboro,

1786—W. G., thence S. 00 deg. 56' E. 94 chains to a stake eighteen links southeast from a Beech Tree cornered and marked Z. P. 1786—W. G., being the Southeast corner of said Skean's Patent, thence S. 89 deg. 04' W. 156 chains 60 links to a Beech Tree marked W. G. 1786, thence South 191 chains to a Birch Tree marked W. G. 1786, standing on the north bounds of a small Tract of two hundred Acres of Land surveyed for Zephaniah Platt, Esq., thence East along the North Bounds of said Tract of two hundred Acres, 80 chains 60 links to a Hemlock Tree marked Z. P. 1786—W. G., standing on the Bank of the Lake, thence Northerly along the West Bank of said Lake as it winds and turns to the place of Beginning, containing 2600 Acres of Land, and the usual allowance for Highways.

That the within Survey has been performed with accuracy to the best of my knowledge I aver and attest,

(Signed)

JONAS S. ADDOMS,

D. G. Surveyor.

after two daughters. A branch of the Ausable which he discovered he named "Cullen Water." Many of the settlers at Milltown gave names to their farms, one being Enniskelling and another Killeen, showing delightfully the Irish origin of the tenants. The name of Milltown itself was doubtless taken from that of a village not far from Armagh, in Ireland, where Gilliland was born, and there is a Willsboro on Lough Foyle, in Londonderry, which he must have known familiarly. Bessboro is also an Irish name, since there is an estate in the south of Ireland, "a demesne in the Barony of Iverk, parish of Fiddtown, County Kilkenny," near the river Suir, which was granted to Sir John Ponsonby, a Major in the army of Cromwell, and named by him Bessborough for his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Lord Foliot. The highest title of the Ponsonby family is taken from this Irish estate, John George Brabazon Ponsonby being made first Earl of Bessborough in 1739. Much pleasant but profitless labor has been spent in the effort to trace some connection between

Sworn before me this

22 Day of December, 1786.

(Signed) ABRAHAM KEIGHT, Jus. Peace.

Accompanying the copy of these field notes is the following document:

STATE OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE OF THE STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

I have compared the preceding copy of Field Notes of survey of Lot number — in the — Tract, with the description of survey found in book number 10, p. 129, on file in this office, and I do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of the field notes of survey of said lot.

WITNESS my hand and seal of office of the State Engineer and Surveyor, at the City of Albany, the eight day of April, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(Signed) WM. PIERSON JUDSON,

Deputy State Engineer and Surveyor.

Gilliland and the Irish Bessborough, but it seems probable that the name only lay in his memory with those of all other places in the Emerald Isle, to be brought forth when his own fortunes reached a point where he too might give a name to a baronage or a principality.

Now let us return to the narrative of events closely affecting our history. The next year, in June of 1766, Gilliland brought his family to Milltown. They started from New York on the 28th of April, in two heavily loaded bateaux, and had a difficult and perilous passage. At Stillwater one of the bateaux was upset, and two children were drowned, one of them Gilliland's oldest child, Jane, aged six years. "My lovely daughter!" exclaims Gilliland as he records the disaster in his diary, and he mourns his loss in a touching eulogy upon the child's perfections.

They came by way of Lake George, † detained at

Then follows the great blood-red seal of the State of New York, of an aspect awesome indeed, and sufficient, one would think, to command belief in statements much more doubtful than these.

It will be noticed that the name of the patent is variously written. Gilliland himself wrote it Bessborough, and in the field notes the surveyor writes it, certainly with a great effort, "Beth-Borrough." In our town records it is "Bettsborough." On Burr's map of the county, 1839, it is "Bossborough," and in an act of the Legislature of 1849 it is "Bassburgh," but these two forms are evidently misprints.

Hon. Richard L. Hand, of Elizabethtown, President of the Essex County Historical Society, has called my attention to a "Besborough" in north-eastern Vermont, lying on both sides of the Passamsick river, which is shown on Sauthier's map of 1779. It would be interesting to know the history of the name in that place.

†In that charming little book, "Lake George in History," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, allusion is made to the passage of Baroness Riedesel and Lady Harriet Ackland through lake George in 1777, with the statement: "They were the first white women to see this lake, except the few wives of common soldiers and camp followers." Probably the author had never heard of Mistress Gilliland, who went through eleven years before.

nearly every stopping place by the severe illness of Mr. Gilliland. Quoting his diary :

“2d June, arrived at fort George on that day, in the evening. My illness continuing, detained us all at fort George for nine days, from the 2d, to Wednesday, 11th June, then put all my stores and embarked myself and family on board of Wm. Stoughton’s schooner, and having a fair wind arrived this evening at Ticonderoga landing, where being necessarily detained the 12th, embarked the next day on board the sloop Musquenunge, and in a passage of one and three-fourths hours arrived at Crown Point on the evening of Friday the 13th June. Here my disorders returning, I was confined by my room, often to bed, to Saturday the 21st June. Then left Crown Point, and the wind being favorable, arrived the evening of this day, pretty late at George Belton’s, where we staid all night, and the next day being Sunday, 22d June, proceeded on our Journey, and arrived in Milltown, in Willsboro. Mrs. Elizabeth Gilliland, my spouse, being the first lady of our family that landed in Willsborough.”

So it was the twenty-first of June, and on a Saturday that the women of the family first saw Bessboro, from the deck of the sloop Musquenunge. The whole party consisted, as Gilliland takes pains formally to set down, of “my wife Mrs. Elizabeth Gilliland, my mother Mrs. Jane Gilliland, my sister Miss Charity Gilliland, my brother Mr. James Gilliland, my daughter Miss Elizabeth Gilliland, my niece Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, my

servant girl Rachel McFarden, and my negro man Ireland."

Gilliland was at this time not much over thirty. Little Elizabeth was two years old, and the only child left them since the drowning of her sister. How she must have been guarded by mother, grandmother and aunt, and what a sad company it must have been. Perhaps the father took little Bess in his arms, and pointed out to her the shores which he had called by her name, traced the boundaries of the patent and exulted over its beauty and extent.

All that summer the lake was busy with the traffic of the colonists. Philip Skene was also at work building up his colony at the southern end of the lake, and his boats came often to the ore bed on the shore below Crown Point for ore for his forges. It seems probable that the personal acquaintance of Skene and Gilliland dates from this period.

In September came a very distinguished party from the south, and one which Gilliland seems to have felt it his duty to welcome. A commission had been appointed by the crown to verify the boundary line between the provinces of Quebec and New York, and was composed of Sir Henry Moore, Governor of New York, Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Quebec, Philip Schuyler, afterward our General Schuyler of the Revolution, and an astronomer named Robert Harper. These gentlemen were accompanied by a nephew of Sir Guy Carleton, (probably Christopher, afterwards Major Carleton,) an attorney named John McKesson, and

Capt. Charles Fredenburgh, and they came up the Hudson from New York, arriving at Fort George the second of September. There Gilliland met them, and writes in his diary :

“Governor Moore immediately gave me an invitation to become one at his table, which I accepted. He and Governor Carleton accepted my invitation to take their passage in my Bateaux across the lakes, and we all arrived safe at Crown Point on Saturday, 6th Sep., 1766.” The next day observations were taken to determine the exact latitude of the fort. “After dinner embarked for home in my Bateau, the Governors and other gentlemen embarking before dinner, in the sloop. Overtook them at Button Mould Bay and went aboard the sloop, where dinner being just served up, I dined with them; there being little or no wind, tarried with them 4 or 5 hours, and then pushed off in my boat for home, where I arrived about one in the morning, found all well.”

So it was almost in Westport waters that the Boundary Commission was becalmed for a half day or more, a party of eight at dinner, talking, perchance, of the prosperity of the provinces since the peace with France had been declared, and of the future of this beautiful valley and waterway which had been gained so recently by England. Perhaps Gilliland pointed out to them the shore of Bessboro, and told of his plans for its settlement. Ten years afterward Governor Carleton came again to the same spot, but that time he sailed from the north, struggling against a contrary wind in the pursuit of the escaping colonial fleet, grounded and

burned before his eyes not two miles from Button Bay. But neither he nor Philip Schuyler thought how they should fight each other in the future, as they drank their wine together, and when the wind sprang up again they went on their way to Canada. A week afterward Governor Moore and his party came back, and on the 20th of September Gilliland wrote in his diary: "This day Sir Henry Moore, Col. Reid, Philip Schuyler, Robert Harper and Adolphus Benzel,* Esq's, called and drank tea, etc., with us, on their return from Astronomer's Island, having completed their observation to satisfaction, and fixed the line about 5 miles to the northward of Windmill Point."

And so Mistress Gilliland had company in the best room of the house at Milltown, of which we only know that it was built the year before "with logs, 44 feet by 22," and had "a double chimney." The furniture had all been brought from New York,—twenty-two wagon loads,—and it is to be hoped that enough china tea-cups for the use of the Governor's party had arrived unbroken. What would we give now for the tea-pot which held the tea? We can imagine the group sitting around the great open fire-place in the evening. It is said that Sir Henry Moore was "a gay, affable, good-natured and well-bred gentleman." Little Bess was the only child to be noticed, and Philip Schuyler had babies of his own at home. Did he take her on his

*Adolphus Benzel was the first to fill the office of "Inspector of His Majesty's woods and forests and unappropriated lands on Lake Champlain and in Canada." He was the engineer who planned the extensive works at Crown Point.

knee and win her heart as he won the hearts of the children of Baroness Riedesel, and the heart of the Baroness herself, when he took them under his protection after the battle of Saratoga?

The Commissioners passed on their way, Schuyler perhaps the only one of them destined ever to see that hearthstone again, and the next day another little daughter was born, and named Jane Willsborough Gilliland, the first name in memory of the little girl drowned at Stillwater in May.

And when little Bess was a lass of six, and Willsboro had become a large and thriving settlement, her father's plans for colonizing Bessboro began to be fulfilled, in the coming of Raymond.

IV.

Raymond and the Revolution.

The First Home in Westport was made by one Edward Raymond, in the year 1770. Who this man was, whence he came, to what place he went after his sojourn on these shores, we cannot tell. We do know that he was one of Gilliland's colonists, and that the greater part of these were said to be Irish, like Gilliland himself. Raymond is a good Irish name, and one borne by a noble family. Most of the earliest settlers at Milltown came from New York, but every party of emigrants was joined by others all along the way, at Albany, or Skenesborough, or at any place where there

was an opportunity. Gilliland advertised in the "Mercury," a New York paper, offering inducements to "Industrious Farmers" and others who would go to the promised land of Lake Champlain. But Raymond cannot be ranked in the class of ordinary colonists, most of them so poor that they were obliged to work for the first few years for a bare maintenance, as it is plain that he must have been a man of means.

Raymond settled upon Gilliland's patent of Bessboro, at the mouth of the stream which we now call the Raymond brook, building a saw mill and a grist mill upon the little fall. On all this vast frontier, there was hardly a more promising place of settlement than the one he chose. On one of the main waterways of the country, in a virgin land fast filling with eager settlers, he was in the direct line of all travel north and south, convenient to the settlements along the Vermont shore, and not far from the fort at Crown Point. There was at that time no better mill site on the shore of the lake. In those days of full streams, before the woodsman's axe had let in light and air to dry the face of the ground, the mouth of the brook was as wide as the little bay into which it flows, and deep enough for loaded boats to come almost to the foot of the fall. Thus was afforded a harbor safe from storms and passing enemies.

Here Raymond settled, and here he lived for six years, during the time of the greatest prosperity of the colony on the Boquet. These were the years which show forth once more the truth of that wise saying, "Happy is that land which has no history," for Gilliland's diary

ceased to be regularly kept after June of 1767. Thus we find no mention of Raymond's settlement in the diary. The most direct testimony in regard to it is found in an affidavit discovered among the Land Papers of the Secretary of State by Mr. Henry Harmon Noble. This affidavit is referred to in Watson's "Pioneer History of the Champlain Valley," but has never before been in print.

Land Papers, Office of Secretary of State, Albany.
Vol. 39, page 125. Dated August 17th, 1785.

Affidavit of Udney Hay in relation to Edward Raymond's title under William Gilliland to lands in Bessborough on the west side of Lake Champlain.

Udny Hay, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith that about the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy (1770) Edward Raymond was settled and Improving lands in Bessborough on the west side of Lake Champlain, about eight miles north of Crown Point and about three miles south of the Great West Bay, called the (here "Bay de Rocher Fendu" is struck out in the original) West Bay. That the said Edward Raymond had there built a Dwelling house and a saw and grist mill. That the said Edward Raymond informed the deponent either that he was a tenant of or held under William Gilliland, who then lived on the west side of the Lake at a place called Willsborough. That this Deponent was also informed by the said William Gilliland that the said Edward Raymond was a Tenant, or had purchased of him and Improved under him.

And this Deponent further saith that the said Edward Raymond lived, cleared and cultivated land and Improved at the place above mentioned to have his residence until the commencement of the late war, and until some time in the year 1776, and farther Deponent saith not.

(Signed) UDNY HAY.

Sworn in New York the 17th of August, 1785, before
W. Wilson, Ald'r.

This Udney Hay is the Colonel Hay whose name often appears in the printed volumes of the Public Papers of George Clinton. He had known Gilliland well from the beginning of the colony on the Boquet, his home being in Montreal before the Revolution.

We also find mention of a place called Raymond's Mills in two letters written from Lake Champlain in the summer of 1780, and described in detail on another page. That at least one house in this settlement stood until after the Revolution we know from a letter by Judge Charles Hatch, which he calls "a sketch of the early settlement of the county, but more particularly of the town of Westport." In it he says :

"Still there was also a small improvement four miles south of the present Westport village, commenced by a man by the name of Raiment, which was the only improvement commenced before the Revolution in the present Westport. At the last mentioned place Raiment erected a small mill, but it all was demolished when I moved into this place, (1802) except a shattered old house which was occupied by Benjamin Andrews."

Of course "Raiment" stands for Raymond in the Judge's spelling, which had its eccentricities. Another confirmatory document is an old deed, made out in 1807, endorsed on the outside, "Jared Pond to Ananias Rogers, Ore Bed, Raymond Farm & Mill Lot, N. W. Bay." Inside, wrapped up in a tangle of law terms, we find these words : "Also that Tract of land com-

monly called the Raymond farm, now in possession of Benjamin Andrews, containing two hundred acres."

The Gazetteer of the State of New York, published 1860, says; "A small settlement was begun, and a mill built in the south part of the town before the Revolution." This modest and perfectly correct statement is transferred to the Essex County History of 1885 in this form; "It is reported that a mill was built and a small settlement begun in the south part of the village (*sic*) prior to the Revolution, but all vestiges of these were obliterated during that fierce, internecine struggle." Perhaps we could have spared at least one of the adjectives in exchange for a more careful investigation of facts.

And last of all, there still survives on the soil itself a legend, told by the first settlers after the Revolution and preserved by their descendants, of one Raymond who once had a mill near the mouth of the brook and who was driven from his home by Indians, fleeing in a small boat with his wife and child to the Vermont shore, while the savages burned his house. A grandson of James W. Coll, who settled at the place in 1808, told me this tale before the affidavit of Udney Hay was sent me from Albany, and I have no doubt myself that the additional details contained in this oral testimony are perfectly true.

Thus we have all the known facts about our earliest settlement, always such an interesting point in the history of any town. We can imagine how Raymond built his log cabin, then his saw mill, and a little later the grist

mill, unless as was often the case, both mills were housed under one roof. The mill stones and the saw must have been brought a long way perhaps in boats from New York, like the machinery for Gilliland's mills on the Boquet. But who wanted the boards that Raymond sawed, and who brought corn and wheat for him to grind? Doubtless most of the produce of the mills was consumed in the settlement itself, but all along both shores of the lake were settlers glad of these modern improvements. The grist mill must have been especially welcome, since one can live in great comfort in a log house with a floor of hewed puncheons, but grinding corn by hand in an Indian mortar is very slow and laborious. This was no unpeopled wilderness, reckoning as an American frontiersman reckoned in 1770. And who were Raymond's nearest neighbors? The family of John Ferris, living on the opposite shore of the lake, only three miles away, at the place which we now call Arnold's bay. Seven miles to the south was another mill on the lake shore, probably built at nearly the same time as Raymond's, and eight miles away, on the peninsula of Crown Point, lay the metropolis of the region, in the village near the fort. There was always a garrison of soldiers in the big barracks that Amherst built, and there had been a thriving village on the shore of the bay, with cleared farm lands stretching away to the south, ever since the early days of French occupation. Although most of the French inhabitants, if not all, may have returned to Canada when the country was given up to the British, they

had been gone but seven years, and most of the houses must have been left when Raymond came, probably occupied by new settlers from the English colonies. Eighty years afterward, W. C. Watson retraced the line of the village street, with its door stones and cellars. There was a store, driving a brisk business with the soldiers and settlers. When supplies on the Boquet ran low, Gilliland had recourse to this store, and we may be sure that when Raymond wanted a new axe head, or Mistress Raymond had lost her darning needle, a small boat came out from the mouth of the Raymond brook and was rowed eight miles across blue water to the same place.

So much for next-door neighbors, east and south. To the north, the nearest were Gilliland's settlers below Split Rock, twelve miles away. To the west, the boundless continent, unexplored, full of wild beasts and savage men, the little settlement forming but a tiny notch cut out from the edge of a universe of unmeasured forest.

So we can see how the Raymonds lived, with the people who gathered around them. The men worked in the mills, hunted and fished, while the women spun before the rude fireplaces and the children played along the shore. In six years of the existence of the little community there must have been both births and deaths, and the dead were buried on the point which overlooks the island, with flat stones set up at the head and foot of each grave. Perhaps it was Raymond's settlers who called the island "Cherry Island," as it is

named on the map made in 1785. An English colony would hardly know the story of the torture of Father Jogues, more than a hundred years before. Thus they spent five years in the rude and adventurous life of frontiersmen and their families, and then came a sudden flash and upheaval at their very doors in the taking of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.

Perhaps there were men from Raymond's Mill, in the little band that crossed the lake from Shoreham to Ticonderoga that May morning of 1775, crept into the fort past the startled sentinel, and gave the cheer in front of the barracks which wakened Delaplace. For several days before the attack, the Green Mountain Boys had searched the shores of the lake from Skenesboro to Panton for boats in which to transport the attacking force, and Raymond may have sent both men and boats, or have joined in the enterprise himself. Or it may be that he stayed cautiously at home, and saw, looking out of his door, the two small boats which were sent by the British garrison at Crown Point, to carry to Canada the news of the loss of Fort Ti, with an urgent request for reinforcements. Down the lake they went with all speed, but before they were out of the Narrows they were captured by that one of the Green Mountain Boys who bore the unforgettable name of Remember Baker. Lying in wait inside the mouth of Otter Creek, he came out just in time to intercept them, and they and their dispatches were hustled back to swell the number of the captured and the general

glory of the occasion. One can imagine their disgust with the strutting and crowing Continentals, engaged about that time, according to Allen's own account, in "tossing about the flowing bowl." When Seth Warner came to take possession of Crown Point he found there a garrison of one sergeant and eleven men. Did Warner pull down the banner of England from the flag-staff, or did he leave it flying in obedience to that tremendous fiction which so solemnly maintained that the colonists were not resisting the king, but only fighting a little provisionally while seeking to learn more fully his good pleasure in certain disputed matters?

The next thing for Raymond to see from his door was the schooner of Major Philip Skene sailing past with a good south breeze. Many a time had he seen her before, for she had made regular trips from Skenesboro to St. John's ever since Skene built her, but now Skenesboro was in the hands of the Continental soldiers, and the schooner was commanded by Benedict Arnold. Following came a number of batteaux loaded with men, and commanded by Ethan Allen. Two or three days, and the schooner is seen again, sailing south, triumphant convoy of a captured sloop and four batteaux, which Arnold had taken at St. John's the day before. Now the colonists ruled the lake from end to end, and by this time Raymond must have declared himself for King or Congress. That he chose the latter seems most probable from the fact of his staying until the next year. A Tory miller living so near the fort would have been inclined to go away as soon as possible after

the red-coats had given way to the Green Mountain Boys.

Late in August of that summer, General Richard Montgomery left Ticonderoga with an army of a thousand men, followed closely by his chief, Major-General Schuyler. Both these men were familiar with Lake Champlain, from their service against the French in the last war. It was Philip Schuyler, as will be remembered, who dined in Button bay when he was with the Boundary Commission in 1766, and afterwards took tea with the Gillilands at Milltown. His friend Sir Guy Carleton was still Governor of Canada, but Schuyler would not dine with him unless one of them should be taken prisoner. This was that romantic, disastrous invasion of Canada, the story of which is so full of names of men who afterward became famous, and which is, as a whole, symbolized, for glory and for grief, by the one name of Richard Montgomery. On the last day of the year, leading an unsuccessful attack on Quebec, he was killed, and there buried. After forty-three years, his body was carried through the lake to its last burial in New York.

Raymond and Gilliland must have heard of Montgomery's death, of Arnold's wound, and of the army in winter quarters at Montreal. At the very beginning of the campaign Schuyler had been obliged to go back to Albany on account of sickness. All that winter the lake was full of messengers, troops sent as reinforcements, sick and furloughed men returning to their homes, and all the bustle and confusion incident to the

rear of an army of invasion. Snowshoes and sledges served for the winter's travel, and when the ice broke up in the spring almost the first boats that went through carried the Commission of Congress to Canada.

If Raymond stood in his door on the twenty-fourth of April, 1776, looking out upon the water, where cakes of ice still floated, grinding and crushing against the shore, he might have seen two boats go by, making their way northward. The boats were large and heavy, thirty-six feet in length and eight feet wide, furnished with a rude square sail and rowed by armed men who wore a uniform of brown with buff facings. There were thirty to forty soldiers in each boat, and the whole formed an escort for four men, sent by Congress to Canada to try the temper of the Canadians and induce them, if possible, to join the thirteen colonies in rebellion against Great Britain. There were three Commissioners, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, accompanied by John Carroll, a Jesuit priest, and afterward the first Roman Catholic Arch-bishop of the United States. They had had a weary journey from Philadelphia, stopping for a welcome rest at the house of Philip Schuyler, and had now left Ticonderoga at eleven o'clock, reaching Crown Point a little after three and stopping there to examine the defences. Charles Carroll wrote in his diary that they found them "in ruins," which seems very surprising when one considers that it was only seventeen years since Amherst built the fort and the barracks at great expense, and in the most substantial manner, but Car-

roll explains: "By some accident the fort took fire, the flames communicated to the powder magazine, containing at that time ninety-six barrels. The shock was so great as to throw down the barracks—at least the upper stories. The explosion was distinctly heard ten miles off, and the earth shook at that distance as if there had been an earthquake. This intelligence I received from one Faris, who lives ten miles down the lake, and at whose house we lay this night."

Carroll came from Maryland, and was not familiar with New England names, but of course "Faris" means Ferris, who lived on the eastern shore, just opposite Raymond's Mills, having settled there the year preceding the coming of Raymond. The explosion at the fort must have formed one of the most startling experiences of the Raymond settlement.

If Raymond saw the boats of the Commissioners drawn up on the shore at Ferris's, (we now call the place Arnold's bay,) and the party making preparations for camping for the night, he may have had the curiosity to row across and obtain a nearer view of the strangers. At five the next morning they were again on their way, but as they went through the Narrows there came up a gale from the north, and they were forced to stop at the house of one of Gilliland's colonists, on the present site of Essex. The Commissioners do not seem to have known of the existence of Gilliland, whose hospitality was so eagerly extended to the Boundary Commission ten years before.

Carroll's journal continues the account of the journey

to Montreal, which they reached April 29, being received by General Benedict Arnold, then in command, with much courtesy. On May 11 Carroll writes: "Dr. Franklin left Montreal to-day to go to St. John's, and from thence to Congress. The doctor's declining state of health, and the bad prospect of our affairs in Canada, made him take this resolution." A man of seventy years was indeed ill-fitted to endure the hardships of such a journey, in open boats and over rough roads, sleeping under the awning of the boat or a rude shelter of bushes in the raw winds of our northern April. Franklin was accompanied on his return by the Rev. John Carroll, the other two Commissioners remaining in Canada until they left it with the Continental army in full retreat, the last of May. They rowed all day and all night, passing Raymonds Mills the evening of the third of June. One month after, the army of Sullivan passed by, hastening to shelter in the fortifications at Crown Point. The next day Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence and three of the men who camped on the shore of the lake opposite Raymond's Mills that April night were Signers of that famous instrument.

Gilliland's settlement at Milltown had now had a prosperous existence of ten years. In this time there had gathered there a population of upwards of one hundred souls, with twenty-eight dwelling houses, forty other buildings, two grist mills, two saw mills, and a large extent of cleared and cultivated land. All this the colonists were forced to abandon by the orders of

Sullivan, commander of the retreating army, strongly seconded by their own fears of the army of Carleton, which was in close pursuit. Gilliland buried the heavy machinery of the mills in the woods, and taking his family and what furniture he was able to carry, fled to Crown Point. Here the army was spread out in one vast hospital. Sullivan remained there ten days and when he moved on to the south he left behind him three hundred new made graves of soldiers who had died of small-pox. Shelter for army or for fugitives there was none. This was a scene for a man to enter with a family of motherless little children,—for Gilliland's wife had died before this time. The oldest of the children was Elizabeth, now twelve years old. Her grandmother and the household slaves had the care of the family. So little Bess looked once more upon Bessboro, as they hurried up the lake in confusion and distress.

Gilliland sold his cattle and crops to Sullivan's army, which stood in sore need of milk, beef and vegetables. The commissary was that Major Hay who afterward gave his affidavit in regard to Gilliland's ownership of Bessboro. Gilliland complained most bitterly that he was cheated in the price of his cattle, and robbed and plundered by the soldiers of Arnold. When he laid these complaints before Gates, the Commander-in-Chief, Arnold's defense was a contemptuous denial, and a charge that Gilliland was at heart a loyalist, and guilty of attempts to convey information to the enemy. "Gilliland," said he, "is a most plausible and artful villain." In the light of subsequent history, it would seem that

Arnold might have been a good judge of that kind of thing, but there is no real evidence that Gilliland was ever inclined to play such a part. It is probably true that he called Arnold and his men "a parcel of damned robbers," as one witness gave evidence, but we shall not find it difficult to forgive him for that.

Gilliland seems to have taken his family to Albany in the wake of the army, and did not return to Lake Champlain until after peace was proclaimed. In all this we have no hint of how things went with Raymond and his settlement. He was, of course, in a much safer position than the settlers of Milltown, being able to reach the fort in a short time after an alarm should be given. It would seem that it might have been profitable for him to keep his mills going while the soldiers were at the fort. There was no shelter there for such an army, and the boards from the saw-mill would furnish material for rude huts, while the grist-mill would grind corn to feed the men. Well they knew that Carleton was straining every nerve to follow the retreating army, but absolute safety was nowhere, and the miller was not timid,—timid men did not undertake to settle on Lake Champlain before the Revolution.

After the patriot army left Crown Point, the soldiers stationed there were active in the building of the little fleet of Benedict Arnold. If Raymond went often to the fort, he saw there the galleys and gondolas building in Bulwagga bay, while others were fashioned at Skenesborough and Ti, all under the restless, driving domina-

tion of the ruling spirit of these northern waters, Arnold himself. The whole summer was spent in ship-building, Arnold at the southern end of the lake, Carleton at the northern. In October both were ready to fight. On the eleventh they came together, fighting a fierce naval battle near Valcour, in which Carleton gained all the advantage and Arnold all the glory, from the fact that Arnold was fighting an enemy twice his size and more than holding his own. On the morning after the battle, before daylight, Arnold slipped away, silently and successfully, favored by his own knowledge of the lake, and fine spirit of his men, and their perfect and intelligent discipline. Not until they were well out of his reach did Carleton discover their escape, and he gave chase at once. Winds were adverse, and it was not until the thirteenth that the running fight between pursuer and pursued reached Split Rock and the waters of Westport. Arnold was intent upon escaping to the protection of the guns at Crown Point, and Carleton was eager to bring him to another engagement in which the great superiority of the British fleet in ships, in men, in guns and in previous drill might be brought fully to bear and effect a decisive victory. For "five glasses," says Arnold's report, (two hours and a half,) the fight went on in the upper Narrows and in Northwest Bay. Arnold's fleet had numbered fifteen vessels. His best ship, the *Royal Savage*, was lost in the first day's fight. The schooner *Revenge* and the sloop *Enterprise*, with the galley *Trumbull*, escaped to Crown Point, while the galley *Washington* was taken near Split

Rock. Other galleys and gondolas had been sunk or disabled, until Arnold's galley, the *Congress*, with four gondolas, carried on the fight with Carleton's *Inflexible* and his two schooners, the *Maria* and the *Carleton*.

In the picture which we may conjure up of the naval battle in Northwest bay, Oct. 13, 1776, the most conspicuous object is the *Inflexible*, catching the light on her cloud of canvass as she makes long tacks between the shores, attempting to bring her cannon to bear on Arnold's boats, but constantly baffled by a breeze from the south. She was ship-rigged, with three masts, the largest vessel then afloat on inland waters, carrying a battery of eighteen twelve-pounders, and quite able to blow Arnold's rude little flotilla out of the water with two broadsides, if she could but come within range. Then there was the *Carleton*, a schooner with two masts carrying twelve six-pounders, and now showing in hull and rigging many marks of the cannonading of two days before. The *Maria*, (named after the wife of Gen. Carleton,) was somewhat larger, with an armament of fourteen six-pounders, and upon her forward deck stood Captain Pringle, commanding the fleet under the observation of Gen. Sir Guy Carleton himself, with Baron Riedesel an interested observer of the engagement.

Opposed to these three vessels see Arnold in the *Congress*, simply a large open boat, with rowers ranged around the sides, plying heavy oars, since the one square sail was of no use with the wind ahead. In the bow were mounted two cannon, an eighteen pounder and a twelve pounder, in the stern two nines and on the sides

six sixes. The *Congress* was built to carry eighty men, and one-fourth of her crew were killed. The four gondolas were smaller than the *Congress*, each built to carry forty-five men, with one twelve-pounder and two sixes.

The cliffs of the Narrows and of North Shore echoed the roar of cannon, and the whole lake knew that the end of the battle drew near. Perhaps there were men from Raymond's Mills fighting in Arnold's flotilla, and perhaps there were women left at home who crept out to the end of the point to watch, or boys too young to fight who stole out in a skiff upon the water in sight of the ships. The end came when Arnold, about two o'clock in the afternoon, seeing that the attempt to reach Crown Point was hopeless, ran his five boats ashore in the little shallow bay opposite Barber's Point, his rowers pulling to windward out of reach of the enemy's guns. Then the boats were set on fire, with every flag flying, and Arnold's men stood on the clay bank, keeping off the small boats from the fleet with musketry fire until the *Congress* and the four gondolas were burned past all capture.* Then they retreated to

*The flags were like the one first raised by Washington at Cambridge in January of the same year, bearing the thirteen red and white stripes for the thirteen colonies, with the union of England, a red cross over a white one on a field of blue, instead of the stars which we now use. I have not been able to determine exactly the names of the four gondolas whose charred timbers now lie on the bottom of Arnold's bay, but they were four out of these six: The New York, Capt. Reed, the Providence, Capt. Simonds, the New Haven, Capt. Mansfield, the Spitfire, Capt. Ulmer, the Boston, Capt. Sumner, and the Connecticut, Capt. Grant. It is one of our local legends that one of Arnold's boats hid in Partridge Harbor after his fight with Carleton. If there is any truth in this, it must have been the row galley Lee, Capt. Davis. It is said in Gen. Riedesel's Memoirs that this gal-

Crown Point through the woods, followed by Indians who had been sent by land up the lake, and signaled for boats to take them over to the fort. Crown Point was at once abandoned, the Continentals falling back to Ti, and the next day Carleton's fleet came sailing up and occupied Crown Point.†

And how fared Edward Raymond in all this stirring business? We know that he left his settlement in this same year, and the local legend says that he was driven away by Indians, escaping to the opposite shore in a small boat with his wife and child, while his house was burning. Thus it would seem almost certain that the savages attached to Carleton's army descended upon Raymond's Mills and desolated the place. If this be true, Raymond suffered for the patriot cause, and his fortunes fell with the defeat of Arnold. Since Crown Point had just been occupied by the British, he could not flee to the protection of the fort, and his only avenue of escape lay by way of the eastern shore. Perhaps his neighbor Ferris took him in that night, if Ferris had had the hardihood to remain in his house, and the good fortune to escape destruction.

ley "was found a few days later in a bay, abandoned by the crew." The men might have made their way through the woods to Ti, eluding the Indians who had been sent up both sides of the lake by Carleton.

†The most exhaustive and complete account of the battle between Carleton and Arnold is given in an article by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, 1898. This article is finely illustrated, and a set of the illustrations has been framed in wood taken from the wrecks of Arnold's boats. The frames were made for Miss Anna Lee by Mr. J. N. Barton, who had secured at different times several pieces of wood from the wrecks. The remains of the vessels still show plainly at low water, though little is left, of course, but some of the keel timbers sunk in the mud.

An officer in Carleton's army, Lieut. Digby, kept a diary, in which he entered his impressions of the campaign and the country. "Crown Point," he says, "is a remarkable fine plain, an uncommon sight to us after being so long buried in such boundless woods, where our camp formed a grand appearance." He speaks of flocks of pigeons, "thick enough to darken the air, also large eagles," and of "herds of deer all along the shore side, which were seldom disturbed, the country being but little altered since its first state of nature, except now and then a wandering party of savages coming there to hunt for their sustenance." He mentions several families living near the fort who still remained loyal to the king, and who had suffered much in consequence from the Continental soldiers. When Carleton and his fleet returned to Canada, before the first of November, leaving the lake to the colonials for the winter, these families chose to go too, leaving the western shore more utterly deserted than it had been since the first settlements of the French.

The next June Sir John Burgoyne came up the lake with his splendid fleet, carrying over seven thousand men, the largest army which ever passed Westport land, and by far the most brilliant and imposing sight ever visible from these shores. Burgoyne arrived at his camp at the mouth of the Boquet river June 21, 1777, his advance guard being already there, and for a week afterward the fair fields of Willsboro were overspread with the white tents of his soldiery. Here he held a great council of war with the Indian allies of Great

Britain, and here he first issued the proclamation which was called "the Boquet order," addressed to the rebellious colonists, offering peace and pardon to all who would return to their allegiance to the king, and threatening all others with every terror of Indian warfare. This proclamation passed unheeded over the deserted hamlet of Raymond's Mills, where the wind swept the ashes over the cold hearthstones, and the squirrels leaped and chattered through the silent mills. Gilliland's settlement was also deserted at this time, and I suppose there was not a single rebellious colonist on this western shore north of Crown Point.

An eye-witness on board one of the ships, Thomas Amburey, describes the advance of the fleet, on a day "remarkably fine and clear, not a breeze stirring," as "the most complete and splendid regatta you can possibly conceive. In the front the Indians went with their birch canoes, containing twenty or thirty each; then the advance corps (Frazer's) in regular line with the gunboats; then followed the *Royal George* and the *Inflexible*, towing large booms, with the two brigs and sloops following; after them Generals Burgoyne, Phillips and Riedesel in their pinnaces; next to them the second battalion, and the rear was brought up with the sutlers and followers of the army."

The *Royal George* was a fine new ship, built for this campaign the winter before, and fitted to carry twenty-four guns. The *Inflexible*, the *Carleton* and the *Maria* we have seen before in Northwest Bay, and again the

Maria has the distinction of carrying the officer highest in rank, the gay uniforms of Burgoyne and his staff showing vividly under the white sails. The sun shone bright on musket and bayonet, brass buttons, gold lace, plumes and scarlet cloth, with floating banners and pennons, the shining guns of the artillery, and the polished instruments of a band playing the most inspiring martial airs. Somewhere in all this glittering pageant went two heavy, rough-built vessels, the row-galley *Washington* and the gondola *Jersey* captured in the fight between Carleton and Arnold the year before. Their names seem to have remained unchanged, like that of the *Royal Savage*, which was built and named by the British, taken at St. John's by Montgomery, and used by Arnold as his flag-ship in the battle of Valcour.

On the night of the 25th of June the German battalion under Riedesel made its camp at Button Bay. We read in his memoirs: "The weather was delightful, and we reached Bottom bay the same night. On the day following, (the 26th,) the army arrived at nine o'clock in the morning at Crown Point." "Bottom bay," of course, is a misreading of Gen. Riedesel's notes by his biographer,—possibly a mistake of his translator.

Gen. Riedesel's biographer says: "Fifteen hundred horses had been purchased in Canada for the army. They were to be sent to Crown Point by land." And Palmer says, in his History of Lake Champlain: "Seven hundred carts were brought on with the army, to be used in transporting baggage and provisions across the portages between the lakes and the Hudson river, and

fifteen hundred Canadian horses were sent by land up the west side of the lake, under a strong escort." Mr. David Turner, editor of a Westport newspaper in the forties, was wont to claim that this wagon train passed through Westport, and camped one night on the hill north of the village, now known as "Almon Allen's hill." Burgoyne's orderly books and the published diaries of two of his officers give no hint of horses brought from Canada in any way except by water.

This German Baron Riedesel is one of the most interesting figures in the army of Burgoyne, partly on his own account, and partly because of his beautiful wife, who followed him from Germany to the wilds of America with three little children. She reached Quebec on the 11th of June, after her husband had started with the army. They had two blissful days together, and then were obliged to part, he to his military duty, and she to remain in Canada until his return from the campaign. Then it happened, precisely as it might have happened in a novel, that at the battle of Hubbardton, July 7th, a certain Major Ackland was badly wounded. His wife, Lady Harriet Ackland, had also followed her husband to America, and was then in Montreal. Hearing of her husband's wound, she started at once to join him. When she arrived, and the story was known, the whole army went wild with admiration. A beautiful young woman of rank, the daughter of an earl, passionately devoted to a brutal husband, threading her way through forest and lake for love of him,—it was all pitched to the high, quixotic level of the

drama that Burgoyne and his men were playing. Gen Burgoyne knew of Riedesel's wife staying in Canada, (like a sensible woman as she was,) and he said to him, "General, you shall have your wife here also!" So the Baroness was sent for, and we may add her name to the list of famous people who passed in sight of Westport,—and never a sweeter, more womanly soul looked out upon it. She was accompanied by two maids and her three children, six year old Gustava, Frederica, and the baby Caroline. In her diary she does not describe her journey through the lake with much detail, but says: "During the night we had a thunder storm, which appeared to us more terrible, as it seemed as if we were lying in the bottom of a caldron surrounded by mountains and great trees. The following day we passed 'Ticonderoga.'" Were they storm-bound that night in our bay, close under North Shore, with the thunder reverberating from the cliffs? They seem to have slept on board the boat for fear of the rattlesnakes on shore.

When the army of Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, the Baroness and her children were taken charge of by Philip Schuyler, and how prettily she tells the story of his taking the babies in his arms and kissing them, to the infinite reassurance of the mother's heart. They were lodged in the Schuyler mansion, and treated with the most distinguished consideration.

The Gilliland children, were in Albany at this time also, in the care of their grandmother. They had fallen upon evil times, for their father was in prison upon a charge of treason, and their slaves had run away. Our

Elizabeth was then a girl of thirteen, the oldest of a family of five. They may have seen the little German children whose father was a prisoner too, coming out of the door of the Schuyler house, or riding out with their mother in the grand Schuyler coach.

As the army of Burgoyne passed through Northwest bay, spreading out its ranks upon the water as it emerged from the Narrows, only one man in all the fleet looked upon these shores with eyes of possession and familiar acquaintance, and that was Major Philip Skene, who had received from the king six years before the patent which still bears his name, and upon which part of the village of Westport now stands. In those six years he had done much and traveled far, seeing many a coast with which he could contrast the stretch of wooded shore, unbroken, desolate, washed by waters which reflected every leaf and stone with double brilliancy that still June day. As he gazed he must have thought of his work at Skenesboro, where he had built mills and forges and ships, and perhaps he planned to do the same in Northwest bay when this campaign should be over, and the king's authority acknowledged without dispute on all the continent. His mind must have been full of his settlement at the end of the lake, toward which the army was hastening, for he had not seen it since its capture by the Green Mountain Boys, more than two years before. At the time of that event he was in England, leaving his son Andrew in charge of the colony. He returned from England with two fine new things. One was a wife with a fortune of forty

thousand pounds, (he having been a handsome and well-connected widower,) and the other was a resplendent title,—“Lieutenant-Governor of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Surveyor of His Majesty’s Woods and Forests bordering on Lake Champlain.” As he stepped off the ship at Philadelphia he was arrested by the authority of Congress, and was kept a prisoner for more than a year. One can imagine the consternation of the bride at such an ending to her wedding trip. Now he had been exchanged, had been to England again, joined the army of Burgoyne, and found himself once more on the familiar waters of Lake Champlain. Within a few days he was at Skenesboro again, the army having swept the Continentals out of its path in ruin and rout. He showed Burgoyne his colony, or what remained of it, and told him all his plans for the government of the Champlain valley. It has been said, by the way, that his acquaintance with Gilliland was intimate, and that he meant to make him his viceroy when he himself should become Governor. If this be true, it may serve to explain something of the mysterious imprisonment of Gilliland in Albany at this time, which has been hitherto attributed entirely to the malicious persecution of Arnold, between whom and Gilliland, we know, there existed the bitterest hatred. A man who had reason to expect an appointment of such importance from the crown may well have been suspected of sympathy with the royalists. But whatever the truth may be, we lost all chance of ever finding it out when Governor Skene, with the rest of the army, surrendered

at Saratoga. He insisted to the last, with true Scotch tenacity, that the country people of the lakes were loyal at heart, and only wanted the chance to flock to the standard of the king. He never saw Skenesboro, or his ore bed, or his patent at Northwest bay again, and all his property was promptly confiscated by Congress as soon as peace was declared.

Late in September the forces of St. Leger, having failed to make a junction with Burgoyne by way of the Mohawk river, followed him through Lake Champlain. When Burgoyne surrendered October 17, 1777, the news soon reached Ticonderoga, and the British garrison which had been left there hastily dismantled the works and took to the boats, intent upon escaping to Canada. Before they were half way down the lake, Captain Ebenezer Allen (of the tribe of Ethan) came out upon them with a party of Green Mountain Boys and cut off the rear division, capturing fifty men and a large quantity of baggage and military stores.

Although after this year the lake was the scene of no great national event, it was none the less full of picturesque scenes. The forts were not occupied by either power, and the lake was one great Debatable Ground, with the British ships passing up and down at will, while small parties of Green Mountain Boys ranged along the shores, keeping close watch of every movement. Red-coated soldier and blanketed savage, sometimes both wearing belts from which dangled fresh scalps, went by northward in boats or on the ice, dragging with them captives from the border settlements,

and there are tales of these captives escaping and fleeing southward over the same trails. The Johnsons and the Butlers from the valley of the Mohawk made this their pathway, and the face of Joseph Brandt, adorned with war-paint and with eagle's plumes, looked more than once upon the place where a descendant of his own, not sixty years after, stood in a Christian pulpit and preached peace and piety with benevolent zeal.*

In May of 1780 came Sir John Johnson, at the head of his Royal Greens and his Indian allies, five hundred in number, on their way to visit the Mohawk valley once more with fire and blood. At Crown Point they disembarked from the ships which had brought them up the lake, and took to the woods, following a well-known trail to Johnstown. Turning instantly when their blow had been struck, they began their retreat the 23rd of May, taking with them both prisoners and plunder. Gov. Clinton himself followed them in close pursuit, going by way of Saratoga and Lake George, hoping to cut them off before they reached Lake Champlain, but they gained their ships almost under the eyes of his scouts. He wrote to General Howe: "I with great Difficulty got on a Force superior to Sir John's Party, but was not able to head him or gain his place of Embarkation (Bullwagers Bay) until about Six Hours after he left it." All that was left for the baffled Continentals was to keep scouts on and about the lake all summer, with orders to report every movement of the

*Rev. Thomas Brandt, a lineal descendant of Joseph Brandt, preached in the Baptist church of Westport for six years, in the forties.

enemy. In command of one of these parties was Major Ebenezer Allen, (the same who captured a part of the retreating garrison of Ti after Saratoga) and on July 1, 1780, he wrote to headquarters as follows :

“Sir, I received intelligence by a Scout last Evening which came from Lake Champlain, that they saw two large Ships lying near Crown Point last Sunday at 12 o’clock, and two Tenders. The two Large Vessels had about ten Batteaux to each of their Sterns. The next Day they saw one of the Ships and one Tender sail down toward St. Johns, the other fell down as far as Raymonds Mills, there cast Anchor ; Also a large mast Boat went to the Shore and landed a Number of Men and made Fires.”

So we see that Raymond’s Mills was a place still well known, although Raymond himself had been gone four years, and we suppose the settlement to have been deserted. The two large ships may have been the *Royal George* and the *Inflexible*, and it is probable that the whole flotilla had just returned from taking Sir John and his forces to St. John’s, with their wretched prisoners. Some of the men brought with them their own wives and children and slaves, hitherto left in the enemy’s country, and forty of the Royal Greens carried knapsacks packed with the Johnson plate, which had been buried on the flight of the family at the beginning of the war.

In October the scouts reported the whole British fleet moving up the lake, eight large vessels, twenty-six flat-boats and more than a thousand men, commanded

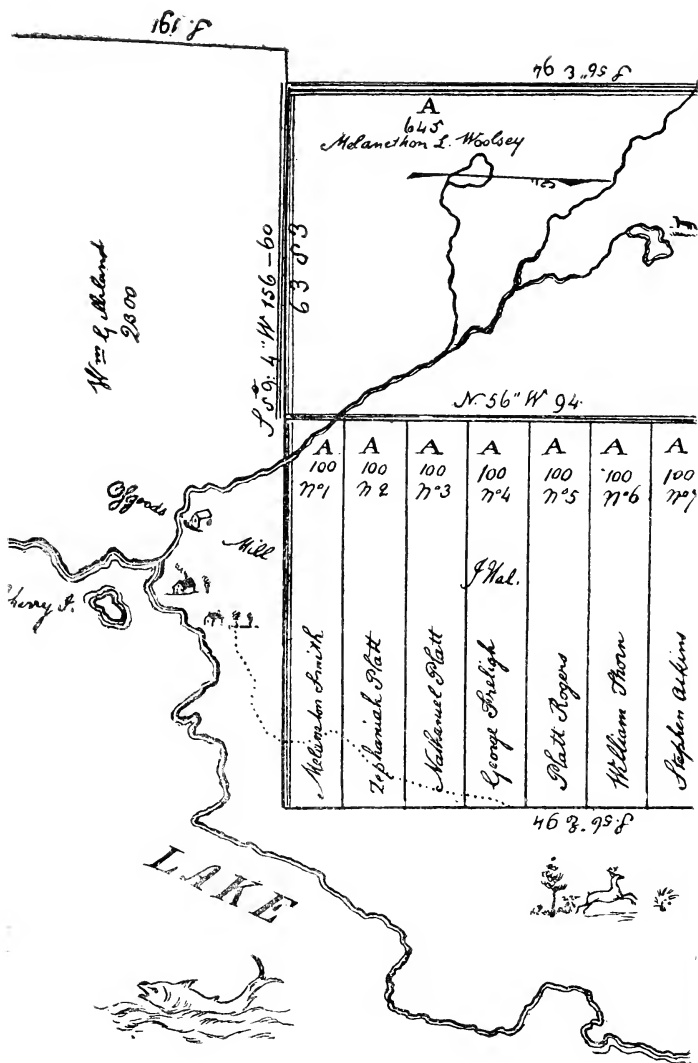
by Major Carleton (nephew of Sir Guy). This was in protection of Sir John Johnson, again ravaging upon the Mohawk. The keen eyes of the scouts of Clinton peered out at the king's ships from many an unsuspected thicket, and stole along the shore in skiffs like the Rangers of a generation before. Col. Alexander Webster, writing to Gov. Clinton Oct. 24, 1780, says that the scouts "moved from thence to Bullwagga and Grog bays, Rayment's Mills and its vicinity. The last scout informs that they reconnoitered those bays and other parts of the lake from the Beautiful Elm in Pantton."

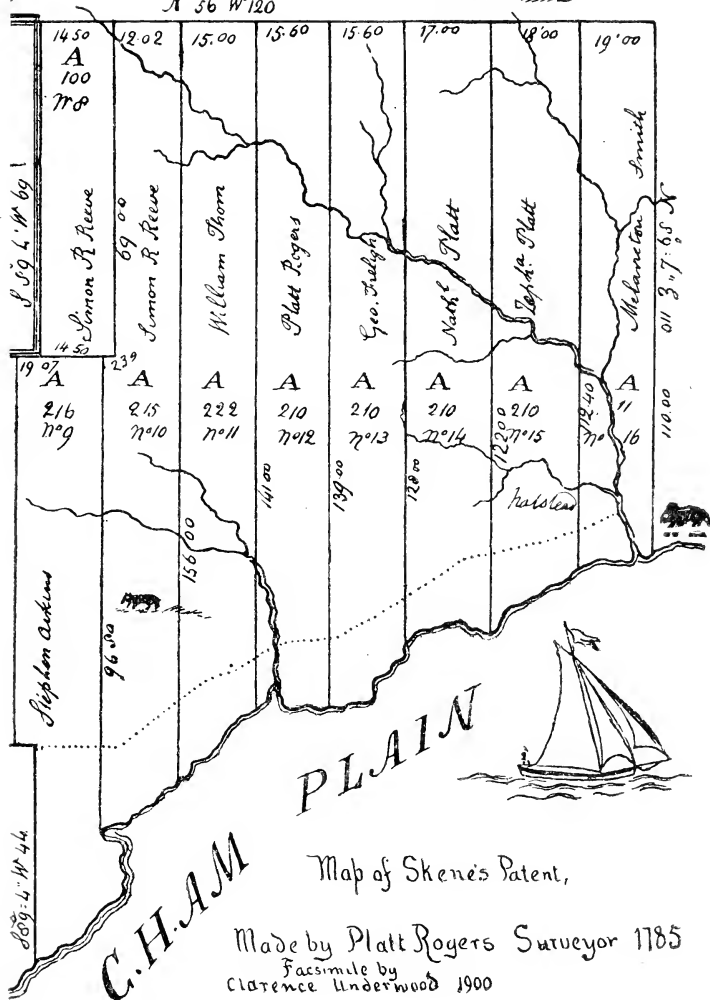
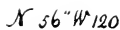
The movements of the British upon the lake caused grave concern among the Continental forces to the south, greatly increased by the suspicion that Vermont was listening to overtures from commissioners of the crown. All the next summer the fleet sailed up and down the lake, sometimes making alarming feints, but in reality doing very little damage. If the diplomacy of the Vermont leaders served to protect the Grants from the incursions of the enemy, the deserted condition of the western shore, as well as the mountain barriers, operated to the same end. Lieut. Hadden, one of Burgoyne's officers, wrote in his journal when he came through the lake, "It may not be improper to remark that there are but very few settlements on the lake, not 20, and those only single Houses," and settlement upon the frontier of course ceased entirely during the war.

In October of 1781 an express arrived from the south

to General St. Leger at Ticonderoga, bearing the intelligence of the surrender of Cornwallis. Instantly he embarked his men and stores and sailed away to Canada, and for the last time ships flying the banner of England sailed past our shores.

Late in July of 1783, while the treaty between Great Britain and the United States was still pending, Gen. George Washington made a northern tour, visiting Ticonderoga and Crown Point, accompanied by Gov. George Clinton and some of his generals. "I could not help," he says, "taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States." And so he stood upon the ramparts of Crown Point, with Clinton at his side, and looked away down the beautiful lake upon the outline of our Cononcong mountain and North Shore, with the glittering blue of the Narrows, through which Arnold's ships came so gallantly seven years before. He saw the shore where lay the burning *Congress*, and he thought with agony that if one shot had found the heart of the leader on that day, the *Vulture* would never have dropped down the Hudson in another October with a traitor on board. And writing to a friend upon his return, in allusion to this trip, he says that he "could not but be struck with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt her favours to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them." With these wise and reverent words closes for us the last scene of the Revolution.





Map of Skene's Patent,

Made by Platt Rogers Surveyor 1785
Facsimile by
Clarence Underwood 1900

V.

Original Patents.

The territory of Westport contains twelve patents and two tracts. The township is divided by an east-and-west line into two nearly equal parts. This line runs west from a point on the lake shore just north of the mouth of the Hoisington brook to the western boundary of the town. South of this line lie the Iron Ore Tract, and the patents of Skene, Woolsey and Gilliland. North of it lie two patents of Jonas Morgan, two of Platt Rogers, the patents of Daniel McCormick, of John Livingston, (*alias* Kelly and De Lancey, *alias* Taylor and Kimball,) and of Rob Lewis, and the Split Rock Tract. These tracts and patents are shown in the Atlas of Essex County, 1876, where their outlines have been verified by consulting many an old map of the first surveyors.

BESSBORO. Two thousand three hundred acres. First survey, June, 1764; first grant, February, 1765, from the crown to William Gilliland. Second survey, September, 1786; granted by the State of New York to William Gilliland. This patent was not only the one first surveyed and granted, but the one first settled, both temporarily and permanently. It lies on the southeastern border of the town, between the lake and the mountains.

SKENE'S PATENT. Two thousand four hundred acres, granted to Major Philip Skene "pursuant to a Warrant from His Excellency the Right Honorable

John, Earl of Dunmore, etc., bearing date the 19th day of June, 1771." It had been surveyed by Simon Metcalfe, Deputy of Alexander Colden, and lay directly north of Bessboro, extending northward along the shore to the head of the bay. The field notes describe it as lying "about three miles to the south of the Narrows." There are two ancient maps showing this patent. One is in the office of the Secretary of State in Albany, outlining the shores of Lake Champlain from Crown Point to Northwest bay, and showing by red lines two patents granted to Philip Skene, a larger and a smaller, the larger being the one already described. The smaller patent is called "Skene's Ore Bed Patent," and covers the ore beds on the lake shore now in the town of Moriah, but belonging to Westport until 1849. It contains six hundred acres, and its survey line began "at a Tree marked with the letters W. G., standing on the West Bank of the said Lake on the South side of the Mouth of a small Brook where it vents itself into Lake Champlain, commonly called Beaver Brook." This seems to mean our Mullett brook, and the tree was doubtless marked by Gilliland with his initials when Bessboro was surveyed in 1764. A copy of this map is owned by the Westport Circulating Library.

The second map of Skene's larger patent has been preserved by the descendants of the surveyor who drew it, and a copy of it is here given. It shows the first division of the patent into lots, and we call it the "Platt Rogers map" because we believe that it was drawn by him. The work upon the original is very fine, and

could not be adequately reproduced upon the accompanying plate. The patents are outlined with red and yellow shading, and the little pictures are done in sepia and water color, with the names written with a fine quill pen. The fish, the ship, the deer, the Indian and the bear are recognizable at a glance, but it is open to doubt whether the animal near the ponds is a beaver, and that on the lake shore a wolf or a lynx. The lots are numbered from one to sixteen, and marked with the names of the owners: Melancton Smith, Zephaniah Platt, Nathaniel Platt, George Freligh, Platt Rogers, William Thorn, Stephen Aikins and Simon R. Reeve. (Lots No. 4 and 15 are marked as having been sold to John Halstead.) These eight names of the original owners give us the key to the history of the map, since we know that five out of the eight were among the "twelve patriarchs" of Plattsburgh. Melancton Smith, Zephaniah Platt, Nathaniel Pratt, Platt Rogers and Simon R. Reeve met with seven other men of property and influence at the house of Zephaniah Platt in Poughkeepsie, December 30, 1784, and there planned the future city at the mouth of the Saranac. Zephaniah Platt and Melancton Smith were both members of the Provincial Congress of New York in 1775, were distinguished by their patriotic activity throughout the Revolution, and were chosen members of the Constitutional Convention of 1778. After the war was over these men, with others, formed a large land company for the purchase of military grants on Lake Champlain, and obtained possession of both the larger and the smaller patents of

Philip Skene, confiscated by the state under the attainder of Andrew and Philip Skene. These patents seem eventually to have passed into the hands of Platt Rogers.

This is the earliest map indicating individual ownership of our soil, with the exception of the map of Bessboro, which is a mere outline. It gives our shore line from the head of the bay, a little north of the village, southward to Coll's bay and the island, showing also the northern part of Bessboro, with three buildings at the mouth of the brook, exactly where Raymond's Mills stood before the Revolution. Two dwelling houses are drawn as if from actual observation, one with one chimney and the other with two, and the mill is marked "Osgood's Mill." No other trace than this have I been able to discover of any man named Osgood in our history, although he ought probably to be recorded as our first settler after the Revolution. The trail from this settlement to the place where the village now stands, indicated by a dotted line, is very interesting, as showing the first path worn by human foot within our borders. It must have followed blazed trees through a thick forest, and ran between the present "lake road" and "middle road" for most of the way. Perhaps the island was named from an abundance of wild cherry trees upon it, blooming like fairyland every spring.

The date of the map has been assumed to be 1785, although it may have been drawn the year before. That it cannot have been made later we infer from the fact that Hezekiah Barber erected permanent buildings

at the end of Barber's point in the spring of 1786. If these buildings had been standing when the map was made, the map-maker would certainly have put them in, since the map was used principally to show to would-be settlers, whom the proprietors were trying to induce to buy lots, and the more thickly settled the country could be made to appear, the more attractive it would surely be.*

WOOLSEY'S PATENT. Six hundred acres, lying west of Skene's patent, and now traversed by the highway and the railroad. On the map it is shown as covering two large ponds, but this is a mistake of the surveyors, who cannot have drawn it from actual survey. This patent belonged to Melancton Lloyd Woolsey, who served as an officer in the Revolution, and was aid to Gov. Clinton. His family came from Long Island, like the Platts, with whom they were connected,

*The history of this map is rather curious. It descended from Platt Rogers to his son, Ananias Rogers, and then to his grandson, Platt Rogers Halstead. After the death of the latter in 1849, the map was kept among the papers of his sister, Mrs. Miles M^r^e. Sawyer. Its practical use was by this time superseded, but it was treasured by the family as a relic. Upon the death of Mrs. Sawyer, in 1870, it passed into the possession of her oldest son, Platt Rogers Halstead Sawyer, of Bedford, N. Y. He died in 1885, and the family soon after moved to Chicago. In 1899, when engaged in the preparation of a genealogical record, the writer found that the map was still carefully kept in the family, and was afterward favored by the loan of it from Lea Halstead Sawyer, the great-great-grandson of the maker.

An attempt was made to have the map photographed, but it was so creased into folds that the result was entirely unsatisfactory. Then the plan was adopted of having an exact copy made by hand, and the copy photographed. We were fortunate in finding a resident of Westport who was able to copy the map with the most exquisite fidelity, reproducing it exactly as it must have appeared when the surveyor lifted his hand from his last stroke upon it. This copy was bought by Miss Alice Lee and presented to the village library, and a photograph of it was used for the copy given in this book. All the work was done by Mr. Clarence Underwood, photographer at Wadhams Mills.

and he was prominent among the early citizens of Plattsburgh, living to fight manfully in the war of 1812 as a Veteran Exempt. His son, Lt. Melancton Taylor Woolsey, became distinguished in the same war. One cannot help remarking upon the name Melancton, occurring with such unusual frequency in the early part of our history. The gentle Philip Melancthon, who tempered the fierceness of Martin Luther's reforming zeal, must have been a favorite historical character in the generation preceding the Revolution.

LIVINGSTON PATENT. Upon a map in the office of the State Engineer, "copied from a map of Platt Rogers," a large grant runs northwest from the head of the bay, crossing the Boquet and stretching away into Lewis. Upon it is written: "John Livingston & Associates. 7400 Acres Surveyed 1768, Granted 1787." It is upon this patent that the village of Wadhams Mills now stands. Its width extends, on the lake shore, from Headlands to the center of the village of Westport, its western boundary touching the north line of Skene's patent. John Livingston was doubtless one of the Livingstons of Livingston Manor, one of the most influential families of that day. The patent is more commonly called the Kelly and DeLancey patent, and these may be the names of previous owners, since in the chapter upon Land Titles in Smith's History of Essex County it is said that "John Kelly and John DeLancey obtained a patent for 7000 acres on the 18th of July, 1786. The description of the tract begins at the Bay de Roches Fendee and lies in a

northwest course from the village of Westport." DeLancey was at one time a name to conjure with in the history of New Amsterdam, being that of a powerful royalist family. It is more than likely that the patent was one of disputed ownership for a number of years. In the county atlas it is called the Taylor and Kimball patent, and these were doubtless its latest owners before it was sold off to settlers.

MCCORMICK PATENT. Upon the same map a patent lying west of the Livingston patent, and running parallel with it, evidently surveyed at the same time, is marked "Daniel McCormick & Associates. 4000 Acres, surveyed 1768, granted 1787." Daniel McCormick was a land speculator on a large scale, receiving immense grants of land in Franklin and St. Lawrence counties. The patent is bounded on the south by Skene and on the west by Jonas Morgan.

PLATT ROGERS PATENTS. These lie in the northeast part of the town, one of sixteen hundred acres on the north town line, taking in all the tillable land between Split Rock range and Coon mountain, and the other on the north shore of the bay, extending from Headlands to Rock Harbor. The latter was probably secured to gain control of the western landing of the ferry between Basin Harbor and Rock Harbor. Platt Rogers received extensive grants of land in return for his services to the state in laying out roads, and showed a fine discrimination in picking out the best land for himself. He is said to have received 73,000 acres in this way. This may well dazzle the vision of impecu-

nious descendants, but we must remember that in many respects the land was absolutely valueless, and even liable to become an embarrassment to its owner. Perhaps its most enviable return was in the permanence given to his name, stamped as it is on some of the fairest scenes of this region.

ROB LEWIS PATENT. A small square patent of this name is shown on the lake shore of the Split Rock range, near Rattlesnake Den and the ore bed, in the atlas of 1876.

JOHN WILLIAMS PATENTS. Two small square patents, one of two hundred acres and the other somewhat larger, are cut out of the eastern portion of the Iron Ore Tract, and cover the country of the ancient Stacys and Nichols. John Williams was associated with Platt Rogers in certain land enterprises, and after the death of the latter his heirs carried on for many years litigation for the recovery of funds, but without success.

JONAS MORGAN PATENTS. Two patents in the northwest of the town, along the Black river, bear this name. The larger was of four thousand eight hundred acres, and covered all the farming land of the western part, stretching across the Black river into Elizabethtown. It was granted him in 1799, and in 1808 he received a smaller one, of seven hundred acres, cornering on the first and running across the river into Lewis. These were the latest grants made of any portion of our soil, and Jonas Morgan was the only owner of one of the original patents who settled upon the land he owned.

He was our first manufacturer of iron, building a forge on his larger patent, on the western bank of the river, at the place to which Meigs came half a century afterward. The smaller patent was granted on condition that a furnace for casting "pig iron, hollow ware and stoves" should be built upon it within three years, and we know that he built a forge, known for years as "Morgan's New Forge," at the place which we now call Brainard's Forge.

SPLIT ROCK TRACT. After the best land had been sold off in patents, the remainder formed two tracts, like bones left after the meat has been picked away. Surely the Split Rock Tract is bony enough, all rocks and mountain tops and forests, with a sprinkling of iron ore and rattlesnakes. Not a single highway maintained by the town penetrates the Split Rock range. One good road there is, leading in to the Hunter place and Rock Harbor, but it is a private road, kept up by the owners of the property, and crossed by two gates. Trails wind through the valleys and along the mountain sides to the quarry and to the iron mine, showing what the first roads of the early settlers must have been before the wildness of the forest was subdued.

IRON ORE TRACT. This immense tract covers a third of the township, stretching over the southwestern part of Westport, the southeastern part of Elizabethtown and the northern part of Moriah. It is well named, for beneath its rugged surface lie millions of tons of iron. It is like the stories of wonderful fairy

treasure hidden away in caves in the bowels of the earth, over which a spell has been cast so that no mortal shall ever reach it and carry it away. And the word which cast the spell was this,—*Titaniferous*.

There is an interesting map of the Iron Ore Tract, made probably in 1810, which now hangs in the village library. It shows a careful and accurate survey of this mountainous region, a wilderness of rocks, hills, brooks, ponds and marshes, whose scenic value was small in the eyes of the first settlers in comparison with the iron mines so fondly believed in. The Tract is divided into 234 lots, and in many cases the names of the purchasers of the lots are marked upon the paper now so worn and yellow. Some of them are Westport names, like Stacy and Douglass and Hatch, but the most famous name upon the map is that of Bach. This means the Theophylact Bache who was a member of the Provincial Congress, the proceedings of which may be read in the ponderous volumes of the American Archives. He was on the Committee of Correspondence with the Platts of Dutchess county, Isaac Low, Isaac Roosevelt and other well-known names. He, it seems, dabbled in speculation in northern lands, and his name is well worth mentioning, if only for the sake of adding its sonorous syllables to our list. Surely it will be hard for Fame to pass entirely by a township which can show in its earliest record such names as Ananias, Zephaniah, Diadorus, Hazz-kiah, Tidinghast, Melancthon and Theophylact!





Second Part.

1785—1903.



*“Teach me to see the local color without being blind
to the inner light.”*

—Dr. Van Dyke's Prayer.

The Folks I Used to Know.



I know lots of folks in the city,
As pleasant as folks can be.
And you can't claim to be lonesome
With thousands for company.
But it's true that I get homesick,
Once in a while, to go
Where I can meet in the village street
The folks I used to know.

Some things happen over and over,
In the grind of God's great mills,
Like Christmas, and Sunday, and taxes.
And disappointments, and bills.
We've many a chance to be happy,
And many to be forlorn,
But you'll have but one, *one* mother,
And just one place to be born.

When spring comes stealing northward,
And taps at my office door,
I think of melting ice-cakes,
Piled up on a rocky shore.
And when there's a hint of winter
In one or two frosty days,
I wish I could see old Camel's Hump
Through an Indian Summer haze.

For I was born in a little town
On the shore of Lake Champlain;
The prettiest spot on God's green earth
That knows His sun and rain.
Oh to see North Shore again,
And Bluff Point's cedars green,
And the sea of glass, 'neath sunset fires.
Shining and still, between!

To feel in the early morning
 A wind of dawn pass by,
And push out a boat in the ripples.
 And float away silently.
Then when the sun shines over
 The hill-tops of Vermont,
To feel that you've had your vision,
 And it's breakfast that you want.

Last time that I went fishing,
 On the reef in Pattison's bay,
You ought to have seen the six-pound pike
 That put himself in my way!
Hand over hand I pulled him in,
 And his size begun to show;
"Hello!" says I, "come in out of the wet!
 You're a fish I used to know!"

Parting graveyard grasses
 To read a familiar name,
I said, "'Tis a lovely spot to sleep,
 When past earth's praise or blame."
And thinking on the quiet dead,
 Where friends and kindred lie,
I prayed, "O Lord, not mine the lot
 In the stranger's land to die!"

Even the hope of heaven
 Preachers might paint more fair.
If they would only promise
 'Twould seem like old times there.
And I'm sure 'twill be a comfort,
 When my time has come to go,
To think I shall meet, in the golden street,
 The folks I used to know.

VI.

Early Settlement.

1785-1815.

We now come to the second part of our history, and that part which most nearly concerns us as a people, the story from the first settlement to the conditions of our own day. We shall deal no longer with the famous people whose names are to be found in histories and encyclopedias, but with the familiar, every day folks who came here and cut away the forests and cleared the farms and settled down to make the town what it is to-day, and whose descendants we daily meet upon our streets. This is what we really care for in a town history, and it is the only thing which makes it worth while to write such a book.

We can never truly understand our own history without making a careful study of the story of the first settlements. Who were the men who first came to these shores for homes, with what ruling ideas, what cherished beliefs, did they enter upon their new life here, and what was the old life which they had left behind? To quote from an article in a recent magazine, "Beginnings of American Literature," by George Edward Woodberry,

"Everything begins in the middle—to adapt a wise saying—like an epic poem. That is the central truth of human perspective. Open history where you will,

and there are always men streaming over the mountains or over the sea from some horizon, bringing with them arms and cattle, battle-songs and prayers, and an imaginary world ; their best treasure is ever the seed of some last year's harvest."

And we find that the battle-songs and the prayers, the weapons actual and ideal, brought in by our first settlers were those of New England directly after the Revolution—the New England not only of the Pilgrim Fathers but of Bunker Hill, with old England forgotten as a mother country, and with the Puritan church and the Puritan town meeting already familiar as a background of civic life. This mainly, but with a modifying element, slender but strong, clearly discernible to one who knows our history by heart, of the ruling ideas of the dwellers along the Hudson, which were never those of New England in the last analysis, but were much more feudal in regard to social structure and much more liberal in religious dogma.

The annals of one hundred and twenty-seven years which follow must be given too minutely to bring out the effects of these subtly differing influences, but to the writer every commonplace name and incident has had a certain significance connected with its known or imagined source, lending it an inner illumination which no stranger could ever be made to understand. This is a way of apology for the fact, quite evident to the writer, that she will not be able to make the story of modern Westport as interesting to other people as it

has unfailingly been to herself. And so now to our story.

1785-1800.

The first permanent settlement upon the soil of Westport was made on the lake shore, at Barber's Point, not far from the present site of the light-house. The lake at this place is less than two miles wide, and the first settler came from Vermont shore, landing on the south side of the point. He had travelled all the way from Harrington, Litchfield county, Connecticut, a distance of over two hundred miles. He must have bought his land of Gilliland, as he settled upon Bessboro. Why he came we cannot tell. Immediately after the Revolution there was a wonderful impulse of pioneering and emigration which was felt all over New England, leading men to forsake their old homes and plunge into the wilderness as their fathers had done before them. This first settler cannot have carried an elaborate outfit, but he had at least a gun and an axe, to protect him from wild beasts and to make a clearing on the edge of the forest. And to-day you may find his great-great-grandchildren on a part of the land that he cleared.

This man was Major Hezekiah Barber. He was a major of militia in Connecticut, and always retained his title. He came first in the spring or summer of 1785, and worked at clearing the land until winter came on, when he went back to Connecticut. The next year he returned with his wife's brother, Levi Frisbie, and

they worked together, cutting wood all winter, living in a bark shanty and building a log cabin near the shore, of "basswood logs split in the middle, and laid with the flat sides up." Another cabin was also built as a shelter for cattle. In the spring of 1787 the young wife of Major Hezekiah, whose maiden name had been Huldah Frisbie, came all that long journey from Connecticut on horseback, carrying her first baby in her arms, and took possession of the log house. The household goods also came, in one load, drawn by oxen. The first crops, raised were put in with a "grub hoe" in the spaces between the blackened stumps of the clearing. Grain was carried to Middlebury, in Vermont, to be ground, and as only one horseback load could be carried at a time, the family often ground their own corn in a large "Indian mortar" which was found somewhere near, with an iron pestle. Their nearest neighbors, who must have come soon after the Barbers, were a family named Ferris, living in a log house at Coll's bay, near Raymond's old settlement. There was also the Ferris family directly across the lake, at Arnold's bay, who had settled there before the Revolution.

When Hezekiah Barber first came, this bit of earth which we now call Westport was merely an unnamed fraction of the immense county called Washington which covered both sides of Lake Champlain. After he had been here three years, (that is, in 1788,) the county of Clinton was formed, comprising the present territory of Essex and Clinton counties and a part of Franklin. The county seat of this large county was

Plattsburgh, and it was divided into four towns. The town in which Barber lived was Crown Point, measuring about nine hundred square miles, and covering all the southern part of the present Essex county. The first town meeting was held in December of 1788, at Ticonderoga, and if Barber, and the two or three other men who may have been at the Point and at Raymond's Mills at that time, voted at all, they went in a boat to Ti to do it. The election was held in the "old King's store," a quaint, low-roofed stone building on the shore of the lake, which had been erected by the French in 1755, when they built Fort Carillon. At the time of the town meeting this building was occupied by Judge Charles Hay, a brother of that Col. Udney Hay whose affidavit we have seen in regard to the Raymond settlement.

When Barber had been here ten years (1795) the number of voters in the whole great county of Clinton was only six hundred and twenty-four. When he had been here thirteen years, enough settlers had come in to justify the formation of the town of Elizabethtown, comprising the present townships of Elizabethtown and Westport. The first town meeting was held April 3, 1798, "at the dwelling house of David Callender," which probably stood somewhere west of the Black river. That Hezekiah Barber went to this town meeting we may safely infer from the fact that he was elected to three offices. The list of town officers is as follows :

Supervisor, Ebenezer Arnold ; clerk, Sylvanus Lobdell ; assessors, Jacob Southwell, David Callender,

Norman Newell ; overseers of the poor, Jonathan Breckinridge, Hezekiah Barber ; constable and collector, Nathan Lewis ; constable, Thomas Hinckley ; school commissioners, E. Newell, William Kellogg, Hezekiah Barber ; overseers of highways, (numbered from one to ten,) John Santy, N. Hinckley, John Potter, S. Lobdell, Joseph Durand, Simeon Durand, Jacob Seture, Joseph Pangburn, E. Newell, Stephen Eldridge. Fence Viewers, Hezekiah Barber, Elijah Bishop, Elijah Rich.

No doubt the town offices were distributed impartially to all parts of the township, and this list probably includes every man fit to hold office in its whole area. We may imagine this first town meeting as bearing a general resemblance to the one first held in the immortal town of Danvis, as reported by Rowland E. Robinson, in the words of the veteran ranger, Gran'ther Hill.

"Not over twenty on us, all told ; an' we hel' it in a log barn 'at stood t'other side the river, on Moses Benham's pitch, an' we sot raound on the log mangers, an' the clark writ on the head of a potash berril. We hedn't no sech fix-uppances as these 'ere," pounding the seat with his fist ; "an' as fur that 'ere," punching the stove with his cane, "we jest stomped raound to keep warm, an' didn't fool away much time no longer'n we was 'bleeged to."

For the next two years, 1799 and 1800, the supervisor was "E. Newell," (probably Ebenezer). In 1801 it was Elijah Bishop, in 1802 Charles Goodrich, and from 1803 to 1805 it was none other than our friend Hezekiah. Thus we see that he attained the crowning am-

bition of every good American citizen—that of being elected supervisor of his own town,—and that he held the office three years. In 1799 Essex county had been formed, with the county seat at Essex, and so when he sat in council with the other supervisors in the county, he went to Essex, and it is more than likely that he wended his way thither in a boat, perhaps in his own ferry boat, which furnished him a good income carrying passengers and freight across the lake. He lived five years after his last term as supervisor, dying in 1810, and he was buried at the Point, only a few steps from the place where he landed twenty-five years before. In that twenty-five years he had seen a great change come over the face of the country, from utter wildness and desolation to a fair degree of civilization. At the time of his death the centre of population for the shore of the town was at Barber's Point, the settlement at Coll's Mills being then larger than that at Northwest Bay. The first steamer on the lake, (and the second in the world,) had been built two years before he died, and made a regular landing at the Point, but none at the Bay.*

*Hezekiah Barber had six children, and as they all married and settled here, the family record in itself, if given in full, would make a chapter of town history. The oldest, Jerusha, married Alexander Young, who settled on the north shore of Young's bay, and built a house where Mr. Ben Worman's farm house now stands. This house was burned, and rebuilt by Andrew Frisbie, son of Levi. Alexander Young had a ship-yard in the bay, and the ruins of his wharf may still be seen.

2. Sally married Gideon Hammond, son of Nathan, and lived on the back road, where Rush Howard now lives.

3. Hezekiah married Maria, daughter of Tillinghast Cole, who lived on the lake road, on the place now occupied by his great grandson, Henry Merrill. One of his children, named Major Hezekiah after his grandfather, still lives on a part

In following the life of our first settler, we now find ourselves years ahead of the story of all Westport, but our steps are easily retraced.

Another very early settler upon the lake shore was James Ring, at Rock Harbor. He is described as "an English master sailor," and so must have known the smell of salt water, but he was content to use his skill upon these tideless waters in sailing the ferry boat which plied from shore to shore between Basin Harbor and Rock Harbor.

The ferries were an important factor in the development of this region. They were to early Westport what a railroad is to a new western town. The ferry at Barber's Point, this one at Rock Harbor and one established by McNeil, running from Charlotte to Essex, were all opened at nearly the same time, and accommodated a rapid stream of travel flowing from New England into Essex county. Before the ferries ran, emigrants were obliged to trust to the chances of hiring boats when they reached the lake shore, unless they came with their own bateaux, like Gilliland, which was too expensive for the ordinary traveller.

of the original Barber property. Another, Mrs. Harriet Sheldon, has been of great assistance in preparing the sketch of Barber's Point.

4. Alanson married Harriet Haskell, and his daughter Maria married Ruel Arnold. They lived in the brick house on the middle road now owned by the Westport Farms.

5. Rhoda married John Chandler.

6. Harriet married twice. Her first husband was Amos Holcomb, and her daughter Huldah taught school in what was perhaps the first school house in town, on the south side of the road to the ferry. Her second husband was Asahel Havens, the ferryman, who lived near the steamboat wharf at Northwest Bay.

Watson says, in his history of the county, "In 1790, Platt Rogers established a ferry from Basin Harbor, and constructed a road from the landing to a point near Split Rock, where it connected with the road made in an early period of the settlement. He erected, in the same season, a bridge over the Boquet, at Willsboro falls, and constructed a road from that place to Peru, in Clinton county. These services were remunerated by the state, through an appropriation to Rogers and his associates, of a large tract from the public lands." Rogers also built the first bridge over the Ausable river, at the Chasm.

James Ring remained at Rock Harbor only a few years. His wife's maiden name was Sarah Black. In 1791 their second daughter was born at Rock Harbor and named Sarah after her mother. Two years after this the family moved to Brookfield, in Essex, and there Ring died. The daughter born in Westport grew up to marry one of the Essex Staffords, and not quite a hundred years after she was born at Rock Harbor her grandson came to Westport to settle in the place as a physician,—Dr. Frank T. DeLano. He has told me that his grandmother was accustomed to relate the fact that of her having been born at Rock Harbor, and he has an impression that James Ring came to the place several years before that event, so that we have proof of his having been one of the earliest settlers, though probably not earlier than Hezekiah Barber.

Sometime between 1791 and 1798 came Daniel Wright, from Gilsun, N. H., with his family and his worldly

goods. After crossing the Connecticut river he must have followed the road across Vermont which was first opened by Sir Jeffery Amherst, the summer of 1759 from Chimney Point to the Connecticut. Wright probably came along the lake shore to Basin Harbor and there took the ferry to Rock Harbor and then toiled over the "Bildad road" across the Split Rock range.*

At last he came to the farm he had chosen, as stony and rough as the uplands of New Hampshire which he had left, on the western slope of the mountains, overlooking the fertile valley of the Boquet, with the level clearings of Essex and Willsboro in the distance, and the Green mountains beyond the glimpse of the lake. Here he settled and cleared the land, which remained in the family to the time of his grandchildren. It is now occupied by Mrs. Elbridge Lawrence.

Daniel Wright is a fine example of the early settlers of Essex county. He and his wife came first from Connecticut, like the Holcombs, the Frisbies, the Barbers and the Lovelands. He was born in Lebanon, Conn., in 1757, and his wife, Patience Bill, was born in Hebron in the same year. They moved to Gilsum, N. H., and there he served three years in the Continental Line. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, served eight months in 1775 in the regiment of the famous Col. John Stark, (who had seen our shores as one of Rogers'

*This was the nearest way, but it would seem that it might have been easier to come by way of Essex. It is always interesting to trace the route followed by the pioneers when they first penetrated into this trackless region. In the winter of 1794 Stephen Keese came from Columbia county to Peru, (north of Bessboro) on the ice, and took advantage of the level highway of the frozen lake.

Rangers in the "old French war,") all the year 1776 under Col. Samuel Reed, and in June of 1777 his name appears in a New Hampshire regiment which was sent "to reinforce the Continental Army at Ticonderoga." This was when Burgoyne's army was advancing up Lake Champlain, sending out the proclamation which so aroused the country. On the 5th of July St. Clair evacuated Ticonderoga, and fled to the south, pursued by Burgoyne. Thus Daniel Wright was in this fleeing army, and also, it is probable, saw another turn in the fortunes of war in the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

He came into Westport a man about forty years of age, with an honorable record of military service and the rank of Lieutenant. On March 25, 1802, he was commissioned 2nd Major "of a regiment of militia of the county of Essex, whereof Joseph Sheldon, Esq., is Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant," by Gov. George Clinton. In 1806 he was made 1st Major of his regiment, and in 1807 Lt.-Col. Commandant. In 1811 he was raised to the high rank of Brigadier General of Militia in the Counties of Essex, Clinton and Franklin, and held this responsible position throughout the war of 1812, where we shall meet him again.*

*General Wright was accompanied to Westport by but one child, his daughter Jerusha, who was born July 17, 1788, and married Dec. 22, 1795, to Elias Sturtevant, born at Plymouth, Mass., June 4, 1769, son of Cornelius and Sarah (Bosworth) Sturtevant. They had seven children, all born, I think, in Westport.

1. Daniel Wright Sturtevant, born 1798, was a physician, and practiced some years in Westport and in Essex; afterward went west, and died in Galesburg, Ill.

2. Harriet, late in life, became the third wife of Dr. Diodorus Holcomb. No children.

At the same time with the settlements along the lake shore, pioneers were coming in to the valleys of the Boquet and the Black. The strip of land called Pleasant Valley, along the former river, was granted Platt Rogers from the state on condition of its being immediately settled, and every effort was made to induce reliable men to come in, fathers of families if possible, sober, industrious, likely to remain and to pay for their farms. On this account the sale or grant of large portions of public lands to one man, or to a land company whose prosperity depended upon the revenue derived from the payment of settlers for their farms, was a real advantage to a new country. Nothing could bring about so bad a condition of things as land free to any squatter, who felt no obligation to improve his farm, and who might be dispossessed at any moment by a second comer who had a stronger arm or was a better shot than he. I find no traces of a squatter-and-lynch-law period in the first settlement of Elizabethtown and Westport. Men came in from the older colonies,

3. George W., always known as "Deacon Sturtevant," from his long tenure of that office in the Congregational church at Wadhams. He married Clorinda Phelps, and had three children, Edmund, (lived in Vineland, N. J.), Carrie Maria and Harriet, who married Dr. Pease, a missionary to Micronesia.

4. Sophronia, unmarried.

5. John Sturtevant also bore the title of Deacon for many years, filling that office in a Congregational church in Gasport, N. Y. He married Mary Royce, daughter of William and Anna (Henry) Royce, and had seven children, Daniel Wright, Henry Rue, (Mrs. Granville Clark), Mary, William Royce, George W. and Alice Linda (Mrs Webster Royce). The only descendants of General Wright now living in Essex County are William R. Sturtevant and Mrs. Webster Royce.

6. Elmira married Mr. Marshall.

7. Maria married Edmund Day, and had three children, Charles, Helen and Alma.

bought land, built homes, and set themselves to abide by laws which they took pride in making. Town officers were elected at the earliest possible opportunity, and among them were three men whose duty it was to attend to schools for the children. This shows in itself the character of the new township, and it is plain that it would naturally attract to itself only law-abiding citizens.

The common route for settlers from the south was by the valleys of the Schroon and the Boquet. In this way came many from Dutchess county, like Joseph Jenks, who settled first at Pleasant Valley, and afterward moved to Northwest Bay. The water power of the swift flowing Black river was a great attraction, and a rude little saw mill, where the logs from the clearings could be cut up, was a very desirable neighbor. Partly on this account the highlands of the back part of the town came to be settled very early. Another reason was the character of the soil. It is well-known that the first settlers, as a rule, sought the high, sandy lands in preference to the clay of the low lands on the lake shore. The light loam was much more easily worked, and for a number of years would be more productive than the heavier soil. The water supply was sure to be good, among the mountain springs, and it was always a wise precaution to avoid the malaria of low-lying marshes. In those days there was far more moisture in the soil everywhere than there is now, since the country has been stripped of its forests. Another thing that might well be considered in the years close following the Rev-

clusion was the fact that the settler's cabin was safer from enemies, red or white, if it were hidden deep in the forest, than it could be if built upon the lake shore, in sight of passing war parties or scouts. This idea was suggested by the historian Francis Parkman, in a conversation with Mrs. F. L. Lee upon this subject a number of years ago. The substance of the conversation was given to the writer by Mrs. Lee, and the clearness of Mr. Parkman's insight will be fully perceived when it is remembered how the defeat of St. Clair in Ohio in 1791 sent a shudder of fear through the heart of every frontiersman, lest the western Indians should combine with the Six Nations, and the scenes on the older frontiers be repeated in the Champlain valley.

Thus we have at the end of the eighteenth century a distinct advance from the stretch of primeval forest threaded by Robert Rogers and his men in the "old French war." Now there are mills and clearings, the wood-chopper's axe scarcely ever sounding beyond the reach of human ear, log cabins among the stumps, crops of corn and potatoes harvested every year, and a few domestic animals, shielded with great ingenuity and patience from the wild animals who still roam the woods. Homes and children, and a promise of schools—all this with new settlers coming in from the south or the east in a steady stream. It seems to me a good time to have lived in Westport, in spite of the log-houses and the wolves. Any one who has ever felt the charm of camping out, or who has experienced the unshakable bliss of setting up housekeeping for the first

time, can appreciate the keen flavor that there must have been in these early days.

Besides the signs of human life and occupation which were beginning to change the face of the land, a new era could be plainly read in the life upon the water. The Indian bark canoe, the whale boats of the Rangers, the bateaux of Montcalm and Amherst, then Arnold's sturdy fighting craft, with the gallant *Inflexible* and her sister ships riding triumphant, ruling all the lake, followed by the martial splendor of the fleet of Burgoyne, led by the twenty-four-gun *Royal George*, all these, and many a keel unmentioned in any record, had floated in the waters of our bay. Now nothing but the humble ferry-boat, making its way from shore to shore with freight of household goods, or the heavy scow of some fisherman catching his dinner of fish, was seen. This is not nearly so interesting to read about as the stories of more stormy times, but it was a vast deal more comfortable for the people who lived here. Barber at the Point and Ring at Rock Harbor saw each other's sails swing and fill in the same wind, or flap idly against the mast in a maddening calm. Further down the lake another sail, that of McNeil, ferrying from Charlotte to Essex, might be discerned, and the pirogue of the proprietors of the colony upon the Saranac made its trips to the ore bed and back again, carrying ore to supply the forge which was the pride of the Saranac, and then carrying to the south the iron which brought the owners a hundred dollars a ton. The ore bed was the one which we now call "the Goff bed." Philip

Skene first owned it, and at the time of which we now write it was called, on that account, "Skene's ore bed," though it had belonged to the state since the confiscation of Skene's property.* It was also often called the "Crown Point bed," and it lies upon territory which belonged to the town of Westport until 1849.

The "pirogue" of the Plattsburgh proprietors was the same kind of vessel called in Cooper's novel, the "Water Witch," a "periagua," and thus described :

"The periagua, as the craft was called, partook of a European and an American character. It possessed the length, narrowness, and clean bow of the canoe, from which its name was derived, with the flat bottom and lee-boards of a boat constructed for the shallow waters of the Low Countries. Twenty years ago (Cooper was writing in 1830) vessels of this description abounded in our rivers, and even now their two long and unsupported masts, and high, narrow headed sail, are daily seen bending like reeds to the breeze, and dancing lightly over the billows of the bay.

*Philip Skene had a forge at his colony of Skenesborough, at the head of Lake Champlain, and I do not know where he got the iron ore with which to supply it unless he brought it from his own ore bed near Crown Point. The ore was easily obtained from outcropping ledges, near the water's edge, and its transportation in boats was no great problem. If this conjecture has any foundation in truth, the Plattsburgh company were not the first miners here.

In connection with this subject Mr. Winslow C. Watson made a slight mistake something very unusual in his careful and conscientious work. On page 439 of his *History of Essex County* he quotes from a letter "of the late Levi Higby, of Willsboro," as follows: "A bed at Basin Harbor, owned by Platt Rogers, was the only deposit of iron ore which at that period (1801) had been developed in the whole region." A little reflection upon the geological formation of the Vermont littoral will show that it is no place to look for deposits of iron ore, and a visit to

"There is a variety of the class of a size and pretension altogether superior to that just mentioned, which deserves a place among the most picturesque and striking boats that float. He who has had occasion to navigate the southern shore of the Sound must have often seen the vessel to which we allude. It is distinguished by its great length, and masts which naked of cordage, rise from the hull like two tall and faultless trees. When the eyes runs over the daring height of the canvas, the noble confidence of the rig, and sees the comparatively vast machine handled with ease and grace by the dexterity of two fearless and expert mariners, it excites some such admiration as that which springs from the view of a severe temple of antiquity. The nakedness and simplicity of the construction, coupled with the boldness and rapidity of its movements, impart to the craft an air of grandeur that its ordinary uses would not give reason to expect "

Later we find that the "periagua" of Cooper's description had a half-deck, and so no doubt did the vessel belonging to the "twelve patriarchs." It was this boat which carried most of the passengers to and from Plattsburgh, and upon her deck might have been met, at dif-

Basin Harbor will soon convince any one that there is not and never could have been an iron mine in that vicinity. But the mistake came about in a very natural way. Platt Rogers lived at Basin Harbor, and owned and worked the ore bed on Skene's grant, across the lake and a few miles further south. Mr. Higby, who was engaged in the first iron manufacturing enterprise of Essex county, knew perfectly whence came the ore from which he made anchors in Willsboro, but his letter was written after a long lapse of years, and he must have been momentarily confused between the dwelling place of Platt Rogers and the location of his ore bed.

ferent times, many very interesting people.* There were the Platts, Colonel Zephaniah, the most distinguished of them all, and Captain Nathaniel, and Judge Charles, who was the first comer, and who named the town of Plattsburgh, and from whose letters to his brother Zephaniah so many bits descriptive of the lake country may be gathered. He notes that the lake froze over January 16 in 1786, and that the snow was thirty-two inches deep. Writing afterward about himself he says, "At the close of the war I had purchased a few class rights of the soldiers, and having collected a little something, set out for the woods, and after viewing several places, I sat down on the west side of Lake Champlain, an entirely new country and wilderness, and called the town Plattsburgh." It was this man's son, Charles C. Platt, who was afterward to marry the daughter of our Elizabeth, Eliza Ross. But that is looking years ahead, when the periagua was a worn-out hulk. When she was still in her prime, she must have carried often the man who came closer than any other to our history in the years before the Revolution. His face was sadder than when he looked from the

*Often black faces looked out from under the sail of the periagua, and it is probable that the laborers at the ore bed were often slaves. In the census of 1800 the population of Essex and Clinton counties was 8,572, including 58 slaves. A majority of the slaves were probably at Plattsburgh, upon the Platt estate, as the family are said to have brought forty slaves to Richlands. It is not believed that a slave was ever owned upon the soil of Westport. Platt Rogers brought his slaves with him from Dutchess county to Basin Harbor, but they were set free by the Act of Congress which admitted Vermont as a free state in 1791. Two of these slaves, Primus Storm and Milly his wife, spent the remainder of their lives at Basin Harbor, faithful and beloved friends of the family, and descendants of theirs were there for many years.

deck of the *Musquinonge* upon these fair and wooded shores, with wife and child beside him, and it was but a wandering and melancholy gaze which he now directed toward Bessboro. The man who had perhaps sailed into Northwest Bay in the schooner of Major Philip Skene, and there stood by his side listening to the unfolding of plans which should make this coast part of a noble principality, dependent only upon His Majesty King George, now sat in weary despondency, hardly realizing the truth, that the Champlain valley now looked to new masters for the shaping of its destiny.

William Gilliland had left Willsboro in the wake of the army retreating from Canada, in the summer of 1776. He had been imprisoned in Albany upon a charge of treason, which seems to have been entirely unfounded, and was kept for years in the debtors' prison of New York. The buildings of the settlement at Milltown were destroyed during the course of the Revolution, chiefly, it is said, by refugees fleeing from the battle of Saratoga, and were never rebuilt by Gilliland. From the moment that he was driven from Willsboro with his helpless family, "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster" upon his footsteps. The titles to his large possessions in land had been received from the king, and in many cases the colonial government refused to recognize them. Thus deprived of his land, his chief source of revenue, he was unable to pay his debts, and found himself in evil case. Many of his letters, written dur-

ing his imprisonment, have been preserved, and set forth with passionate eloquence his wrongs and his suffering. One "proposal" to his creditors, given in Watson's "Pioneers of the Champlain Valley," is addressed to two interesting names as opposing counsel—Brockholst Livingston and Aaron Burr.

In 1785 his daughter Elizabeth, after whom he had named Bessboro, married Daniel Ross. If she was born, as we have supposed, the same year that Bessboro was first surveyed, she was twenty-one at the time of her marriage. Daniel Ross had come from Dutchess county to settle in Essex, and in Essex the remainder of their lives was spent. Thus the descendants of our Elizabeth were the Rosses of Essex, a family remarkable in many ways.

Released from the debtors' prison in 1791, Gilliland returned to Lake Champlain to spend his last days with his daughter Elizabeth. And now the fact was recognized that his mind, once so strong and commanding, was hopelessly affected. Imprisonment, losses and suffering, injustice and hope deferred, had wrought their work upon him. He wandered about the fields and woods of Essex and Willsboro, fancying himself back in the early days of its settlement, and recalling his subsequent misfortunes only at unclouded intervals. Still, he never lost his power of judgment in certain practical matters, and he was often consulted in regard to first locations, and early surveys and boundaries. In this way he was often of the greatest service to the land company formed for the purchase and sale of

lands in Northern New York, whose administrative head in this region was Platt Rogers. Mr. Rogers thought highly of Mr. Gilliland, knowing the history of his labor and his misfortunes, and often asked his advice. One day, about the first of February, 1796, Mr. Gilliland visited Mr. Rogers, going on foot across the frozen lake, as was his habit. There was doubtless a well-beaten track from Essex to Basin Harbor, as all travel invariably took to the level floor of the lake as soon as it was frozen sufficiently to bear the weight of a man, and this was the safest and most direct route that could be taken. The distance is perhaps ten miles. Mr. Gilliland made his visit to Mr. Rogers and set out on his return, but was never again seen alive after he passed out of sight of the windows of the house at Basin Harbor. He must have lost his way upon the ice and turned off upon the shore too soon, wandering about in the mountains south of Essex until he sank and perished from cold and exhaustion. When his body was discovered, several days later, it was mournfully evident what a brave struggle he had made for life. After his strength had failed him so that he was unable to walk, he had dragged himself along until the flesh was worn from his hands and knees. And it was upon Westport soil that he breathed his last, somewhere near the northern base of Coon mountain.

So died William Gilliland, the first colonizer of Willsboro, Essex and Westport. Platt Rogers died two years afterward, at Plattsburgh, and was buried at Basin Harbor, in the burial plot still owned by his

descendants of the fourth generation. With the death of these two men, and the end of the century, the first period of settlement, that of taking up land, may be said to have ended.

1800-1815.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the township was dotted with clearings. Settlement had begun at three points on the lake shore, determined by the mill site at the mouth of Raymond's brook, and the demand for ferriage at Barber's Point and Rock Harbor. Next the high sandy land in the northwest was bought for farming, and rapidly cleared and cultivated. Then settlement began at the head of the bay, at what exact date we cannot tell, but there is no sign of any house there before the opening of the century. Economic force overcame the instinctive preference of the pioneer for the highest land he could cultivate, and led to the clustering of houses where the principal village now stands. At this place was water power for a saw mill and a grist mill, and there was eager demand for the products of both. A steady current of emigration was setting in from the east into Essex county, and for a large share of it this was the most convenient point of entrance. Many early settlers at Pleasant Valley, Keene and Jay, coming from New England, wished that the ferry should set them ashore in the bay, and soon the sail from Basin Harbor came oftener

here than to Rock Harbor. This created a demand for an inn, for the shelter of tired travelers and their beasts. In the very first years of the century the rude little forges on the Boquet and the Black sought a port for the shipping of their bar iron, and this port was evidently at Northwest Bay. These conditions led the owners of the land to lay out the plan of a village, with streets along which lots were soon sold.

The owners of the land at this time were Ananias and Platt Rogers, sons of Platt Rogers, who had died in 1798, and his son-in-law, John Halstead. All the land owned by Platt Rogers, Senior, in Westport, seems to have fallen into the hands of these three men, but the only one who settled here for life was John Halstead, with his wife, Phebe Rogers Halstead. Lot No. 16, (Melancton Smith's on the map of Skene's Patent,) seems to have belonged to Ananias and Platt Rogers, Jr., and No. 15, (Zephaniah Platt's on the map,) to John Halstead, while Edward Cole bought upon No. 14, (Nathaniel Platt's).

The village was laid out and a map of it drawn by Ananias Rogers,* dated May 23, 1800. There were thirty-four lots and three streets, Washington, Liberty

* This remarkable name is enough in itself to prove Puritan lineage, with its accompanying lack of a sense of humor. It is to be feared that the present generation, with its jokes about the "Ananias corner," and other flippancies, will need to be reminded that there are in the New Testament two men of this same name. The lying Ananias lived in Jerusalem, but there was another in Damascus who is thus described: "And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews which dwelt there." Acts 22:12. The man who first surveyed our village streets was named after his grandfather, and his grandfather was named after Ananias of Damascus.

and Water, the first being evidently intended for the principal street. It ran westward up the hill from the lake, and at the foot of it was the regular landing for the ferry, as the line steamer stops at the foot of it now every summer day. Liberty Street lay parallel to Washington and south of it, running also to the lake. This street was not actually opened until 1837, and to this day runs only so far east as to Main Street. The third street was Water Street, running north and south along the lake shore, and intersecting Washington and Liberty. The only part of it now in use as a street is the road leading from the wharf to the "old stone mill." The cluster of old buildings removed when the land was bought by the Westport Inn was supposed to stand upon the ancient Water Street.

The description accompanying the map speaks of, "Washington street, seventy-five links wide, and Liberty street, each sixty-two and a half links wide, all which lots and streets lie in range with and parallel to the sides and ends of the dwelling house that is now building on the northwest corner of Lot No. 1."

This house, the angles of which oriented the streets of the village, stood upon the same lot now occupied by the Westport Inn, close upon the northwest corner. It was built by John Halstead and occupied by him until his death in 1844, and after that by two generations of his descendants. It has been described to me as "a low red house," with the front door divided horizontally in the middle, after the old Dutch custom, familiar to John Halstead and his wife in their resi-

dence among the Dutch settlers along the Hudson. This half-door opened upon an "entry," north of which was a large room used as a bar-room as long as the house was used as a tavern. This was for some years the largest room in the village, and was the common place of public assembly. The itinerant preachers who visited the village were wont to gather their audiences in this room, and in the long winter evenings the frequent and informal meetings of the mens' club (a term never yet heard in that day) were held here. Henry Holcomb went in and out of the house as a boy, and has told me how it looked to him, and how a row of horse sheds stood across the road, with a watering trough for the use of travellers. He has told me, too, how he robbed John Halstead's cherry trees o' nights, in the orchard back of the house, and I hereby render to him full title to all the fruit he took, wishing that all my ancestral cherries could bring me in as rich returns as the fun of hearing him tell about it.

This was the first frame house in the village, though there were two or three log houses there before it. The descendants of its builder moved it a little way to the south, to the present site of the Westport Inn, and remodeled it almost entirely. For several years a part of its original walls formed the middle division of the Inn, but in 1898 the last one of the solid old timbers was removed, and now "the old Halstead house" is gone from the face of the earth. Strange, strange to handle this old map and think how its frailty has defied de-

struction so much more securely than the house, or the hands that made it.

Shortly after the first map of the village was drawn, ten more lots were added, along the imaginary Water Street, but seem never to have been sold, as all the land upon the water front, with the exception of that close about the wharf, remained in the family until it was sold to the Lake Champlain Ore & Iron company in 1868. This property now forms the grounds of the Westport Inn.

In two years' time settlement had increased so rapidly that another street was necessary, and Main Street was laid out, and the number of lots raised to sixty-two, on July 31, 1802. The part of the village thus mapped out extended from the north line of the present Library lawn to a point somewhere near the Arsenal, and westward to the short street which connects Washington and Liberty.*

*The original first map of the village, drawn by Ananias Rogers, is owned by Miss Alice Lee. It was given her some time ago by the late Anthony J. B. Ross, an attorney in Essex, (and a descendant, by the way, of our Elizabeth Gilliland,) whose father was acquainted with the Halsteads, and probably had the map from them in the settlement of some dispute over land titles. A copy of it is still owned by a great-grand daughter of John Halstead, and upon this copy are marked the prices of the lots. They range from \$7.00 to \$50.00, and the four lots in the corner where John Halstead's house was built are marked \$850.00. this price no doubt including the house. A marginal note says, "Whole amount \$3,473 00." which furnishes the basis for an interesting calculation of the rise of real estate since 1800. There was a copy of the village map drawn on sheepskin, in 1849, by J. Collins Wicker, whoever that may have been. It was doubtless made by order of the town board, and belonged to the town, to be kept with other archives of this commonwealth, but it cannot have been very carefully guarded, as it was found by a workman, in a drawer, I think, in the store of Mr. Reuben Ingalls, after the store was sold. There is now a blue-print copy of the map, made to Miss Lee's order by George Gregory in 1899.

Since the flat-bottomed ferry-boat which brought the household goods of John Halstead across the lake may be called the Mayflower of our village history, an account of his descendants may carry the mind along lines of heredity not without interest to many of my readers.

John Halstead and Phebe his wife had eight children, as follows :

1. Platt Rogers Halstead, born March 20, 1794, died February 19, 1849, of consumption. He never married.

2. John Halstead, died at the age of nineteen of consumption.

3. Maria Halstead, died at twenty-six of consumption.

4. Jacob Halstead, born March 5, 1800, drowned November 23, 1825, with four others, all on board the schooner *Troy*, which went down in a gale about midnight, off Coll's Bay. These four older children were born at Basin Harbor, and all the family are buried in Westport.

5. Phebe Jane lived to be four years old. She must have been one of the first children born at Northwest Bay.

6. The next child, born 1806, lived to be six years old.

7. Caroline Eliza, born August 18, 1809, died in Bedford, N. Y., March 27, 1870, was the only one of all this family who married.

8. George, born August 21, 1812, was drowned with his brother Jacob in the schooner *Troy*, at the age of

thirteen. The mother of this family died when the youngest child was four years old, and John Halstead married again, a Mrs. Lydia Pardee, who had a family of children of her own by a former marriage. She had no Halstead children.

Caroline Eliza Halstead married Miles McFarland Sawyer, January 5, 1832. They had seven children, all born in Westport :

1. Phebe Maria, 1832-1893. She married John Nelson Barton and had two children.

Helen married Henry J. Griffin of Yorktown Heights, Westchester Co., and has one child, Anna Caroline Griffin, born Dec. 6, 1891. Caroline Halstead married Frank Barton Royce, and is the only descendant of John Halstead left in the Champlain valley.

2. Platt Rogers Halstead Sawyer, 1834-1885. He was a physician, and surgeon of the 96th N. Y. in the Civil War. He was twice married, first to Helen Baker, second to Frances Waters. His children :

Frances Edna, married Hervey R. Dorr of Chicago, has one little girl, Frances.

Lea Halstead Sawyer, Chicago.

3. Joseph Willoughby, died at seventeen of consumption.

4. Washington Irving, 1839-1862. Killed at Gaines Mills, Va.

5. Conant, 1841-1898, married Jeannette Wright in 1864, after her death in 1893 married Mrs. Mary E. Fowler of Auburn. His children now live in Auburn. He was a physician in the State Prison there.

Katherine Kent Sawyer.

Thomas Conant Sawyer, married Alice M. Grant, has three children, Jeannette, Thomas Conant, Jr., and Grant.

John Halstead Sawyer, a lawyer in Auburn, married Lulu E. Walker, has one child, Conant.

6. John Halstead, 1843-1882. Married Emma C. Knox of Bedford, N. Y. Died in Doniphan, Kansas, being Mayor of the city at the time of his death.

7. Caroline Loraine, 1846-1847.

Also in 1800 came Enos Loveland, probably by way of the Schroon and the Boquet valleys to the settlement at Pleasant Valley, and then eastward across the Black river to the highlands of Morgan's Patent. He lived at the place now called "Hoisington's," on the headwaters of the Hoisington brook, near the cemetery. It lies not far outside the northern limit of the Iron Ore Tract, a lonely place, hemmed in by mountains. The soil is light, and the elevation between five and six hundred feet. Here he "sat down," as the phrase went then, with his family of a wife and five little children. They afterward had seven more children, making in all a good old-fashioned family.

Enos Loveland was born in Marlboro, formerly a part of Glastonbury, Connecticut, March 12, 1766. Four generations of Lovelands, had lived in that town or near it, there being four Thomas Lovelands in the direct line of succession. After the Revolution Enos Loveland, like so many of the young men of New England, left his home to try new fortunes farther west. He was married at Spencertown, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1789, to Anna Finney, who was born at Warren, Conn., Jan. 25,

1769. They lived for a time at Sand Lake, Rensselaer county, and came to what was then Elizabethtown, Essex county, in 1800. Enos Loveland soon became prominent in church and state, being a man of weight in the management of the Baptist church, and was elected Supervisor of the town for the years 1809, 1810 and 1814. When Elizabethtown was divided in 1815, and the eastern part made into a new town with the name of Westport, Enos Loveland was the first supervisor, and the town records show that he held many other offices. He died in 1844, and his wife in 1865.*

In the town records of 1801, in the accounts of the roads laid out in different parts of the township, there is mention of a "lake road," which may have run along the shore from north to south, and of another which

*The children of Enos Loveland are as follows :

Sylvia, born 1789, married for her first husband Marcus Hoisington and had one child, named Marcus. She afterward became the second wife of Dr. Diadorus Holcomb, and had by him four children.

Asa, born 1791, married Margaret Frasier. Went west.

Erastus, born 1793, married Lucy Bradley. He was the father of Ralph A. Loveland, who represented the county of Essex in the Assembly and in the State Senate, and became a wealthy lumber dealer in Albany, Chicago, and in Saginaw, Mich, where he died in 1899.

Amanda, born 1795, married Warren Harper.

Lucetta, born 1767, was one of the early school teachers. She was twice married, first to Leman Bradley, second to Eben Egerton.

Narcissa, born 1800, after her parents came to this town, married Elijah Angier.

Aretas, born 1803, married Emeline Manning.

Then came two babies, one born in 1805 and the other in 1806, both of whom were named Datus. The first Datus, who closed his eyes on this weary world at the age of four months, lies now under a tombstone bearing the earliest date of any which I have found in the township. The second Datus died at the age of five.

Harriet, born 1808, married James Stringham.

Then there was an infant, born and died in 1810, and the youngest of the family was Enos, who died at the age of twenty,

ran "through Ananias Rogers' clearing." This was probably a road connecting Pleasant Valley with Northwest Bay, and it shows us how the settlement at the bay was commonly spoken of at that time, in popular disregard of the carefully surveyed streets of the Ananias map.

But nevertheless, men of energy and foresight saw possibilities in the situation of the little clearing. Early in 1802 came a man who was destined to do much in furthering the fortunes of the place, bringing in the spirit of commerce, with its expression in the country store, and building mills and wharves as time went on. This man was Charles Hatch. Forty years after his coming to Westport he wrote, at the request of Dr. Sewall S. Cutting, then editor of the *New York Recorder*, a letter descriptive of the place as he first saw it, which has fortunately been preserved. He begins :

"Dear sir :—I now, agreeable to promise, commence a sketch of the early settlement of this country, but more particularly of the town of Westport. In the spring of 1790 I moved to the settlement of Brookfield, which commenced in the spring of 1789, which place was then in the town of Willsborough, but now in the town of Essex. At that time all the country west of me for 100 miles was an entire wilderness. I remained in Brookfield until 1802. During that time a settlement commenced in Pleasant Valley, now Elizabethtown, also in the several towns of Chesterfield by Isaac Wright, in Jay by Nathaniel Malery, in Keene by Benjamin Payne, in Schroon by a Judge Pond. All commenced their im-

provements and progressed rapidly. Our roads were all to make anew. I helped look out the first road that led from Brookfield to the lake, a distance of six miles. I drove the first loaded wagon from Brookfield to Pleasant Valley, a distance of eight miles.

"In the fall of 1801 I concluded to move to Westport, eight miles from my then residence, yet there was no road. I then harnessed my horses to a wagon, with four men with me, and in two days' time, with perseverance, we reached Westport, my present residence, situated ten miles west of the City of Vergennes, in Vermont, and being on the west side of Lake Champlain."

He does not mention his reason for leaving Brookfield, but to any one who knows his history it is plain that he foresaw no future for himself and his aptitude for business in a place like Brookfield, which has remained unto this day simply a stretch of farming country, without even a post-office of its own.

"Westport at that time was mostly a dense forest, with a few solitary settlements, without a road near the lake to Essex, the adjoining town north, and none to Crown Point, the then adjoining town south. We, of course, had no means of communicating with our neighboring towns but by water, and that (*manuscript indistinct*) ferry commenced by Platt Rogers and John Halstead, another one two and one-half miles south, at Barber's Point, by Hezekiah Barber, which place bears his name. Still there was also a small improvement four miles south

of the present Westport village, commenced by a man by the name of Raiment, which was the only improvement commenced before the Revolution in the present Westport. At the last mentioned place Raiment erected a small mill, but it was all demolished when I moved into this place, except a shattered old house which was occupied by Benjamin Andrews.

“The village of Westport is situated about nine miles north of Crown Point, on a pleasant Bay, and . . . had . . . three log houses, a saw mill, and a few scattering log houses in the backwoods.”

Watson, who probably received his information from the old Squire himself, says that he found here one frame house, three log houses, a saw mill and one barn, The frame house, and probably the barn, were John Halstead's, and the saw mill was built by Ananias Rogers.

“The little partial improvement on the village ground was covered with dry Hemlock Trees, but the first settlers was a set of Hardy, Industrious men, and the wilderness soon became fruitful fields, and the improvements have progressed gradually. The great Iron Ore Bed, formerly called the Crown Point Ore Bed, is situated in the south part of Westport, and is one of the most extensive mines of Iron in this Northern Iron region. It was discovered soon after the Revolution, and fell into the hands of Platt Rogers, who made some improvements in raising. He employed a number of miners. Among the miners was a respectable Englishman by the name of Walton, and some of his descend-

ants still remain in the same neighborhood, and some occupying the same ground, and enjoy a respectable place in society."

He is mistaken in saying that the ore bed was "discovered soon after the Revolution," as its existence was well-known to Philip Skene, and we have good reason to believe that this is why he desired the grant of the land from the king. It is an interesting fact that the Walton family of whom Judge Hatch speaks still occupy the same place, on the road between Westport and Port Henry.

"In consequence of the Iron mine above named, and many others in the neighboring towns, there are many forges erected in almost every town in the county, and many of them bring their Iron into Westport for market. The early settlers suffered many privations, it being a time when all kinds of merchandise was very Dear, and no manufacturing near but what every Family did for themselves; no mills near. None knows the privations but those that tried it, but the scene is much changed. We now find ourselves situated in a pleasant Village of about one thousand inhabitants, plentifully supplied with the necessaries of life, and many luxuries, having now a variety of factorys, among others a furnace which makes from six to nine tons of Iron per day, and another furnace at Port Henry. Of the several Iron mines in Essex Co. the following is a part; 1st, in Westport. 2nd, in Moriah. 3rd, in Crown Point. 4th, in Elizabethtown, besides many more, almost without number."

The old Judge always writes the word "iron" with a capital, and well he might, for it had a great part in the building up of his fortunes. In old mortgages of the time we often find it provided that the interest shall be paid "in good, merchantable, bar iron," to be delivered at the store of Charles Hatch on such a day. Of course barter was the rule of trade in those days, as money was far too scarce to supply the demand for a medium of exchange, and no doubt a store-keeper with a good eye for the value of different kinds of produce, and a shrewd knowledge of his market, gathered wealth all the sooner for that.*

In the same season that the possessions of Charles Hatch were conveyed with so much labor through the woods from Brookfield to Northwest Bay, another party made its way in the opposite direction to the falls on the Boquet. They crossed the lake, landed in the bay, and cut a road "four miles through the pine woods." They had come a long journey, from a town in the eastern part of Massachusetts. This was the party of

*Charles Hatch was born in 1768 in Dutchess county, the son of Timothy Hatch and Eunice Beardsley his wife, who had moved there from Connecticut. He came to Brookfield a young man of twenty-two, with a wife whose maiden name was Amy Low, and one child, Elizabeth or Betsey, who afterward married Samuel H. Farnsworth. Soon after his arrival his son Charles Beardsley Hatch was born, and afterward succeeded to his father's business in Westport, marrying Margaretta Ann Winans, daughter of James I. Winans by his first wife. The children of Charles B. Hatch were Percival, Winans, Mary Elizabeth, who married Amos Prescott, and Sarah, who married Edwin Prescott. In 1820 Judge Charles Hatch married his second wife, Lydia B. Clark, sister of David Clark and half sister of Aaron B. Mack, and had two children, Eunice, afterward Mrs. Stoutenburgh, and Edwin. Late in life Judge Hatch married a third time, Maria, daughter of Jacob and Sarah Ferris, and she outlived him by twelve years. The old Squire died in 1856, aged eighty-eight.

Jesse Braman. His people were early settlers in Norton, Mass., and had clung to the soil for four generations, so that it must have seemed a strange and daring thing to cut loose from every tie and face the long, rough journey into the depths of the wilderness of northern New York. Jesse Braman's wife was Abiatha Felt, and her brother, Aaron Felt, also came from Temple, N. H., and settled at the falls, but it is not quite clear whether the two young couples came together, or whether Aaron Felt came somewhat later. Let us hope that they had the comfort of traveling together, that the discomforts and hardships of the way might be the sooner forgotten. With what delight they must have stood at last upon the river bank and looked upon the beautiful foaming fall in the bend of the river, overarched by the giant trees of the primeval forest, conscious of their own ability to make use of all that beauty and power. The river was twice as full as we ever see it now, except in time of flood, and there was no bridge, no mill, no house, not even a tree cut on the bank. How much lovelier it must have been then, dashing downward over the rocks that made it musical, through the ancient forest to the lake!

But it is not likely that Braman and Felt stopped to admire the scenery much until they had raised a roof over the heads of their families. The first house,—a log cabin, of course,—was built on the bank, southwest of the fall. A clearing was made, and Aaron Felt built a grist mill,—how soon I do not know. His wife's maiden name was Rachel Chase, and it is told that she

could run the mill as well as her husband, and that when it was necessary to carry the grain to the mill, she shouldered the bag and walked across the one log that bridged the space between the river's bank and the mill, as fearlessly and securely as he. Such were the pioneer women, and such they had need to be. About 1809 the Felts moved to Pleasant Valley, but the Bramans stayed in the place where they first settled. Jesse Braman's wife Abiatha had six children, and then died. Then he married Marcia Rose, and she had seven children. In those days a family of thirteen children was considered only a comfortable houseful, even though the houses were so much smaller than they are now.*

Another early settler was Samuel Webster Felt, who came, like Aaron Felt, from Temple, N. H. He married Lydia Wheeler, in 1804, and they made the long journey to the Falls, but in a few months' time the young wife died, and hers is said to have been the first funeral in the township. She was buried "near the big elm," I am told, on the bank of the river, a little below the present cemetery. This was the first burying-ground, but all traces of it are now removed.

*Some of these thirteen children died, some grew up to go west, and six married and settled in this vicinity. Daniel W. Braman was one of the principal business men of Wadhams Mills for many years, and was supervisor for two terms. Horace was also in business there, and his son Jesse is now a practicing physician at the same place. Jason married Laura Hubble and had nine children, Egbert, Mary, Van Ness, George, Estella, Lucy, Henry, James and Lynn. Of the daughters, Asenath married Platt Sheldon, Martha married Henry Brownson and Helen married Thomas Felt. There are now over twenty descendants of the pioneer living in town, in the families of Henry and James Braman, Henry Sheldon, Albert Carpenter and Guy Frisbie.

In 1808 or 1810 John Whitney came with his family from Springfield, Vt., and followed the newly cut road through the pine woods from the Bay to the Falls, choosing his farm about a mile above the falls, on the east side of the river. When he had prospered sufficiently to build himself a new frame house, and the neighbors were called in to help raise the frame, his principles forbade his following the general custom of giving the men liquor. Thence it was known as the first house in all this region which was "raised without rum." This house stood until December of 1901, when it was unfortunately destroyed by fire. The land has never been out of the family since it was first taken up by John Whitney, who was a descendant of that John Whitney who was born in England in 1589 and came to Watertown, Mass., in 1635. This English John Whitney was a descendant of Sir Robert Whitney, and through him the family claim kinship with English nobility, and even with royalty. Many of the family became distinguished in the new world. The father of our pioneer was Lemuel Whitney of Spencer, Mass., of whom it was said that he and all his brothers and brothers-in-law were in the Revolutionary army. His wife was Elizabeth Safford, born in Rowley, Mass., daughter of Daniel Safford, who fought in the Revolution, and afterward became one of the early settlers of the town of Essex.*

*John Whitney's seven children all settled in this new land which he had chosen. His oldest daughter, Abigail, married Oliver H. Barrett, and had four sons. John Whitney Barrett died in Chicago in 1900. Benjamin Albert Barrett was a volunteer in the Civil War, and is now a druggist in North Topeka, Kansas. Oliver

The Hardy family also came to the banks of the Boquet very early. There were three brothers, Francis, Joseph and Benjamin, who came first and selected the home, then returned and brought their mother and sister Hannah, all the party traveling on horse back. This was about 1811. They settled a mile or so below the Falls, at the most southern bend in the river, Frances building on the west shore and Benjamin on the east. This land has never been out of the family since it was first taken up by the three brothers.

Returning to the village at Northwest Bay and retracing a few years in time, we find the village rapidly increasing, as well as the outlying population. The fact that a man lived in the village was no proof that he was not a farmer. On the contrary, every one who owned anything at all owned land to clear and cultivate, and as soon as the clearings were made fit for pasturage, and the wolves were subdued enough to make it possible to keep cattle, the village streets were lanes

Dana Barrett, a graduate of the University of Vermont, practiced law in Washington, D. C., from 1867 until his death in 1901. Henry Safford Barrett is a farmer in Thomson, Ill.

Lemuel Whitney died in 1838, leaving no children.

Thankful married Thomas Hadley and spent her life near her early home.

Elizabeth married Benjamin S. Fairchild, of Willsboro, and died recently, the last pensioner of the war of 1812 in this section.

Caroline married Laertius Tuttle of Essex.

John Russell Whitney will always be known in the annals of Wadhams as "Deacon Whitney," holding that office in the Congregational church from his election in 1864, upon the death of Deacon Sturtevant, to his own death in 1880. Of his children, two daughters married clergymen, one daughter prepared herself for teaching music, two sons have been in business, one was a missionary in Micronesia for ten years, and a son and a daughter still reside on the home farm.

Joel French Whitney was a farmer and business man. One son resides at Wadhams and two are in the west.

through which the cows came home at night. There had been a saw mill on the brook as early as the earliest houses, and soon after there was a grist mill. There is an old "Agreement" between the miller and the mill owners which has been preserved, and though the date has been torn off, it seems to have been made out before 1807. The agreement is between Ananias and Platt Rogers and Asa Durfee, and it sets forth that the owners "have let unto him the Grist Mill at Northwest Bay on Shares, each to have half the toll. And the Mill and Dam to be kept in repair by the said Asa, ordinary repairs of less than one dollar, at his own proper expense; and all extraordinary repairs of more than one dollar, (not occasioned by improper negligence of the said Asa,) are to be made by the said Ananias and Platt at their proper charge and expense, for the Term of one year next ensuing the date hereof. On condition that the said Asa shall faithfully keep the said Mill and Dam in good repair as aforesaid, and well and truly perform all the duties of a skillful, trusty and obliging Miller." The miller was to have his house rent besides his half of the toll, and "the pasture lot east of the road leading from the saw mill southward, the ensuing season, for three dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents for the season; and also the new cleared ground on each side of the Mill brook to plant with Indian corn" on shares. "And also, one-half of the Grass lot whereon has been wheat the last season, south of the Mill brook," on shares.

Thus we learn that they called the stream "Mill,

Brook," and that Asa Durfee was one of the first, if not the first miller. An old tombstone in the cemetery reads "Ebenezer Durfee, a soldier of the Revolution. Died 1847, aged 86." Perhaps Asa Durfee was his son.

One of the first settlers at Northwest Bay was Edward Cole, who came from Warren, Rhode Island, probably crossing the lake at Barber's Point, and bought land upon lot No. 14 of Skene's Patent, building his house at the top of the hill in the south part of the village, on the site so long occupied by Mr. Israel Pattison. His wife's name was Sarah, and they brought with them seven children, all reared in the Baptist faith, and accustomed to consider their home the natural abiding place of all Baptist preachers who came into the neighborhood.* These preachers, as well as those of other denominations at times, brought into the little lake shore settlement an influence distinctly felt, and one which had much to do in shaping the history of the town.

*Children of Edward Cole:

1. Samuel married Rebecca Holcomb, daughter of Diadorus, and was the father of S. Wheaton Cole of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and of Emeline, who married William L. Wadhams, son of General Wadhams.

2. Caleb married Eunice Hayes, and was the father of Harry, Albert, (married Julia Hickok,) Roby (married Mr. Douglas), Mary (married James A. Allen), and Roxy (married Diadorus Holcomb, Jr.) To Caleb descended the old place, built by Edward Cole.

3. Paul died unmarried.

4. Tillinghast married Caty Penny, and all their descendants now living in Westport are children and grandchildren of two daughters. Maria married Hezekiah Barber, (son of the first settler,) and their son Major still lives on the old Barber place at the Point. Another daughter of Tillinghast Cole, Pamela, married Noel Merrill, and their son Henry, with his family, still live on the place where Tillinghast Cole first built his house, on the edge of "the Cedars."

One of Edward Cole's daughters married Jeduthun Barnes, and another married a Culver.

In 1807 the first church was organized, of the Baptist order, like the first church at Pleasant Valley, organized ten years before. Many of the early settlers came from the older colonies with certificates of church membership carefully packed away among their household treasures—a “church letter,” as it is called. One of the vows taken by a person joining a Baptist church is the promise that if he or she shall remove from the place, this letter shall be presented as soon as possible to some other church “of the same faith and order.” Not finding such a church already constituted, your true Baptist sets to work to make one, and such was the task before a little body of Baptists who had come into the town. The civilizing influence of an organization pledged to religious observance and good behavior is especially needed in a new community, and the Congregational form of self-forming and self-ruling churches peculiarly well adapted to such conditions as are found on a new frontier. One article of Baptist belief is that which enjoins the faithful keeping of church records, and old “church books” are invaluable in local history. The records of this “Northwest Bay Church” as it was called, were well kept from the very beginning, and are exceedingly interesting. The first entry is dated March 17, 1807, and begins: “A Meeting appointed by a number of Baptist brethren on Morgan’s Patent in Elizabethtown.” “On Morgan’s Patent” is not as definite as we could wish, as it only indicates a region which is bounded, roughly speaking, within the triangle formed by the Black river, the Ledge Hill road to Meigsville,

and the turnpike. This stretch of farming country was settled as early as any in the township, and no doubt here was the greater weight of Baptist sentiment. We would like to have been told in whose house they met, but it is no improbable guess that it was on the Hoisington place, where three roads come together, near the headwaters of the Hoisington brook.

Here the church was formed with six members—four men and two women. Elisha Collins seems to have been the leader and the one who kept the record. There were also Rupy, or Rupee Bachellor, William Denton and James Hoysington. (This name, sometimes written Hysonton, is, of course, the same that we now spell Hoisington.) Then there were Sarah Ellis and Triphena Bachellor, the latter probably the wife of Rupee Bachellor. At the next meeting two more women joined—Anna Loveland, the wife of Enos Loveland, who joined soon after, and Phebe Fish. At another meeting Peter N. Fish, "Sister" Fish and Avis Hysonton joined. In September the name of Joel Finney is added, and a meeting is appointed at his house "at Northwest Bay." In November was held the "council of sister churches" which is always necessary for the recognition of a newly formed Baptist church. The council was formed of delegates from four churches already established, those of Pleasant Valley and Jay on this side the lake, and of Panton and Bridport in Vermont. This Council, probably the largest public gathering up to that time, which had yet been held in the little settlement, "met according to appointment at

the dwelling house of Mr. John Halstead's at N. W. Bay." The "Mr." proves that John Halstead was not entitled to the prefix "Brother," given to all male church members, and the reason for the use of his house is simply that it contained the largest room in the village—the bar room, in the northwest corner. Not the slightest incongruity was felt between the place and the solemn proceedings of the Council, nor was this a sign of the barbarism of the frontier. At that day, not one man in a hundred had any conscientious scruples on the subject of moderate drinking, and it was more than twenty years after this time that the first "temperance agitation" was begun. Drinking had not yet become a question of conscience. The man who drank too much was frowned upon by society and disciplined by the church, but the man who drank only a little was commended as the community ideal.

This bar room was used occasionally afterward for other Councils and unusually large gatherings, but the regular meetings of the church were held at the houses of the different members. The one most frequently used in this way was Edward Cole. (From this fact arose the impression among some of the older members of the church, with whom I have talked, that the church was organized in his house, but the facts contained in the old records are exactly as I have given them.)

In five years' time the church had increased to more than thirty members. There was no regular pastor. Occasionally one of the wilderness preachers, like Henry

Chamberlain or Solomon Brown, who went about from church to church in northern Vermont and New York came to preach a sermon, or to observe the ordinances of communion or of baptism, stayed a few weeks and went on his way again. The most of the time the meetings were more like the modern "prayer meeting," with an equal opportunity given each member for expression. This system brought out the natural leaders among them, whose gifts of prayer and exhortation grew with the using. Elisha Collins was evidently permitted to "improve the time" with more authority than any other, until Deacon Abner Holcomb came, when the latter seems to have taken the first place.

The clerks of the church were Elisha Collins, and then Peter N. Fish, Levi Cole, Joel Finney and Tillinghast Cole, son of Edward Cole. Those who acted as deacons were Rupee Bacheller, Uriah Palmer, Horace Holcomb and Tillinghast Cole. Names of members added before 1812 were Ashbel Culver, Squire Ferris Nathaniel Hinkly, Tunis Van Vliet,—Hazelton, Platt Halstead, Samuel Bacheller, Steven Collins, Titus Wightman. The women were Minerva and Lovina Collins, Rebecca Finney, Sarah and Charlotte Cole, Mary and Sally Culver, Diadama Ferris, Electa Van Vliet, Polly Hammond, Huldah Barber, Mindwell Holcomb, Elizabeth Barnes, Mehitable Havens.

In the same year, on September 4, 1807, a most notable event in the history of civilization occurred upon the Hudson river. It was the first entirely successful navigation by steam power ever accomplished. The *Cler-*

mont, built by Robert Fulton, with the assistance and encouragement of Chancellor Livingston and of many of the business men living in towns along the Hudson, made the trip from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours. One of the men on board the *Clermont* that day, and one who had been interested in every detail of the new invention from the first, was John Winans of Poughkeepsie. He belonged to one of the old, well-to-do Quaker families of that region, and his sister, Mrs. Hannah Southwick, was a well-known Quaker preacher. Another sister, Polly, was Mrs. Darrell, and another married a Reynolds. His brothers were Stephen, who lived in Poughkeepsie, and James, who married as his second wife Ida, daughter of Platt Rogers, and came to live at Basin Harbor. John Winans, the most famous of the family, by reason of his connection with the beginnings of steam navigation, married a Dutch woman, Catrina Stuart, and seeing great possibilities in the application of the new power to the means of transportation between New York and Canada, moved to Lake Champlain. Here he built the second steamboat in the world, and called it the *Vermont*. It was built in Burlington, by John Winans and J. Lough, and launched at the foot of King street in the spring of 1803. The *Vermont* was larger than the *Clermont*, being 120 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 8 feet deep, with a speed of four miles an hour. The captain was John Winans himself, and the pilot Hiram Ferris of Panton,—a descendant, by the way, of that Ferris who entertained Benjamin Franklin and the other Commissioners on

their way to Canada in the spring of 1776. The *Vermont* began running regular trips in 1809, carrying passengers and freight between Whitehall and St. John's. In the war of 1812 she carried government stores and soldiers, and once at least was in danger of capture by the British. She ran for seven years, being sunk near Isle Au Noix in October of 1815. The next steamboat on the lake was the *Phoenix*, but at Vergennes for the Champlain Transportation Company in 1815, and the third was another boat built by John Winans, the *Champlain*, launched at Vergennes in 1816. The *Champlain*, was smaller and swifter than the *Vermont*, and was burned at Whitehall in 1817.

John Winans lived for some years at Ticonderoga, but when he died he was buried at Poughkeepsie. He had a son, Stuart, and two daughters, Sarah, who married a Bingham, and Joanna Stuart, who married Thomas, son of Ebenezer Douglass, and spent her early married life in Westport. Joanna was the youngest child of John Winans, and it was his fancy to take her with him on the first trip of the *Vermont*, a little girl carrying her kitten in her arms. She made a most remantic marriage, at the age of fifteen years and six months, to Thomas Douglass, only a few years older than herself. It is told that he fell in love with her when he first saw her, a little barefoot girl in her father's orchard, when both the Winans and the Douglass families lived in Ticonderoga. A daughter of Thomas Douglass and Joanna Winans, Kate, born in Westport in 1825, and now Mrs. James A. Allen, has kindly given

me these details. Other children of Thomas Douglass were Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Saxe, Mary, and Gibson, the latter now living in Buffalo.

It was indeed a wonderful day when the *Vermont* steamed for the first time up through the Narrows, past Rock Harbor, across the bay and on past Barber's Point, on her way to Whitehall. When the wind was fair the ferry boats out-sailed her, but well knew all these New England men, with their natural insight into the power of mechanic forces, that the day of the sailing boat was over. There are amusing stories of the first steamboat on the Mississippi river, and the terrified darkies, who believed it the actual presentment of the Evil One, fiery-eyed and snorting, walking on the water, but there was no one on our shores, we may be sure, whose imagination was thus excited by the advent of the puffing and churning little *Vermont*. Rather the keen-eyed Yankees went down to the Point to see her go by, and tried to explain to the boys who stood with them how the steam inside the boat made the paddle-wheels go round. The early steam-boats seldom or never made shore landings, even after wharves were built, but stopped outside and sent off a small boat to the shore with passengers or freight. This must have been due to timidity on the part of the pilot, and perhaps the timidity was due to the lack of charts in which complete confidence could be placed.

In this same eventful year of 1807 the county seat was changed from Essex to Elizabethtown, where it has remained ever since. The change from the extreme

eastern edge of the county to a point nearer the centre shows a thickening of the population away from the lake. While this change vastly increased the importance of the settlement at Pleasant Valley, it also brought a double stream of commerce and travel to Northwest Bay.

In 1808 the last patent of Westport land was granted,—the smaller Jonas Morgan patent, containing seven hundred acres, and lying in the northwest corner of the township. Only about half of the patent is on our side of the Black river, the other half lying in Elizabethtown. It lies west of the McCormick patent, and its southwest corner touches the north line of the larger Jonas Morgan patent, granted in 1799. Jonas Morgan had already built a forge on the Black river, at the place which we now call Meigsville, on the western shore, which was the first forge on that river. This he sold to Jacob Southwell.

The Act of the Legislature granting the smaller patent, April 28, 1808, runs as follows :

“Whereas it hath been represented to the Legislature by Jonas Morgan and Ebenezer W. Walbridge in their petition that they have it in contemplation to erect works of different kinds for the manufacture of iron, in Elizabethtown in the county of Essex, and on account of the great expense and risk attending the erection of such works they have prayed for legislative aid ;

“And whereas the erection of such works, and especially of a furnace for casting of pig-iron, hollow ware and stoves, in that part of the state, where iron ores of

the best quality and the materials for working the same are abundant, would be so beneficial to the state at large, and particularly to the northern part of it, as justly to entitle such an undertaking to encouragement and aid from the Legislature ;

“And whereas it is also represented, that there is a tract of vacant land belonging to the people of this state, lying in the town of Elizabethtown aforesaid, on the north side of a tract of land belonging to the said Jonas Morgan, on which he has already erected a forge, and adjoining to the same, which will be useful, and in time perhaps absolutely necessary for carrying on the contemplated works to advantage, therefore”—the state not only granted Morgan and Walbridge the land, but lent them three thousand dollars for the prosecution of the work, on condition that the furnace be running within three years, a condition which was probably fulfilled, since we find mention of “Morgan’s New Forge” in the town records of 1815. Whether he really cast stoves and hollow ware I do not know, nor whether he made or lost a fortune on the banks of the Black river. Before 1818 he had sold out to Brainard and Mitchell, who built a grist mill a little further down on the east side, and since that time the place has always been known as Brainard’s Forge. Mr. Wallace Pierce, to whom I am indebted for much information in regard to the Black river country, had the impression that although the dam went out in the great freshet of 1830, the forge was not carried away. Mr. Pierce also told me this story about Jonas Morgan. “The south line of

his smaller patent and the north line of his larger patent are about a half mile apart. In building his dam at Brainard's Forge he flooded this strip of state land, and at once applied for another grant, asking for a thousand acres more, claiming that he had flooded that much state land. An engineer was sent from Albany who scaled Morgan's pond and found only eighty-four acres of state land covered with water, a patent for which he received in 1810."

It seems to have been in 1808 that the first Justice of the Peace was appointed for our side of the river, an official quite necessary for the adjustment of small disputes and for the transaction of ordinary legal business. The appointee was Piatt Rogers, Jr., and it may be assumed that his justice courts were held in the bar-room of the inn of his brother-in-law, John Halstead. The first book containing the records of the Baptist church was presented to that body by Piatt Rogers, who probably held a strict monopoly of the trade in blank books at this time.

It was also in 1808 that James W. Coll came from Ticonderoga and settled at the mouth of the Raymond brook, building his mills where Raymond had built his before him. Here a thriving colony soon sprang up, its population for some years exceeding that of Northwest Bay, with a saw mill, a grist mill, lime kilns, a blacksmith shop and a brickyard. Coll built his house a little way north of the mill site, on the corner, where it still stands, with its massive square timbers, cut from the trees of the forest primeval. It was a red

house with long, sloping roof, with a great chimney and fireplaces, and was used, like so many of the pioneer houses, as an inn. The house, with all the land of the neighborhood, now belongs to the Westport Farms.

James W. Coll was born in 1783, came here a young man twenty-five years old, and lived to the age of ninety. He must have visited these shores some years before his final settlement, since he was accustomed to say that he saw Northwest Bay when the only house there was built of logs and thatched with bark. He had two brothers, Samuel and Levi, who came and settled near him at Coll's Bay. Notice that the name is Coll, and not Cole. They were not at all related to the family of Edward Cole, who lived at Northwest Bay. The disentanglement of these two names in the history of the town would be to a stranger a hopeless task, as both Colls and Coles were exceedingly numerous, and the pronunciation exactly the same. It is of the less importance to-day since there is not a single person in town now bearing either name since the recent death of Hinkley Coll, who was the son of Levi Coll. Coll's Bay is often mis-spelled on the maps as "Cole's," the distinction being too fine for the average engraver to apprehend. In the county atlas it is Odell's Bay, this name being sometimes heard, from a family who seem to have lived at the bay in early times.*

*James W. Coll had four children. Thomas went west, and lived in Cleveland, Ohio; Polly married Washington Lee, of Moriah; Elinor married Israel Pattison, and Isabel married James H. Farnsworth. All the descendants of James W. Coll now living in Westport are children and

grandchildren of his daughters Elinor and Isabel. The family of Hinkley Coll is now represented by his daughter Susan, who married Adelbert Sherman, and his granddaughter Bessie Sherman.

About 1810 Joseph Jenks came from Pleasant Valley, where he had settled in 1804, coming there from Nine Partners, Dutchess county, a place well-known as a stronghold of the Friends, or Quakers. The Jenks family held this serene and unwarlike faith, and had come to Dutchess county from Rhode Island. Joseph Jenks became a man of consideration in Pleasant Valley, was appointed Justice of the Peace and Assistant Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, March 27, 1805, and advanced to First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas April 6, 1811. He died at Northwest Bay in 1815, and was buried in the "south burying ground." His wife's name was Hannah. His daughter Mary married Ira Henderson, who was born near Fort Ann, Washington county, in 1791, and came to Northwest Bay from Whitehall before 1815. Their children were: George, who married Clarissa Richards, and went west before the war; Elvira, (Mrs. Andrews); Caroline, (Mrs. Bigalow, of Chicago); and Mary Ann, who married William Richards, son of Cyrus Richards, and has always lived in Westport.

The children of William and Mary Ann Richards:

1. Henry H. married Clara Ensign, and had one son, Fred. After the death of his first wife he married Electa Boynton, daughter of J. S. Boynton of Jay.
2. Fred married Alice Sweatt, daughter of Frank Sweatt of Wadhams. He was accidentally thrown from a buggy, receiving injuries from which he died.

3. Frances married Montford Weed, and has two children, Harry and Dolly.

4. Lillian married Merritt Clark, and has three daughters, Jessie, Florence, and Cornelia.

Cyrus Richards came from southern Vermont as a young man, and settled at Barber's Point, afterward moving to Northwest Bay. He married Isabella MacConley, sister of Mrs. James W. Coll. The MacConleys were Scotch, and lived at Coll's Bay. One of the daughters married a McKenzie of Port Henry.

The children of Cyrus Richards :

William married Mary Ann Henderson. Samantha married John R. Nichols. Eliza married Hezekiah Frisbie, son of Levi. Mary married Ephraim Bradley. Cyrus married, first, Mary McIntyre, second, Julia Marsh. Charles was drowned in the lake when only a boy. Clarissa married George Henderson. Barton married Almira Newell.

In 1810 occurred the survey of the Iron Ore Tract, called the "Kellogg survey," rendered so difficult to the surveyors employed because of the variations in the magnetic needle caused by the attraction of the iron ore in the rocks and mountains. There is an interesting old map of this Tract, then lying in two townships, Moriah and Elizabethtown. The map, now hanging in the village Library, gives us the old name of Nichols Pond, Spring Pond, indicating that the source of its water is to be found in a number of springs in the bottom. Other ponds are shown where the latest survey shows only a marsh. Perhaps another hundred years of forest cutting will dry the surface of the earth so that we shall have no ponds left at all. Our Mullein Brook is called "Bever Creek," as it is on Sauthier's map of 1779. There are 234 lots in this great tract, and some

of them are marked with the names of owners, in many cases quite illegible. Six lots in the eastern part are marked "Stacy," ten lots "Noble," two "Douglass," one "C. Hatch" and three "C. B. Hatch." "Essex Court House" stands at Pleasant Valley, and the roads all run very much as they do to-day, with some small differences which are interesting as showing the trend of early settlement. The map seems to have been used by the committee which divided the towns in 1815, and it is probable that it once belonged to Squire Hatch.

That there was a school-house at Northwest Bay before 1811 is proved by a receipt found among the papers of Peter Ferris, which runs as follows :

"Received of John Ferris ten dollars in full for two Rights in the school-house at Northwest Bay, which I authorize said Ferris to occupy or dispose of for his own proper use, as I myself could do. Witness my hand, signed at Elizabethtown, this 10th day of September, 1811.

Signed, LEVI COLE.

This John Ferris must have been the father of Peter Ferris, often called "John Ferris, Jr.," to distinguish him from his father, John A. Ferris. John Ferris, Jr. married the widow of Rowland Nichols, whose maiden name was Patience Cole, and who married Rowland Nichols Oct. 24, 1802, at Pittstown, Rensselaer county, as her wedding certificate attests. This brings in a family of Coles entirely separate from the family of Edward Cole, and whose names recurring in town and church records add to the confusion in regard to this

surname. The father of Patience Cole seems to have been Reuben, a sea captain who traded from New York to the West Indies, and whose quaint silver watch descended to Peter Ferris. There was a Calamus Cole in this family, but in what relationship I cannot tell. I am also very much puzzled with the early Ferrises. There was a "Squire Ferris," and a Diadama Ferris among the early members of the Baptist church, but I have not been able to connect them with any succeeding Ferris. No doubt there is some one in town who could disentangle all these threads and lay them out in perfect order, but I have not yet had the good fortune to appeal to the right one.

One of the earliest settlers was Nathan Hammond, upon the western border of Skene's Patent, a little southwest of the Bay. The place is now occupied by Rush Howard. Whence the Hammonds came, and in what year, I cannot tell, but it was certainly before 1809, and probably several years earlier. Nathan Hammond had two sons, Calvin and Gideon. Calvin married Wealthy Holcomb, sister of Dr. Diadorus. Gideon was married three times, his first wife being Sally Barber, daughter of Hezekiah. Her children were Samantha, who married Dan Kent, and Huldah, who married a Colburn. The name of the second wife I have not been able to discover, but her children were Cornelia, Charlotte, Sarah and Rensselaer. The third wife was Nancy Chandler and her children were Caroline, Mary Ann and Jane.

Gideon Hammond was a prominent man in his day

supervisor, Member of Assembly, and the incumbent of many other public offices. He was elected deacon of the Baptist church in 1817, and filled that office until his death in 1846. He dealt largely in lumber, sending out great rafts to Canada and later to New York. He also collected herds of cattle and drove them to the south, sometimes taking them as far as New York, following them on horseback or on foot, a journey of weeks. These droves of cattle or sheep were a feature of the life before the railroad came, every summer seeing the passage of many of them through our streets. Mrs. Harriet Sheldon remembers her father, Hezekiah Barber, accompanying Gideon Hammond on one of these trips, rendered memorable by the red cashmere dress brought back to the little girl from the great city. After the Deacon's death, the Hammonds led a large party of emigrants to Iowa, then considered the far, far west.

Another prominent family was that of the Holcombs. The name of Deacon Abner G. Holcomb is first found in the church records in 1812. He came from Danbury, Connecticut, with his wife, Mindwell, and accompanied or followed by four children, Horace, Wealthy, Jonathan and Diadorus. Horace went west and died in Ohio at the age of eighty-six, Wealthy married Calvin Hammond, and Jonathan, commonly remembered as "Uncle Jock," lived all the latter part of his life at Basin Harbor. Of all the family, that one who seems to have had the most varied and interesting career was Diadorus. He was the first physician at Northwest Bay, and the only one for many years. He and Dr.

Alexander Morse of Pleasant Valley rode over all the country from the mountains of Keene to the lake shore, with their official saddle-bags, carrying help and healing to a people who often sorely needed both. No one did better or more unselfish work in the pioneer days than these early doctors, whose medical education was usually obtained by reading in the office of some older practitioner. Dr. Holcomb was Surgeon's Mate in the 37th regiment in the war of 1812, and did good service at the battle of Plattsburgh, being afterward promoted Surgeon of his regiment. He was a Free Mason, and the mystic symbol of the order is cut upon his tombstone, which also states that he was born in Connecticut, Feb. 2, 1780, and died in Westport, Sept. 25, 1859. He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1811 and in 1814, and in 1815 Assistant Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Diadorus Holcomb's first wife was Sybil Spalding, of Panton, Vt. After his marriage he moved to Schroom, and at the first town election there in 1804, was elected collector. He afterward moved to Northwest Bay, where his wife died, at the age of thirty-one, leaving six little children, Amos, Rebecca, Lucinda, Diadorus, Jr., and two little girls who were twins, Maria and Minerva. The widower married again, a young widow who was the oldest daughter of Enos Loveland. Her name was Sylvia, and her first husband was Marcus Hoisington, by whom she had one child, Marcus. By Dr. Holcomb she had four children, William, Henry Harrison, Franklin B. and Almira. After the death of his second wife Dr. Holcomb married Harriet Sturtevant, grand-daughter of Gen. Daniel Wright. The ten children of Dr. Holcomb married as follows:

1. Amos married Harriet Barber, daughter of Hezekiah.
2. Rebecca married Samuel Cole, son of Edward.

3. Lucinda married first a Ferris and afterward Isaac Lyon.

4. Diadorus, Jr., married twice, and each time a Cole. The first wife was Roxy, daughter of Caleb Cole; the second was Maria Samantha, daughter of a Dr. Cole, not at all related to the Coles previously mentioned.

5. Maria married Harry J. Persons.

6. Minerva married William J. Cutting.

7. William married an Everest.

8. Franklin was in business in Westport for some years, but I cannot find whom he married.

9. Henry Harrison married Aurilla, daughter of Darius Ferris. He was the last survivor of this family, dying in 1902, aged eighty-six.

10. Almira married Warren Cole.

Though Levi Frisbie came with his brother-in-law, Hezekiah Barber, in 1785, and helped him to clear the ground and build a shelter for his family, he returned to Connecticut at the end of the season, and did not come to make a permanent settlement upon Bessboro until after the death of Hezekiah Barber in 1810. He was here before 1812, and lived for a time in the house with his sister, the original log cabin having been given up for a comfortable frame house a little farther back from the lake. This house is completely gone at the present writing, but one need not be very old to remember it as the one called "the old Young house." Jerusha, oldest daughter of Hezekiah Barber, married Alexander Young, and to her fell the house at Barber's Point; hence its name. Levi Frisbie built his own house, a log cabin, on the lake road, about half way between the Point and Northwest Bay. His land lay in the extreme northwest corner of Bessboro, and the road from the Point ran along below the ledge, passing to the east of his house. He had been a captain of mili-

tia in Connecticut, and when the war of 1812 broke out he organized and commanded a company in this town, which did good service, especially at the battle of Plattsburgh, where the gallant captain lost a leg. At the first town election, in 1815, he was elected constable and collector, offices to which he was annually elected for thirteen years. In 1816 a new school district was formed, and the "stone school house" built not far from the captain's home. Now the captain was a man accustomed to command, on the battle-field or in the neighborhood, and was perhaps somewhat arbitrary. At any rate, there was a famous "school house war" over the new school house, and the story will always be told of the wrath of Captain Frisbie when he was out-voted in school meeting. The point of dispute I never learned. Perhaps he objected to having the windows put in so high from the ground that no mortal child could ever see out of them unless he stood on top of a desk. If so, I wish the captain might have had his way. But he was worsted, and his vengeance was a complete withdrawal from all school district matters from that time henceforth, and to him the stone school house was as a thing which had no existence, to the last day of his life. In the same year, 1816, Captain Frisbie and his wife were very active in the formation of the Methodist church, he being the first class leader, and a firm supporter of the church all his life. In 1840 he built him a new house, of the stone of the neighborhood, choosing a spot a little farther west than his first location. By this time the road below the

ledge was not so much used, and the highway ran as we now see it. Before the old captain could move into his new house he was taken sick and died. The new house was occupied by the family, and afterward Levi Frisbie, third of the name, owned it, until a few years ago it was sold to Professor Marks of Philadelphia.

The name of Captain Frisbie's wife was Sally Johnson. When they came into town they brought with them a family of eight children, and three more were born after they settled here. These are their names:

1. Levi, born 1794, died when a young man.
2. Willard, b. 1798, married Ann Knapp, half sister of Guy Stevens. Guy Frisbie of this place, is his son.
3. William, b. 1801, married Mary Peck; second, Mary Orr.
4. Sally, b. 1803, married first, Daniel Clark; second, Mr. McIntyre. Her daughter Harriet Clark married Aaron Clark, son of David.
5. Andrew, b. 1805, married Sally Nichols. Three of their children with their families, are now living in town; Henry, married Ruth Greeley; Catherine, married George Pattison; Mina, married Henry Warren.
6. Anna, b. 1807, married Benjamin Beers.
7. Jerusha, b. 1809, married Reuben Nichols.
8. Hezekiah, b. 1811, married Eliza Richards.
9. Emeline, b. 1813, married Dan Platt Pond, whose father, Captain Jared Pond, was on the battle-field of Plattsburgh with Captain Frisbie.
10. Maria, b. 1815, married George C. Whitlock.
11. Levi, b. 1818, married Julia Reed. Their children, William, Fred and Belle, (Mrs. Charles Sprague,) lived for years in Westport.

One of the earliest settlers was Timothy Sheldon, who bought his land in the south part of Bessboro, and who now lies buried in the cemetery at Mullein brook. One of his sons was Otis Sheldon, and another son was named after Platt Rogers, who must have been carrying on operations at his ore bed on the shore of the

lake at about the time that Timothy Sheldon settled here. The Willsboro Sheldons came from Dutchess county, and it is probable that Timothy Sheldon also came from down the Hudson. Platt Rogers Sheldon was the father of Henry Sheldon.

The Lows lived on the back road, on the farm now owned by Henry Sheldon. The daughters were Sally and Clarissa, and the sons Wilson, Nelson and John Hatch Low. The latter married Eliza, daughter of Roderick Rising.

Joseph Fisher came in early, and built a mill on Mullett brook. His son Charles had four daughters, Lillian, Cynthia (Mrs. Samuel Root), Jerusha (Mrs. Mansfield Howard), and Sally (Mrs. Dorr Howard).

Willard Snow was a boatman, and lived at Barber's Point in a log house on the shore, near the place where the lighthouse now stands. He ran the ferry for "the widow Barber" after her husband died, and in 1824 moved to Canada.

In the *Reveille* of Nov. 24, 1813, appears an advertisement signed Nathaniel Hinkley, in which he solicits patronage for a new ferry boat just built, saying that he has "been to great expense to erect a suitable Wharf" about one hundred and fifty rods south of the old one "owned and kept by the Widow Barber." The sloop "Hunter," N. Hinkley, cleared at the custom house in 1811.

A large proportion of our earliest names are found in the highlands of the Black river country. Jacob Southwell was elected Assessor in 1798, and lived on the

Black river, his name being perpetuated by the forge on that stream which he is said to have bought of Jonas Morgan.

Sylvanus Lobdell was the first clerk of the new town of Elizabethtown, elected 1798, and was probably father of Bouton and of Captain John Lobdell. Bouton Lobdell lived for some time at Northwest Bay, and was first clerk of the new town of Westport, 1815.

At the town meeting of 1798 Norman Newell was elected Assessor, and E. Newell school commissioner and one of the overseers of highways. In 1801 Ebenezer Newell was appointed Justice of the Peace. The Newells seem to have moved from Pleasant Valley to Northwest Bay, and later Elijah Newell kept an inn on the north side of the brook, on Pleasant street.

The name of Joel Finney is first mentioned in the Baptist church book in 1807, and soon after the church was meeting at his house "at Northwest Bay." He seems afterward to have lived on Morgan's Patent, and was buried in the Black river cemetery. He was related to Anna Finney, wife of Euos Loveland.

Joseph Stacy owned large tracts of land along the upper course of the Stacy or Raymond brook, in the John Williams patent and in the Iron Ore Tract. He had a mill on the brook, and his house stood where Abram and John Greeley lived for some time, the place now owned by Mr. Thomas Lee.

The Nichols family went still deeper into the mountains for their home, settling at the place where the trail from Spring Pond comes out to the highway,

on the farm recently sold by Ed. McMahon to Thomas Lee. The pond has since been called Nichols pond because they lived near it. In the Hoisington cemetery an ancient stone records the death of Benjamin Nichols, aged 46, died 1817, and doubtless he was the pioneer.

The nearest neighbors of the Nichols, a little to the south, were the Harpers, and Joseph Storrs, John Stringham and Abram Slougher are all named as early settlers, living on Morgan's Patent. Elizabeth Slougher was buried in the Hoisington cemetery in 1813. All these names are found in the old book of the Baptist church, and we know that when the Hammonds went to Iowa, sometime in the fifties, the Sloughers and the Nichols and the Stacys went with them, seeking a richer and a deeper soil than their forefathers had chosen here.

This finishes my attempt at giving a list of the family names of people who lived in Westport before the war of 1812. No one will expect me to perform any such historical feat as making the list absolutely exhaustive. These names, with an outline of the principal public events in the town, are enough to form a very interesting and suggestive picture of the beginnings of our town life, which, in the mind of any one familiar with its later years, will be filled out with many vivid details, irresistibly suggested.

Two men who were never residents of our town have still had so strong an influence upon its history and its fortunes that the story would not be complete with-

out mentioning them. One was the Rev. Cyrus Comstock, the missionary preacher, and the other was William Ray, editor of the first local newspaper which ever recorded events in the town. Both men left an impress upon the place far deeper than that made by scores of the more commonplace people who had actual residence upon the soil.

It must have been about the year 1811 that "Father Comstock" first saw these shores, perhaps coming into Essex county by way of Northwest Bay. He came as a missionary into a wild and untaught region, almost destitute of churches or of any form of religious instruction, sent out by the Berkshire Missionary Society of Massachusetts to teach and to preach, and to establish churches of the form of New England Congregationalism. In this work he spent the remainder of his life, coming into the county a man of forty-six, and living to be eighty-eight. He was born in the western part of Connecticut, a region from which the families of Barber, Frisbie, Holcomb, Loveland and Wadhams, the Nobles of Essex and the Lees of Lewis, as well as William Ray of Pleasant Valley, all came originally. He found in the township of Elizabethtown two feeble little churches of the Baptist order, one at Pleasant Valley and one at Northwest Bay, with no regular preaching, holding their meetings at the houses of the few members or in school-houses. It would seem that the good man rejoiced as much over this seed already sown as though he had been the gardener, and had scattered it by means of the sound Congregational ser-

mons which he carried in his own saddle-bags, as it is told that he preached to the Baptist congregations as often as he came, and was loved and looked up to, and called "Father Comstock" by them as much as by the Congregational churches which he founded in other places. There is a tradition, and we have little doubt that it is a true one, that he founded a church at the Falls in 1813, but as no records are left, it is impossible to know the true history of it. It is certain that he often preached there and that the church established in 1827 owed its existence to his influence, and to the teaching which the people had heard for years from his lips. He made himself universally respected and loved, and had great reward in that his name is never mentioned but with pride and affection through all the region in which he lived and worked. When his gravestone was blown down in a great gale, nearly fifty years after his death, there was at once a movement to raise a subscription for a new one, since he had left no children nor relatives to perform that duty. He it was who invented the "buckboard," long called the "Comstock wagon," and our older people delight to recall him as he jogged over the country in this conveyance.

In the fall of 1809 came a remarkable man to settle in Pleasant Valley, choosing the stir and importance of the County seat as a place where a man of talent might expect to prosper. He had had a most unusual and exciting career. Born in Salisbury, Conn., his father had moved into Dutchess county, New York, and there William Ray began life as a school teacher, but

soon left this occupation to try his hand "in business." Failing utterly, and driven hard by his creditors, he enlisted in the navy as a common seaman on board the *Philadelphia*, Captain Bainbridge, then bound for the Mediterranean. A midshipman on the same ship was Thomas Macdonough, then twenty years of age. He too was destined afterward to see Lake Champlain. Arrived in the Mediterranean a Moorish prize was captured, and Midshipman Macdonough was put in charge of the prize and sent home with it, thus escaping the fate of those left on board the *Philadelphia*, which ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, October 31, 1803, and was captured with all on board. William Ray was thus a captive in Tripoli for nineteen months, and upon his release and return to the United States he published a book relating the story of his captivity. To-day the record of such an experience, told as well as William Ray told it, would sell in repeated editions, but "The Horrors of Slavery," published in Troy in 1808, made Ray neither famous or wealthy, and the next year we find him making a hazard of new fortunes in this northern region. He lived at Pleasant Valley for about three years, how, we cannot tell, but evidently not in prosperous circumstances, as appears from the letters he was continually writing to the Governor, begging for some appointment. At that time the County Clerks were not elected, as they are now, but appointed, and William Ray urged his claims to that office with a persistency, a clearness and vigor of statement, and a variety of ex-

pression which would have made his fortune as a twentieth century newspaper reporter. He is immensely like Dickens' Micawber, with his perennial poverty and his tremendous gifts for letter writing, but without Micawber's charming and irresponsible hopefulness. "Sir," he writes to Governor Tompkins in 1811, "Every letter I write to your Excellency I make a sacrifice of my pride to the strong impulse I feel to communicate my sentiments. I am not unconscious, Sir, that too much familiarity between characters so widely discriminated would be incompatible with the dignity of your superior station—of your exalted merits—I trust therefore your Excellency will not attribute my correspondence to vain or ostentatious conceits; but will indulge me with the innocent gratification of unburthening a mind oppressed with the weight of its own comparative unworthiness." Do office-seekers write to the Governor like that nowadays? He makes many allusions to the men active in Essex county politics at that time, which makes his letters (discovered in the mass of Tompkins' Papers purchased by the state in 1885) very interesting reading. He mentions Judge Joseph Jenks, who had not at that time moved to Northwest Bay, as one of his warmest friends and supporters. In April of 1812 he made his deepest mark upon our history. Writing to the Governor he says: "Sir: I enclose you the first paper ever printed in this County. The proprietors have placed me at the head of its editorial department, associated with Ezra C. Gross, Esquire, a young gentleman of sound principles and excellent tal-

ents." The name of the paper was the *Reveille*, a happy choice, especially in view of the impending war. Ray cannot have edited the paper very long, since he received an appointment in August as Brigade Quarter Master of the 3rd Brigade, and went to Plattsburgh, where he remained six months. Then he left the county, and is known to have been at a number of different places in the next few years, being at last completely lost sight of. He published a volume of poems at Auburn in 1821.

In 1811 he seems to have had an idea that Governor Tompkins was likely to visit Elizabethtown, or perhaps he assumed the fact as a kind of poetic license. He thus informs "His Excellency:"

You'll cross the lake at Northwest Bay,
Eight miles computed from this village;
The land uneven, rough the way,
The soil is good, but bad the tillage.

When the last eminence you rise,
From log-built huts, and shabby people,
The object next that strikes your eyes
Will be, perhaps, the Court House steeple.

From east to west a plain extends,
From north to south a valley stretches,
And through the whole a streamlet bends,
To feed with fish some hungry wretches.

No Heliconian streams distil
To give our poets inspiration,
But whisky plenty from the still
Sets all their brains in fermentation.

No Delphic oracle is here,
 Confounding truth with many a libel.
But a plain clergyman sincere,
 Our only oracle the Bible.

This must have been Elder Daniel Hascall, a graduate of Middlebury college, who preached in the church at Pleasant Valley from 1808 to 1813. Ray laughs at the local dignitaries, "Judges and Generals, all great men," and adds,

Here's lawyers most confounded wise,
 Physicians also very plenty,
One scarcely could believe his eyes
 To find a good one out of twenty.

The number is evidently chosen to save the rhyme, as there were in all probability no more than two doctors in the township at this time, at least as permanent residents.

One copy of Ray's newspaper is still preserved in Elizabethtown, showing it to have been a very creditable production for the place and the time. Surely it must have received a welcome, at a time when news was so eagerly looked for. And still no newspaper at that period ever forestalled the intelligence that came by means of private letters or by word of mouth. In those days if a friend left in one of the older states wrote to any one in the new settlement of Elizabethtown, his letter was mainly occupied with public affairs, elections, the proceedings of Congress, news received from over-seas by sailing vessels, while information in regard to family matters would be left to be crowded in at the bottom of the last page. Indeed, these letters

often found their way into the local newspaper and no one considered details of things which happened a month ago as at all out of place. No telegraph, no railroad, not even the stage-coach had yet penetrated our woods, and all communication with the outside world was kept up by the man on horseback. Letter postage was high, six cents for every thirty miles at one time, and ordinary people never expected more than one or two letters a year, which were as likely to come by the hand of some travelling friend as by the post-rider. Letters of the period are commonly endorsed at the bottom, "By the politeness of Mr. Blank," who carries the letter, maybe a long distance, as a friendly office, knowing that he may require the same accommodation in his turn.

As a compensation for the slowness and difficulty of communication between distant parts, we must consider that in those days news by word of mouth was much more reliable than it is now, and depended upon much more extensively. Then, if a man heard a bit of news from a stranger whom he met at a ford in the forest, or at the door of an inn, he listened with the closest attention, learned it by heart, and then set off as a matter of course to repeat it to his next door neighbor, who received it and repeated it in his turn. In this way intelligence of wars and of Indian uprisings often travelled with incredible swiftness and accuracy, and in this way, and for this reason, the American backwoodsman came to be considered the embodiment of inquisitiveness. Living a narrow and monotonous life,

his natural intelligence being denied its proper and rightful nourishment, at the sight of a stranger from the outside world he fell upon him as one famished for information. This is one reason why the itinerant preacher was always welcome, and why he might choose his host out of his congregation. The family with whom the preacher sojourned were sure to hear many interesting things before he went away, and were envied accordingly. This is one reason, too, why so many of the early settlers are mentioned as having "kept an inn." Any one with a house large enough to contain a spare room, and a barn that would hold an extra horse, was glad to take a stranger in, not only for the money for his lodging, but for the pleasure that the dullest story-teller could give in relating incidents of his journey, with the hints which he had picked up of the doings of the great, far away world.

Thus the *Reveille* was sure of an appreciative public, though perhaps of no great number of wealthy patrons. Its politics were strongly Republican, that is, Anti-Federalist, supporting the administration of Madison and declaring in favor of the war. The tone of the paper may be taken as an indication of the prevailing sentiment in regard to these things at the county seat. We find from the letters of William Ray to the Governor that Joseph Jenks was an earnest Republican, while Colonel Ransom Noble of Essex is referred to by him as "a bitter enemy of the present administration." However, after war had been actually declared, and the militia called out for the defence of

the frontier, there was no difference observed upon the battle field between Federalist and Republican, and it seems to be true that the western shore stood as a unit, entirely divided from that New England sentiment which led to the proceedings of the Hartford Convention.

When each number of the *Reveille* was printed, the copies were distributed to the subscribers by private carriers. Those for distant patrons, like General Wright, or Charles Hatch, Esq., were packed into saddle-bags and carried on horse-back.

The township in which William Ray published the *Reveille* had a population of 1362, of which 741 were males. Property was assessed at \$108,450. There were four grist mills, seven saw mills, four forges, a carding machine and a distillery. The distillery was situated at Pleasant Valley, but a good proportion of the mills and forges must have stood upon the present territory of Westport, as we know that there were Braman's Mills at the falls of the Boquet, Coll's Mills on Raymond brook, one or two on Mill brook, and a number of mills and forges on our side of the Black river. The settlement at Northwest Bay when William Ray first saw it numbered about twenty buildings, houses, mills and stores, the greater part of which lay on the south side of Mill brook. To this size the place had grown in ten years' time, and such was its importance during the war of 1812. Its real significance is better understood by a knowledge of the commercial condition of the great valley in which the little hamlet lay. At the

Custom House, the value of exports from the District of Champlain for the two months of May and June, 1811, (as given in the *Plattsburgh Republican* for March 31, 1900,) was \$296,914. These exports consisted mainly of pork, cider, corn, butter, lard, candles, leather, potash and soap, all carried on sailing vessels, bateaux and rafts. There were also quantities of tea, tobacco, and some manufactured goods which were making the long journey from New York or Albany to Canada, and we must remember that this gives no account of smuggled goods. During these two months forty-three rafts were cleared, containing over a million cubic feet of pine timber, principally Norway, besides oak timber, spars, staves, ash oars and walnut handspikes. One of these rafts, valued at \$2,600, was sent out by Diadorus Holcomb, and we know at this time Gen. Daniel Wright sent rafts to Canada every summer. Those were the days when nothing more wonderful or adventurous could happen to any boy than being allowed to go to Quebec on one of these rafts, carrying with him the skins of the wild animals which he and his brothers had trapped and shot the winter before.

And so we can see it all, the township covered with the dark forest, and here and there all over it, except upon steep sides of the mountains, log cabins standing each one solitary in its own clearing, and the clearings connected by rough trails. On the lake shore two clusters of small low houses in the bays, with the clumsy ferry boat moored to its rude wharf at the point. Everywhere the ring of axes and the crash of falling

trees, sail boats always coming and going, the only link with far away worlds, and then the winter drift white over all, even the frozen lake.

VII.

War of 1812.

And now upon this quiet scene falls a slowly deepening shadow of war. Signs of the second struggle for independence were seen as early upon the Champlain frontier as in any part of the country. First came the Embargo of 1807, instantly defied by open and deliberate smuggling across the Canada line, accompanied by many acts of lawlessness and violence. This is the most romantic period in all our history as a town, the period in which the most stirring incidents of the latest novel of adventure might easily have happened. Smugglers, pirates, revenue officers, secret hiding places on lonely shores, costly merchandise loaded by night on pack horses which were led by dangerous paths over the mountains into the interior, foreign emissaries close at hand, tempting loyalty with foreign gold, duelling still practiced among honorable gentlemen,—this was the background against which our ancestors moved. Scott's "Guy Mannering" was not written then, but he might have laid the scene of the story on Lake Champlain with no loss of coloring. The boy who gives himself up to the spell of the Wizard of the North, and reads, enchanted,—

"Even at this dead hour of night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from the Isle of Man, which was lying in the bay. On the light from the sashed door of the house being observed, a hollo from the vessel of 'Ware hawk! Douse the glim!' alarmed

those who were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared," etc.,—never thinks, perhaps, that it all might have been written about Northwest Bay, only changing the "lugger from the Isle of Man" into a sloop from Canada, and translating the warning words into Canadian patois or Yankee dialect. Scott's Dutch skipper is Dirck Hatteraick, but surely we could match that name—what do you think of Teunis Van Vliet?—and his vessel is the *Yungfrau Hagenslaapen*, but that is not half so shuddery and piratical as the *Black Snake*, which was the actual name of a smuggling craft on Lake Champlain in 1808. True stories are told of plots to kidnap revenue officers, and of rafts of lumber which went into Canada carrying armed men, behind bulwarks of logs, who defied the officers to oppose their passage across the line. Smuggled liquor and salt were seen in every country tavern and store, and we have no reason to believe that our town was signalized by any excess of virtue in the matter of customs duties.

This state of things, together with the fact that in the event of war the northern frontier was the natural avenue of invasion for a British army, made imperative the action of government in sending Lieut. Melancthon Taylor Woolsey,* U. S. N., (about 1809, according to

*The author has had to deal with no less than seven Melancthons—four of them Woolseys and three of them Smiths. There was a Melancthon Taylor Woolsey who was an officer in the old French war. His son, Gen. Melancthon Lloyd Woolsey, owned one of our original patents. The son of the latter, named after his grandfather, was Lieut. M. T. Woolsey, U. S. N., and a fourth of the same family, Melancthon Brooks Woolsey, was in the navy during the Civil War. Then as for the Smiths, the first was Judge Melancthon Smith of the Revolutionary

Palmer,) to build two gunboats for the defence of the lake. Lieut. Woolsey was the son of that Melancthon Lloyd Woolsey whose name appears upon our old map as owner of one of our original patents, and who was called Gen. Woolsey from his service in this war. The gunboats were built at Basin Harbor, where was a well-fitted ship-yard, perfectly sheltered in the little circular bay, with its narrow entrance between high rocks. We know that part of the machinery in this ship-yard belonged to government from the report of the Commissary of Military Stores of 1804, which mentions "one pair iron gin blocks, brass sheaves, found at Basin Harbour in Vermont in possession of Mr. Rogers." Then the next year's report mentions "two Iron Jack screws in possession of the assignees of Platt Rogers on Lake Champlain." The gunboats were large, heavy, open scows, of probably no more than 40 tons, mounting each one gun. Lieut. Woolsey's service throughout the war was upon Lake Ontario, and in March of 1810 Lieut. Smith was placed in command of Lake Champlain. Lieut. Smith was also the son of a proprietor of land in Skene's Patent, his father being Judge Melancton Smith. He was a naval officer of experience, having been 5th lieutenant on board the

times, one of the ablest supporters of Gov. Clinton in his opposition to Hamilton and the Federal Constitution. In "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton, he is presented as the speaker most directly pitted against Hamilton himself at the ratification convention at Poughkeepsie; "a clever and eloquent orator—generous and manly enough to admit himself beaten." One of his sons was Col. Melancthon Smith of the 29th regiment, U. S. A., who had a son of the same name who came to be a Rear Admiral, U. S. N. Whether the melancholy sequence could be followed farther, I cannot tell.

unfortunate *Chesapeake* at the time of her surrender to the British frigate *Leopard*, and signing, with the other officers, the letter which preferred charges against Commodore Barron. He also made headquarters at Basin Harbor, and there built two sloops, the *Growler* and the *Eagle*, each carrying eleven guns, and four more gunboats. This squadron when completed held absolute control of the lake.

Now all this building and fitting out of war vessels cannot have gone on without appreciable effect upon the opposite shore. No lad of spirit can have failed to row across the lake and look upon the work of the shipwrights and sailors from the seaboard, while it was a commercial godsend to all the coast. Nothing is more likely than that timbers felled upon our soil went into the construction of this fleet,* as well as into Macdonough's, and the naval officers came often to the inn at Northwest Bay. One man of undoubted military importance in our town at this time was Brigadier-General Daniel Wright, commander of all the militia forces of the three northern counties, receiving his appoint-

*Arnold's fleet of 1775 also carried timbers cut upon our shore. In Arnold's regimental memorandum book, written at Ti and Crown Point from May 10 to June 24, (printed in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 8, 1884,) he mentions sending boats to Raymond's Mills five different times, three times for "boards for repairing Barracks," once for "Ash for Oars and Troughs for Guns," and once he writes, "Sent to Raymond's Mills for Timber and provisions for Skine's Negroes." One day he writes: "Sent a Boat with Skens Negroes to dig ore," presumably from Skene's ore bed just below Crown Point, where the negroes were accustomed to dig it out and load it on boats to be sent to the forge at Skenesboro. In one of Arnold's letters to Congress that summer he says that he can get iron from Skenesboro. The writer regrets not having seen this regimental memorandum book in time for fuller use in this history.

ment for tried military excellence. He was three years in the Revolution, fighting at Bunker Hill and at Saratoga, and had come into Essex county with the rank of Lieutenant in a New Hampshire regiment.* Soon after his arrival, he was commissioned 2nd Major of a regiment "whereof Joseph Sheldon is Lt. Col Commandant," then made 1st Major, then given the command of the regiment, and Feb. 11, 1811 was made Brigadier-General of the Militia of Essex, Clinton and Franklin counties. He was often seen riding down from his mountain farm to Northwest Bay, a tall, erect, gray-haired man of fifty-six, said to have made a most imposing figure on horseback when in his uniform. He watched the naval preparations of Lieut. Smith with the deepest interest, and when the two men came together, as they sometimes must, at the inn of John Halstead, sitting of an evening in the bar-room perhaps, with the village worthies listening to their conversation, the talk of a man who had served under John Stark, and had seen the army of Burgoyne advance unopposed the whole length of the lake, with that of another who had seen the height of British aggression in the matter of impressment of American seamen in his service upon the *Chesapeake* and the *Wasp*, may well have been entertaining.

War was declared at Washington June 18, 1812, and Gen. Wright got the news the 29th, receiving his orders

*This rank was conferred upon him by a commission dated 1791, and signed by Josiah Bartlett, then President of New Hampshire, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. A previous commission, as 2d Lieutenant, in 1786, was signed by Gov. John Sullivan.

from Major General Mooers on that day. A few days later came orders direct from Gov. Tompkins, which we find in the Tompkins Papers, page 360, as follows :

ALBANY, June 27, 1812.

SIR :—The detachment of militia from your brigade is hereby ordered into service. The detachment from the Essex regiments will rendezvous at such times and places as you may appoint. Such of them as can conveniently assemble at Elizabethtown, and may not be armed, will arm and equip themselves from the Arsenal at that place. They must supply themselves invariably with blankets and with knapsacks if they have them. Such equipments as they may possess will be taken with them, and if defective, they will be exchanged at the public arsenals. The contingent expenses of transporting the detachment from Essex to Plattsburgh will be defrayed by the bearer, Capt. Campbell, with whom you will please to make the necessary arrangements for that purpose. Major Noble will take the command of the detachment, and Dean Edson, who is assigned as brigade quarter master, will also accompany the detachment to Plattsburgh. Major Noble will report himself on his arrival to Major General Mooers and receive his orders, Brigade Quarter Master Edson will wait at Plattsburgh the arrival of instructions of Brigadier Gen. Micajah Pettit, of Washington county. The detachment from Clinton will rendezvous at Plattsburgh, and that from Franklin will rendezvous and remain at Malone, in said county, until orders shall be received from Major Gen. Mooers. The flattering accounts

which I have received of your military talents and of your active and zealous patriotism makes me rely with confidence upon the earliest possible fulfillment of this order. I am, Sir, respectfully your ob't servant,

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

Brigadier General, Daniel Wright.*

The "arsenal at Elizabethtown" had been built within the year, at Pleasant Valley, upon the line of the new state road which there followed the valley of the Boquet. The final rendezvous of the troops was at Willsboro, as we learn from brigade orders sent to Major Ransom Noble July 4.

And so the war began. And as the message flew by a

*Soon afterward the General's quill pen wrote his first report to the Commander in Chief.

ELIZABETHTOWN, July 11, 1812.

SIR :—I received your Excellency's order of the 27th of June on the 5th inst., directing me to direct the militia detached from the Essex regiments to march to Plattsburgh. I suffered no delay. I immediately informed Major Noble that he was to march with the troops to Plattsburgh. He cheerfully received the order and proceeded on his way with his men on the third day after I received your Excellency's order.

I likewise informed Brigade Quarter Master Edson that he was to repair with the troops, which order he obeyed. Your Excellency may rest assured that all and every order within my power will be strictly and punctually attended to.

Suffer me to inform your Excellency that I have been flattering myself that there would some opportunity present to view that I could serve my country in some post of office that I could be of service to my country and receive some emoluments to myself, as I am not a man of fortune. I was three years in the late American Revolution, and have held seven different military commissions in the militia and have been doing duty for twenty-eight years past, to the present moment.

Should your Excellency think proper to remember me, I should gratefully acknowledge your Excellency's favor.

I am, sir, with the highest respect, your Ob't Serv't,

DANIEL WRIGHT, B. G.

To His Excellency, Daniel D. Tompkins.

Vol. VII, page 406, Tompkins, MSS., State Library.

wireless telegraphy from door to door throughout the township, "War is declared! the governor has ordered out the militia!" the answering thought in every heart was "Indians!" From this terror the frontiersman was never freed until after this war, in which the savages were employed by the British in many engagements. In the dispatches which Gov. Tompkins sent out, ordering the militia of northern New York to the front, he said, "I trust that when you reflect upon the indispensable nature of the service upon which the detachment is destined, the protection of our frontier brethren, their wives and children, from massacre by savages, you and every other officer and good citizen will join heart and hand in forwarding the execution of this requisition."

Writing to Gen. Dearborn, he says: "The recruits at Plattsburgh are within fifty miles of two tribes of Canadian Indians. In case of an attack upon the frontiers, that portion of the United States Army would be as inefficient and as unable to defend the inhabitants or themselves even as so many women." William Ray, writing one of his innumerable letters to the Governor, says: "Many people here are much alarmed at the unarmed situation of our militia on account of the hostility of the Indians."

The frontier post was not now at Crown Point, as in the Revolution, but at Plattsburgh, and to that place cavalry, infantry and artillery were instantly ordered. Cannon, ammunition, muskets, tents, pails, camp kettles, knapsacks, all the munitions of war came down the

lake, or along the eastern shore. Later in the war the main thoroughfare was by the state road through Schroon. June 26 the Governor wrote from Albany to Maj. John Mills, Washington county: "You will proceed with the military stores and articles direct to Whitehall on Lake Champlain, from whence you will transport them, together with the cannon ball belonging to the State, lying at Whitehall, to Plattsburgh and Essex arsenals. If an immediate conveyance by water cannot be obtained, you will proceed by land with the articles for Plattsburgh through Vermont to Burlington, and from thence send for Gun Boats and other vessels from Plattsburgh, or employ, them at Burlington, to transport the articles to Plattsburgh, and from the proper point on Vermont shore send across those for Elizabethtown, Essex county." The "proper point on Vermont shore" must have been Basin Harbor, and every boat with an oar or sail in Northwest Bay must have been requisitioned for the transportation of this warlike freight. It is believed that our first wharf was built during this war, and it is probable that its necessity was first felt for unloading supplies for the Arsenal at Pleasant Valley. Once on shore, the stores were put into carts and dragged over the rough mountain road to Pleasant Valley, crossing the Black at Morgan's Forge, now Meigsville, as the present turnpike route then lay through undrained swamps.

Gen. Wright's brigade, the 40th, was then composed of four regiments, drawn from a large extent of thinly settled country. There was the 66th, Lt.-Col. Alric

Mann, the 36th, Lt.-Col. Thos. Miller, the 9th, Lt.-Col. Elijah Barnes, and the 37th, Ransom Noble Major Commandant. In the 37th were most, if not all, of the men of our town.

It is of course understood that although every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five (with certain exceptions, like judges, mail carriers, postmasters, etc.,) was at all times subject to military duty, still each brigade had its quota, that of the 40th being 300, and as naturally only the more willing ones were first enrolled, it was practically a volunteer service. There were no more than 150 men on our side of the Black river subject to militia duty, and of these not more than fifty, so far as I have been able to learn, were actually under military orders during the war. These, with the exception of a few among the older men who had seen service in the Revolution, were raw backwoodsmen, totally inexperienced in war, but nevertheless well able to handle the muskets which hung over every fireplace. The forest was far from no man's door, and wolf or panther might be seen any day; therefore a boy could hardly grow up without learning to shoot, even though the New England training days and musters may have been little observed in the settlement of the new town. Our military organization seems to fall into two companies commanded by Capt. Levi Frisbie and Capt. Jesse Braman, and a cavalry company commanded by Capt. John Lobdell. There were four different calls to service in the field during the two years of the war (the first for six months, the

others for a few days each) to which some of our militia men responded.

Sept. 12, 1812, Lient. Thomas Macdonough was given command of the lake, and shortly afterward arrived at his post, as he tells in these words: "After remaining a few months in Portland I was ordered by Mr. Madison to take command of the vessels in Lake Champlain. Proceeded thither across the country through the Notch of the White Mountains, partly on horseback, carrying my bundle with my valise on behind, and a country lad only in company to return with my horses. Arrived fatigued at Burlington on the lake, in about four days, and took command of the vessels." Macdonough was then twenty-nine years old, and had been in the navy since he was seventeen, leading a life full of excitement and adventure in the West Indies and upon the Mediterranean. He remained upon the lake until winter closed in, and then went to Middletown, Conn., where he was married the first of December, and where he stayed until the opening of navigation in the spring. His task was the same as that of Arnold in 1775,—if he had a navy he must build it himself. Carefully he had chosen the place for his navy yard. Opposite the steep cliffs of the Split rock range, a little north of the Narrows, Otter Creek flows into the lake on the eastern side, a deep, smooth flowing stream, passing through level farm lands with many a wind and turn. About four miles from its mouth, at a place called the "But-tonwoods," Macdonough built his ships. The place was easily accessible for stores brought from the south

by land or water, and safe from attack to a degree which no harbor on the lake shore could afford. The place was but ten miles from Northwest Bay by water, somewhat less if one landed at Basin Harbor and went the rest of the way overland, and the scene there was one well worth the journey. Says Robinson, in his "Vermont," "a throng of ship carpenters were busy on the narrow flat by the waterside; the woods were noisy with the thud of axes, the crash of falling trees, and the bawling of teamsters; and the two furnaces were in full blast casting cannon shot for the fleet." The high framework of gin and derrick replaced the trunks of ancient trees, with dangling ropes and blocks for foliage, and the picturesque uniforms of the naval officers gave it all a character unlike anything seen before or since upon our shores. Perhaps William Ray, if he had not already drifted away from Pleasant Valley on the current of his wandering life, came out and crossed the lake, and looked upon the busy scenes with keen and understanding vision. He had last seen Lieut. Macdonough nine years before, as a midshipman on the deck of the *Philadelphia* in the Mediterranean sea, and many things had come to pass in the life of men and nations since then. A party of young people from the Bay visited the navy yard under the escort of Lieut. Platt Rogers Halstead, who had just received in April his commission as 3rd Lieutenant in the 29th U. S. Infantry. Lieut. Halstead was just nineteen, still conscious of the unwonted glory of his new uniform, and perhaps also of the fact that he was the only man in

his town who had entered the regular service, and who consequently did not look to the militia officers for orders, but to his Colonel, Melancthon Smith, brother of Lieut. Sidney Smith of the navy. The only names of others in the party which we know are Maria Halstead, sister of the young lieutenant, and Mary Jenks, a girl of fifteen who afterward married Ira Henderson; it is through the latter's relating the incident to her daughter that its memory has been preserved.

Such an excursion at that time was not without its spice of danger, as there were British gunboats astir upon the lake as soon as navigation opened. On the third of June Macdonough sent his two best ships, the *Growler* and the *Eagle*, under the command of Lieut. Sidney Smith,* to invite an engagement. They sailed away out of the mouth of the Creek and away to the north, but they never came back again. Chasing the British gunboats too eagerly, they went in pursuit of them into the Richelieu river, and were then surrounded, and both sloops and men captured, after a sharp fight. The sloops were at once repaired and sent out against the Americans, under the names of the *Finch* and the

*President Roosevelt remarks, in "The Naval War of 1812," that this name "is a curious commentary on the close inter-relationship of the two contesting peoples." Lieut. Smith cannot have been named after the Rev. Sydney Smith of the Edinburgh Review, as the latter was but a boy of ten, and consequently not yet famous, when the former was born, and the identity of names seems to have been a pure coincidence. Probably the distinguished Englishman never heard of his American namesake, but the insolent patronage with which he speaks of Decatur (in the famous review in which he asks, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?") suggests that he would have had nothing but a sneer for our brave lieutenant in his misfortune.

Chub, and all that summer and the next they were seen upon the lake, flaunting the British flag, while poor Lieut. Smith cursed the rashness which had so early put him outside the fight. The affair was especially lamentable in view of the comparatively defenceless condition of the lake until the time when Macdonough should have his squadron in readiness. He was terribly hampered by delays in getting men and stores from the seaboard, difficulties more trying to a commander than the fiercest engagement, and while he was still straining every nerve in preparation the British invaded the state.

It was upon Saturday, July 31, 1813, that men on galloping horses went through the town, warning every militia man to rendezvous at the Valley the next afternoon, "there to wait further orders, as a party of British troops have invaded the state and are making for Plattsburgh." Then from Barber's Point to the Black river, from Mullen brook to the Falls of the Boquet, everywhere the men sprang for their guns and powder horns, while the women packed cold Johnny-cake* and salt pork into their knapsacks, and filled their canteens with rum. If there were no bullets moulded there was no time to melt the lead now, and sometimes an hour after the news was received the father of the family had

*"Johnny-cake" was corn bread mixed hastily and baked on a smooth board which was tilted up before a bed of coals in the fire-place. The name is a corruption of "journey-cake," since it was the only kind of bread which could be baked in camp, while one was on a journey through the woods. Bread raised with yeast could not be baked in haste, since it needed a certain time to rise, and it was a day's work to prepare the brick oven for a baking.

kissed them all around and was off, on foot or horse back, to the rendezvous. From the mountains of Keene, from the valleys of Jay, from the highlands of Lewis, from the terrified lake towns whose position was that of most imminent danger in case of a naval attack, the men and their officers came flocking in, missing accouterments were supplied from the stores in the arsenal, the ranks crystalized into order at sharp words of command, and away they went along the state road to the north. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, Gen. Mooers wrote from Plattsburgh to the governor, "Gen. Wright's brigade arrived here yesterday with about four hundred troops." If our men left the Valley Sunday afternoon and reached Plattsburgh, forty miles away, on Monday, they must have marched all night.

Arrived at Plattsburgh, they found the place in the hands of Col. John Murray of the British regulars, who had landed on Sunday unopposed, with a force of 1400 men, and was burning and plundering at his own will. That this should have been so is one of the mysteries and one of the disgraces of the war but it hardly belongs to us to discuss it here. When the British set sail again the *Growler* and *Eagle*, under their new names, and much ashamed, it would seem, of the new colors they were forced to fly, went on up the lake, threatened Burlington, and sailed away to the north unmolested. Meanwhile our men went into camp outside Plattsburgh and ate what their wives and mothers had put into their knapsacks, and at the end of the five days for which they had been warned out most of them went

home again, without having fired a shot at the enemy. This was in no wise the fault of the soldiers, nor of Gen. Wright, who had shown such alacrity in getting to the front. A company of Essex county militia remained at "Camp Platte" under the command of Captain Luman Wadhams of Lewis until Nov. 18, when they too went home, and military operations were closed for the winter.

Gen. Wright's staff at the beginning of the war consisted of Major Joseph Skinner, Brigade Major and Inspector, and Capt. John Warford, Brigade Quarter Master, both Clinton county men, with Captain John Gould of Essex as Aid-de-Camp. The 2nd of March, 1814, the two Clinton county men were replaced by David B. McNeil of Essex as Brigade Major, and William D. Ross (also of Essex) as Quarter Master, while Capt. Gould was retained as Aid. At the same time Capt. Luman Wadhams of Lewis was commissioned 2nd Major of the 37th regiment, and Diadorus Holcomb Surgeon's Mate, he having been Paymaster of the regiment since Mar. 22, 1809.*

With the opening of spring Macdonough was eagerly

*Wadhams and McNeil were afterward residents of Westport. David Breakenridge McNeil had two grandfathers in the Old French War; one was Capt. Archibald McNeil of Litchfield, Conn., and the other Lieut. James Breakenridge, who accompanied Major Philip Skene to England upon the diplomatic mission which made the latter Governor of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. John McNeil, son of Archibald, married Mary, daughter of Lieut. Breakenridge and was the father of David. His daughter Anne married Ransom Noble, Colonel of the 37th. A son of Gen. Wright's aid-de-camp, John S. Gould, afterward attended school in Westport, at the old Academy, and his daughter Cornelia married Henry R. Noble of Elizabethtown, and was the mother of Charles H. Noble and of Mrs. Richard L. Hand of the same place, and of Dr. John Gould Noble of New York.

at work again upon the building and fitting of his fleet. Says Robinson: "The sap had scarcely begun to swell the forest buds when Vergennes, eight miles up stream, where the first fall bars navigation, was astir with the building of other craft for the Champlain navy. Forty days after the great oak which formed the keel of the *Saratoga* had fallen from its stump, the vessel was afloat and ready for its guns.* Several gun-boats were also built there, and early in May, their sappy timbers yet reeking with woodsy odors, the new craft dropped down the river to join the fleet at the Buttonwoods. The right bank of Otter Creek at its mouth is a rock-ribbed promontory, connected with the mainland except at high water by a narrow neck of low, alluvial soil. On the lake side of the point earth-works were thrown up, and mounted with several pieces of artillery for the defense of the entrance against an expected attempt of the enemy to destroy the American fleet."

The attempt was made, May 14, 1814, and early on a Saturday morning. We will be precise about the day and the hour, since this was the one time in all this war when actual fighting reached our waters. In the afternoon of the day before, (the 13th) there appeared

*Macdonough's fleet at the battle of Plattsburgh consisted of his flag-ship, the *Saratoga*, 26 guns; the brig *Eagle*, Capt. Henly, 20 guns; the schooner *Ticonderoga*, 17 guns, Lieut. Budd. The *Ticonderoga* was originally a small steamer, but her machinery was continually getting out of order, and so she was schooner-rigged. Then there were six galleys, the *Allen*, *Burrows*, *Borer*, *Nettle*, *Viper* and *Centipede*, each with two guns, and four galleys, the *Ludlow*, *Wilmer*, *Alwyn* and *Ballard*, with one gun each. Some of the vessels were built at Essex, and taken into the Creek to be fitted with their armaments.

off the village of Essex, as Gen. Wright says in his official report, a "British Flotilla consisting of One Brig of twenty guns, six Sloops and Schooners and ten Row-gallies." The brig was the *Linnet*, Capt. Daniel Pring. Somewhere along the Willsboro shore a small boat had been seen—perhaps some peaceful fisherman who had not been warned that a British fleet was coming, perhaps some foolhardy boy with a youthful desire to see how war-ships look near by—and one of the row-galleys was sent in pursuit of it. The small boat very prudently made all speed into the mouth of the Boquet, and succeeded in escaping up the river. The soldiers landed at a farm house on the north side of the river, near the mouth, and plundered it, then rowed away to join the fleet, which, moving slowly against a southerly wind, came to anchor for the night, about sunset, off Split Rock.

Meanwhile we may imagine the excitement in Essex, where resided, as it happened, all the members of Gen. Wright's staff, as well as the Colonel of the 37th, the militia regiment of the vicinity. Gen. Wright was 6 or 7 miles away, putting in his crops, I suppose, upon the hillside farm, but his officers acted at once. "I residing some distance from this village," he writes, "and not being promptly informed of the appearance of the enemy, Lt.-Col. Nobles anticipated my wishes by ordering out the Militia from a number of adjacent towns." So once more the alarm went through Willsboro, Lewis and Elizabethtown, and once more the men responded to the call. Another invasion, and this time

not forty miles away, but at their very doors. All that night the militia came streaming in to Essex, Gen. Wright galloping down the rocky road on one of the farm horses, perhaps, with some of the men from the Bay clattering at his heels. All the Vermont shore was up in arms as well as ours by this time, and Robinson tells how the militia officer came together this same night, when the British fleet lay off Split Rock, and were busy running bullets at Vergennes.* At Essex groups of anxious men stood upon the shore and looked off to the south where the lights of the hostile ships twinkled in the darkness. No lighthouse then stood above "the Split," but if the night was clear some shadowy outline of the ships was visible. As day began to dawn there was a stir of awakening upon the water, capstans creaked in response to words of command, the anchors of the fleet were raised, and it moved away to the south, confirming what had long since been conjectured, that the object of the invasion was an attempt upon Macdonough's fleet then fitting in Otter Creek.

*The present Mrs. James A. Allen has told me of an incident often related by her grandfather, Captain John Winans of the steamer *Vermont*, which occurred some time during this war. Fearful of an attack, he determined that his vessel should never fall into the hands of the British, and so laid a train to powder casks in the hold, and gave directions that at the word of command the train should be fired, and the *Vermont*, crew, British and all, if such should be the condition of affairs, blown out of the water together. One night a boat was seen approaching in the darkness, and the word went round for all hands to be ready, but just in the nick of time the newcomers were discovered to be of their own party, and the powder was not fired. So desperate a resource was not likely to be thought of except in a time of imminent danger, like this night when the British fleet lay off Split Rock, and all the coast was awake and alive with terror and resolution.

The works at the mouth of the Otter were defended by Capt. Thornton of the artillery and Lient. Cassin of the navy. The British sailed to within two miles of the works, and then eight of the row-galleys "and a bomb ketch" moved up and made an attack with cannon, bomb and musketry, which was repelled with much spirit, the Americans having one gun dismounted and two men slightly wounded, while the galleys suffered considerable damage, and soon drew off. All this was in full sight of Northwest Bay, and only six miles away across the water, so that if any one there had slept that night, they were awakened by the roar of cannon echoed back from the steep mountain cliff opposite the little fort, (which we now call Fort Cassin,) while all the rocky sides of the Split Rock range roared in answer. I suppose the people at the Bay listened and looked, and ran about hiding their treasures, and tried to plan what they would do if the British came into the bay and fired upon the village. There is a tradition about the family silver at Basin Harbor being buried under a rosebush in the garden—with the rosebush, or its lineal descendant, shown in confirmation,—which I have always heard referred to the time of the battle of Plattsburgh, but it is really much more likely to have happened at this time, when the noise of battle was only four miles away instead of forty.

The British turned again to the north, and the watchers upon every headland of the lake sent the swift news inland that there would be no great battle between the fleets that day. At noon the king's ships came to off

the village of Essex, and "the Commodore," says Gen. Wright, "dispatched an officer with a flag demanding the surrender of a small sloop belonging to Mr. Wm. D. Ross which had been launched two days previous, but which had fortunately been conveyed to the southward of the Fort at Otter Creek." We wonder how Capt. Pring can have known anything about this sloop, but it seems that the mast and spars had been left lying upon the beach, and naturally suggested a hull to which they might belong.* The sloop must have been hidden in Barn Rock bay, Rock Harbor or Partridge Harbor, the latter being by far the best hiding-place. The owner of the sloop, by the way, was the son of our Elizabeth, after whom Bessboro was named.

Meanwhile the militia were drawn up about a mile back from the village in a position to command every movement of the enemy. "About three o'clock" says Gen. Wright's report, "three of the Enemy's Row galleys passed up the river Boquett and landed at the falls, where after demanding the public property (which had been timely conveyed to a distance) and learning that the Militia were in force a few miles distant and

*Here is doubtless the germ of the legend still told in our town of ships hidden on North Shore, sometimes referred to the time of Arnold's battle with Carleton, and sometimes to this war. The writer has been in the habit of telling the story with no less than two frigates, full rigged, always hidden away in Partridge Harbor, the tall masts being made invisible by green branches lashed upon them. After I one day observed a "laker" lying inside the harbor, with her masts not reaching the tops of the trees on the promontory which hides the harbor from the lake, I omitted the branches as unnecessary, adding a carronade to the spar deck of one of the frigates and an interesting midgy to the crew of the other to make up for the loss. And now I am become a drudging historian, meekly accepting this one small sloop, with no masts at all, since she was just launched, in place of all that brave fiction!

were on the march to intercept their retreat, they precipitately embarked in their boats and made for the Lake. On ascertaining that the enemy were shaping their course towards the mouth of the river Lt.-Col. Nobles directed his march towards that point, and I approving of his plan of operation, I directed him to cross the wood and post his men on the bank of the River, which was done with the greatest promptness, in time to arrest the progress of the enemy's galleys, the crew of which were so disabled as to oblige them to hoist a flag of distress, when a sloop came to their assistance and towed her off." The Americans had two men slightly wounded. Their position during the fight was extremely favorable, firing upon the boats from the top of the river bank, which is high and steep near the mouth of the Boquet. The guns in the galley could not be pointed high enough to reach them, most of the cannon balls striking the bank. The report concludes: "I hope and expect that Commodore Macdonough will in the course of a few days be able to assume the command of the Lake, which will relieve the anxiety of the inhabitants residing on its borders."*

The next day Macdonough's squadron sailed out from

*It was not until this report was found among the papers of Governor Tompkins and published by the Essex County Republican in 1896, this and other documents being furnished by Henry Harmon Noble, that the details of this engagement were known to the present generation. The account given in Watson's History of Essex County, published 1869, shows the absence of such definite information as we now possess. He refers the incident to the year 1813, greatly underestimates the force of the British, and adds that they "retired after a slight skirmish with a body of Militia under General Wadhams." Mr. Watson was writing some fifty years after the event, and did not stop to reflect—possibly did not know—that Wadhams was not a General during the war of 1812, nor for a

the tranquil Otter into the Narrows and away to the north, the flock of white sails watched breathlessly from Northwest Bay and Barber's Point and from many a highland farm that commanded a view of the lake. At Basin Harbor, where officers and men had become familiar visitants, with some friendships formed which were never broken, the event was of stirring moment. All that summer Macdonough cruised upon the lake, drilling his men, strengthening his crews by the addition of salt water sailors of experience, and showing no fondness for the boatmen of the lake, as military material. I never heard of one of our boatmen as fighting on Macdonough's fleet, which seems a little curious at first. And all the summer our people saw soldiers and supplies passing down the lake toward the frontier, until in September the decisive battle was fought.

It must have been the last day of August that Gen. Izard with an army of four thousand troops came marching along the new state road southward through Pleasant Valley, ordered from Plattsburgh to the Niagara frontier. Scarcely had the tramp and the music of the ranks died away in the distance when mounted officers came riding in hot haste by the same road, and by every by-way of the whole town, with orders warning

number of years afterward, but 2nd Major in the 37th regiment of which Ransom Noble was at the time Lieut.-Col. Commandant, he, with every other man in the field that day, being under the direct command of Brigadier-General Daniel Wright. The General says in his report, "It would be invidious to distinguish particular officers and soldiers who acted in this encounter. With pleasure I can assure you that every man engaged conducted himself with the cool deliberation of a veteran."

out the militia to repel a British invasion from the north. Gen. Wright, at home on his farm on the rugged slope of the Split Rock mountains, received his division orders by the hand of a horseman, one of his own staff, from Essex, to whom they had been brought by horse or boat from Plattsburgh. We can imagine the old general standing in the road and listening to the sound of horse's hoofs coming nearer and nearer over the rough and uneven road, until the horse burst out of the forest into the clearing, and the headlong rider drops a paper into the general's hand. It was endorsed on the outside "Express. Will Major McNeil or John Gould, Aide, at Essex, see that this order is delivered immediately." Opening it, he read :

"DIVISION ORDERS, PLATTSBURGH, AUGUST 31, 1814.

Brig. Gen. Daniel Wright will assemble immediately the whole of the Militia under his command in the county of Essex and march directly to Plattsburgh to repel an invasion of the State of New York.

Companies as fast as they assemble will march to this place or to some place of rendezvous in the vicinity thereof, without waiting for others, those near the arsenal will supply themselves with arms from thence which the commissary is hereby directed to issue. Others will be furnished when they arrive here.

By order of Major Gen.

BENJAMIN MOOERS.

R. H. WALWORTH, Aid-de-Camp."

And so it had come. The fourteen thousand British troops, many of them veterans of European wars, gath-

ered upon the Canadian frontier, had actually invaded the State, while the main body of our own army was that moment marching away to the south under Izard. Gen. Wright's mind must have gone back thirty-five years to the time when he, a young fellow of twenty-one in a New Hampshire regiment, saw Burgoyne's splendid conquering army come sailing up the lake to Ticonderoga, with its banners and music and parks of artillery, the emblem of pride and confidence, driving St. Clair from his entrenchments by the sheer power of what it was able to do. He had gone with the American army in its humiliating retreat, and such things are not forgotten. But he had seen, too, the surrender at Saratoga, and neither was that forgotten. So he turned and went into the house and told the family that he had got his orders, and his wife Patience and his daughter Jerusha cried a little as they helped him into his uniform and buckled on his sword and brushed his cocked hat and filled the flask which is still cherished by a great-grand-daughter. Then he mounted his saddle-horse, which a little grandson had been sent to catch up out of the pasture, and rode away out of their sight. It is to be hoped that his son-in-law, Elias Sturtevant, felt it his duty to stay for the protection of the women and children on that lonely farm, and let his musket and powder horn hang peacefully over the fireplace, except when wolf or bear showed itself too near the door.

Gen. Wright's brigade, the 4th, in Maj. Gen. Mooers' division, consisted at this time of three regiments, the

9th, Lt.-Col. Martin Joiner, the 37th, Lt.-Col. Ransom Noble, and Major Reuben Sanford's independent or un-regimented battalion which had been set off from the 9th. In the 37th, as we have seen, were most of our militia men, in the companies of Capt. Levi Frisbie and Capt. Jesse Braman, with some in the cavalry company of Capt. John Lobdell. It is told that when Capt. Braman's company gathered at the Falls, early one morning, ready to start for Plattsburgh, he gave them all breakfast at his own expense. Maj. Wadhams was also in the 37th.

On Friday, Sept. 2nd, the first detachment marched away, for many of the men the third time they had marched to Plattsburgh. The next Tuesday came the first actual fighting, early in the morning of the 6th. Mooers had taken them across the river to meet a column of British troops which was moving upon Plattsburgh, not with the intention of giving battle, but, as he says, "to check and thwart his movements," and also, (which he does not say) glad to try the mettle of his green troops, the men who had left farms, mill and forges a few days before, carrying flint-lock muskets which had never been leveled at anything but the wild beasts that threatened the farmer's sheep. There was some sharp fighting as the militia retired to the river, and Mooers says, "Some part of the militia behaved on this occasion, as well as since, with the greatest gallantry, and were not surpassed in courage and usefulness by the regulars on that day." And he was also obliged to remark, "There was a portion of the militia that could not be rallied,

and some of these retired immediately to their homes,"—that is, ran at the first fire, and never stopped running until they reached a place which they considered safe.

The day of the Battle of Plattsburgh fell upon Sunday, Sept. 11, 1814. The day before, as it happened, was the one appointed for the regular "church and covenant meeting" (which all Baptists are accustomed to hold upon Saturdays, in preparation for the communion service the next day) at Northwest Bay, and you may read to-day upon the worn and yellowed pages of the old church book,—

"Sept. 10. Usual time for holding Church meeting, but on the account of an Alaram it was omitted." The "Alaram" was the news that the British fleet had appeared below Plattsburgh, and that a battle was imminent. The entry must have been made later, as the clerk of the church, Tillinghast Cole, is believed to have marched with his company to fight the next day. Deacon Abner Holcomb, too, who was wont to lead the meetings, was in the service more or less throughout the war, although he must have been an exempt by reason of his age.* And so at Northwest

*On the Thursday before this the members of a Congregational church at Fairfield had a similar meeting. Their minister, the Rev. Benjamin Wooster, had been a soldier in the Revolution, and a warlike spirit being discovered among his church members, a company was formed then and there, with the Rev. Benjamin as Captain. They crossed the lake, and on Sunday aided the militia under Gen. Strong in the final repulse of the British across the ford. Gov. Tompkins afterward presented the valiant volunteer captain with a large family Bible, in recognition of his peculiar services. On the morning of the battle, the Friends (or Quakers) of Grand Isle attempted to hold their regular First Day meeting, but were obliged to give it up, as the proper state of mind could not be maintained

Bay there was no quiet Sunday gathering in the little school house, but terror and suspense in every home as the sound of furious cannonading, ten times as heavy as anything heard in the week preceding, was borne distinctly up the lake, beginning between eight and nine o'clock in the morning and continuing two hours and a half. Then it all stopped, and not for days was certain news received of the issue of the fight. Hannah Hardy at the Falls used to tell her grandchildren how the women listening at home fancied sometimes that the boom of cannon was coming nearer, as though the British were approaching up the lake.

Meanwhile the men were taking part in one of the battles of history, so far as the naval battle is concerned, although the engagement upon the land scarcely rises above the importance of a skirmish. The hostile fleets met in Plattsburgh bay on a beautiful, placid September morning, with the blue lake only rippled by a gentle breeze from the south, and a few white clouds floating in a blue, sunshiny sky. Commodore Downie had his flagship, the *Confiance*, 36 guns, the *Linnet*, 16 guns, the *Chubb*, 11 guns, and the *Finch*, 11 guns, with twelve gunboats managed by sweeps. Commodore Macdonough had his flag-ship the *Saratoga*, 26 guns,

while the cannon fire between the fleets was going on outside below their very windows. The next year John Comly, a Friend preacher, came all the way from Pennsylvania to visit the Friends in this region, and wrote one day in his diary, "I had a meeting at Friends' meeting house on the west side of the Island, and nearly opposite where a bloody battle was fought on the lake, about a year ago, during meeting time. It must have been an awful shocking scene!" He also wrote, "In passing through Plattsburgh, the ravages of the battle on the lake were plainly visible."

the *Eagle*, 20 guns, the *Ticonderoga*, 17 guns, and the *Preble*, 7 guns, with ten gunboats. They fought for over two hours, and when the British had lost one-fifth of their men, Commodore Downie and a number of his officers being among the first slain, with scarcely a mast left on any vessel sound enough to raise a sail upon, the British colors struck to the stars and stripes, and a great shout of victory went up from the American sailors.*

As Downie's fleet opened fire upon Macdonough's, the British land forces under Sir George Prevost advanced to the attack of the American position. Gen. Macomb with his 1500 regulars occupied strong fortifications on the south bank of the Saranac, between the river and the lake. In the central and most important redoubt, Fort Moreau, was the 29th regiment, Col. Melancthon Smith, in which Platt R. Halstead was 2nd Lieutenant. The troops lined the parapet in double ranks awaiting the attack of the enemy, but as the British never crossed the river, the fighting was all done at long range with the artillery.

The enemy attempted the passage of the Saranac by

*Palmer quotes the remark of a British marine to the effect that the battle of Trafalgar was "but a flea bite" to the battle of Plattsburgh. When one considers that at Trafalgar forty fighting ships on one side and thirty on the other, some of them carrying more guns than did Macdonough's whole fleet, fought two by two, with guns almost mouth to mouth, the *Victory*, which carried a hundred guns, completely crippling the gigantic *Bucentaur* with one broadside in two minutes, the comparison is seen to be quite absurd. It can only be explained on the theory that the British sailor was, for some reason, not so much in the thick of the fight at Trafalgar as he was at Plattsburgh, since it is well known that one cannon ball coming directly your way is a more interesting object than a thousand which seem more likely to be met by some other fellow.

two bridges in the village and by a ford three miles up the river. The militia under Gen. Mooers, about 700 in number, were entrusted with the defense of this ford, and here was Gen. Wright with his brigade. Gen. Mooers, says in his report to the Commander in Chief, "On the morning of the 11th the action began with the fleet, the enemy at the same time opening all his batteries upon our forts. About an hour afterwards the enemy presented themselves in considerable force to effect a passage of the Saranac at a fordable place, one of my cantonment, where the Essex militia and some few detached volunteers were posted. In disputing the passage of the river a sharp contest ensued. The militia under the command of Majors Sanford and Wadhams, two excellent officers, stood their ground during a number of well-directed fires, and until the enemy had effected the passage of the river and ascended the bank, when a retreat was ordered and effected in good order before a force evidently far superior, carefully improving every good position to continue our fire upon them." They fell back to a small battery about two miles from the ford, and there made a stand, and with the help of the guns stopped the enemy's advance. At this point a man on horseback was seen galloping up, waving his hat. It was Major Walworth, one of Gen. Mooers' staff, who had been sent to the shore of the lake to watch the naval battle and report its progress. The waving hat meant "Victory!" and so the quick-witted Yankee men understood it. They pressed upon the enemy with exultant cheers, and a large body of Ver-

mont volunteers under Gen. Strong having come up they drove the British back across the river with considerable loss. That night, under cover of darkness and storm, the British retreated—"decamped very sudden and unexpected," says Mooers,—leaving their wounded and their stores behind them.*

In Gen. Mooers' report we find "Majors Reuben Sanford and Luman Wadhams mentioned above are entitled to notice for their gallantry and good conduct, as also Brigade Major David B. McNeil and Brigade Quarter Master Wm. D. Ross for their activity and attention in the line of their duties." Major Reuben Sanford lived in Wilmington and conducted a large business there. His grand-son, Henry Clay Avery, was for many years a merchant at Wadhams Mills, and his great-grand-son, Harry Avery, is now a young lawyer in New York. Majors Wadhams and McNeil afterward became residents of Westport, the former becoming prominent in the town life, and rising to the rank of General. William Daniel Ross dealt in lumber, iron and ship-building in Essex; his wife was a sister of Capt. John Gould, Aid on Gen. Wright's staff, and his brother, Henry H. Ross, (afterward Gen. Ross,) was adjutant of the 37th at the battle of Plattsburgh. The militia were disbanded immediately after the battle,

*Readers of Mrs. Catherwood's charming romance of "Lazarre" will be pleased to recall that the real Eleazar Williams, whether or no he was the rightful King of France, was certainly present at the battle of Plattsburgh and was wounded in his right side. Perhaps our Dr. Diadorus may have helped to bind up the wound. To be sure, he was more likely to be occupied with wounded militia men, but it is a poor imagination which could not contrive some succession of events which would bring them together.

since the citizen soldiers were never kept from their homes longer than was positively necessary, but many of them yielded to the temptation of staying a little longer to celebrate. Their families were no longer in danger, and the women of 1814 were quite equal to milking the cow and splitting the kindling wood, while the scene of the recent camp of the British was a fascinating spot. Tents, camp equipage, ammunition, clothing, private papers, even money had been left behind by Prevost, and spoil from this camp, rather than from the battle field, was scattered through two counties, with many a boat-load taken to Vermont. For years the militia trainings were gay with uniforms and swords from the camp of Prevost.

We can imagine the home-coming of the men, all conquering heroes in the admiring eyes of their womenfolk. All the stories I have ever heard the old people tell declare that no news of the battle was received until after several days, which would seem to argue that no deserters came home early with tales of disaster. Perhaps there were no deserters among our men, and if there were, perhaps they had the discretion to keep out of the way of the women until the other men came home. Some came back wounded, like Capt. Frisbie, who lost a leg. When the news of the victory and of his wound came to the Point, the families there had had their household goods loaded into wagons since the cannon-ading first begun, feeling themselves to be in a place peculiarly exposed in case of a descent of the British soldiery. It was necessary that some one should go to

Plattsburgh to take care of the wounded captain and bring him home, and as his wife was not able to go at the time, his sister, "the widow Barber," went and brought him home in a sailing boat.

There has been preserved a letter written upon the day of the battle by Mary, wife of Capt. Jared Pond and daughter of Platt Rogers. The Ponds were then living at Basin Harbor, Mrs. Pond being mistress of the house. A woman who could sit calmly down and write a letter in the midst of such confusion as she describes, in a house full of women and children, with the doors bolted and barred, must have had something of fortitude in her nature. She writes on Sunday afternoon.

BASIN HARBOR, Sept. 11, 1814.

Dear Husband, I sit down to address a few lines to you, (if it please God that you are still in the land of the living,) to inform you of our situation at present." She is soon interrupted, but resumes her pen again in the evening. "Sunday evening. I was called away by company coming in. There is some alarm here among women and children about an Indian that was seen yesterday in the woods near Pantou. To-day at Michael Gage's he got some bread and butter and came on this way. The neighbors have been out to look for him, but have discovered nothing more of him yet. A person just knocked at the door; I inquired who was there; was answered "Friend!" I unfastened the door and let in a young man whom I found to be Lyman Chamberlain. He tells me he saw you yesterday, and that you informed him you should not return till you

saw which way it turned." It is plain that she would like very much to have him at home again, which is not to be wondered at, and she alludes to "all our neighboring men, generally speaking, going to the army, leaves us in rather a tried situation. However I wish not to complain, and shall endeavor to bear my part with becoming patience and fortitude, with the assistance of Divine Grace. There have been a number of cannon heard to-day. We are anxious for the safety of husbands, friends and fellow countrymen. I hope the prayers of God's people are continually offered up to Him who is able to protect our army and give success to our arms in driving back our enemies to their own borders. May our Almighty Father protect and defend you, and return you in safety to be a blessing to your family. M. P. (Mary Pond.) Perhaps I shall write more before this goes.

Daybreak Tuesday morning. Since writing the above I have experienced a multiplicity of scenes. Our house and barn have been filled since Monday night with soldiers from the South. I yesterday experienced an excess of joy for a few moments on account of the victory, but was soon damped by the news of Mr. Barron's death, which also gave new cause of anxiety for your fate. Before night we received news of your being among the slain, by way of Vergennes. But the Lord is still good and gracious. I was enabled to stand the shock with a degree of fortitude, and declared in the midst of my trouble in this manner: "I do not believe it." I had so fervently commended you into

the hands of our Heavenly Father that I felt as though it could not be. It would be difficult to describe the anguish of our poor children on hearing the news. But in an hour we heard that after the action you were seen and spoken with, were well and in good spirits. This almost overpowered my poor feeble frame—so sudden a reverse! Blessed and praised forevermore be our Eternal Father, for such I feel Him to be. Do return as soon as possible. I can't express my joy and satisfaction on reflection that you have been preserved, and so far have done a duty that every true friend to their country ought to do. Our poor friend Ida Barron is with us. O how heartrending are such scenes. May the Lord support her and sanctify it to her soul. Once more I beseech the Almighty to return you in safety, but am still anxious. We heard cannonading last night, which appeared to be nearer than Plattsburgh. God only knows what will be the next news. Farewell."

"Our poor friend Ida Barron" means, I think, the wife of Joseph Barron, the pilot of Macdonough's flagship, who was killed just at the close of the action, after the enemy's flag had been struck, by a stray shot from one of the craft. He was just returning his watch to his pocket, having taken it out to determine the duration of the battle. He must have been an inmate of the house, more or less, for several years, as there are old deeds of various dates, made out there, which I have seen, signed by "Barron, Jr.," as a witness. Lt. Halstead mourned him as one of his dearest friends.*

The regulars remained at Plattsburgh until winter, large bodies of United States troops being ordered there immediately after the battle, to prevent the possibility of another land invasion. No invasion by water could be thought of since Macdonough's sweeping victory, and the commodore requested service on the sea-board under Decatur. His ships, and those he had captured, were not withdrawn to Otter Creek, but to Fiddler's Elbow, near Whitehall, where they lay for years, "never again," as Robinson says, "to be called forth to battle. There, where the unheeding keels of commerce pass to and fro above them, the once hostile hulks of ship and brig, schooner and galley, lie beneath the pulse of waves in an unbroken quietude of peace."

Although the war was really over, except for the December battle far, far away at New Orleans, the lake dwellers, thrown out of all their old habits of quiet industry by the alarms and excitement of the past two years, suffered needless terrors that winter from rumors of a great invasion from Canada, which should ravage the shores and burn Macdonough's ships as they lay frozen in the ice. Details were supplied of horses and sleighs, artillery mounted on runners, fur-clad troops with snow-shoes, and many a frightened woman sat knitting socks or mittens as fast as her fingers could fly, listening to the men as they talked of all this, and determined that if the soldiers of her household went

*One of my idle quests has been an attempt to discover a relationship between Joseph Barron, pilot of Macdonough's flag-ship, and Commodore Barron of the *Chesapeake*, the one who killed Decatur in a duel, six years after this.

forth to meet such an army, they should be clad as warmly against the bitter cold as her strength and skill could compass. But when the news came in February that the treaty of peace was signed, all alarms were over. From that time onward life presented the old problems with which men had wrestled before they were called from the daily struggle with wild nature, the forest and the soil, to fighting their fellow men. Material progress had almost entirely stopped during the war, not because the men had been employed upon military service the greater part of the time, which it would not be correct to say, but because the times had been so unsettled that men's minds had not dwelt upon their own affairs as they had been wont to do in times of peace. It is a common remark among historians of this war that the northern settlements were nearly ruined at its close. Nevertheless, the evils of neglect are soon repaired, and soon the old every day work was taken up with redoubled vigor. The tide of immigration from older settlements set in once more to these shores, and the population rapidly increased.

One lasting monument to this war is found in the names bestowed upon some of the boys who were born soon after. Dr. Diadorus Holcomb named a son Henry Harrison, and Tillinghast Cole named one Perry. Other instances are A. Macdonough Finney and Bainbridge Bishop in Elizabethtown, and Montgomery Pike Whallon and Stephen Decatur Derby in Essex—the latter addressed as “Commodore” all his life in allusion to this name.

But in no particular did the war leave its mark upon the daily life of the people so much as in the new songs which came to be sung. The only musical instruments likely to be in town at that time were violins, more or less rude, and played with toil-worn fingers. Uncle Jed Barnes, the fiddler, then lived on the corner, on the present site of the club house, and the children in the school house a little way farther to the south used to go in after school hours and beg him to sing the "Massacre of the River Raisin." It is a curious fact that the name of Jeduthun Barnes was prophetic of that gift by which he is remembered in our local history, since we read in 1 Chron., 16:42; "And with them Heman and Jeduthun with trumpets and cymbals for those that should make a sound, and with musical instruments of God." He was the uncle of the Jim Barnes of our day, and any one who now remembers hearing the latter sing "Marching through Georgia" can imagine the tuneful zeal with which "Uncle Jed" delivered these lines :

"In Michigan forest the night winds were high;
Fast drifted the snow through the bleak winter sky.
The trees, cliffs and mountains were hoary and cold,
And the waves of the Raisin congealed as they rolled."

Then there was the Star Spangled Banner, with the lines going a trifle heavily, but with plenty of breath very effective. But neither of these delighted our ancestors like the songs written about our own great battle. There was the story about the game-cock on board Macdonough's flag-ship. One of the first shots from the enemy shattered the coop and set him free,

when he flew up in the rigging and crowed with all his might. The sailors were so delighted with the omen that they cheered him, and always believed that the incident was significant of victory. There were some lines to the tune of "John Anderson, my Jo John" which allude to this :

"O Johnny Bull, my Jo John,
Behold on Lake Champlain,
With more than equal force, John.
You tried your fist again.
But the cock saw how 'twas going. John,
And cried cock-a-doodle-doo.
And Macdonough was victorious, John,
O Johnny Bull, my Joe."

Then there was "The Siege of Plattsburgh," to the tune of "Boyne Water,) first sung in a variety theatre in Albany, poor stuff enough, but no social occasion was complete without it for many years.

"Backside Albany stan' Lake Champlain.
Little pond half full o' water;
Platt-burgh dar too, close 'pon de main.
Town small, he grow bigger, do, hereafter.
On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam set he boat,
An' Massa Macdonough he sail 'em,
While Ginerall Macomb make Platt-burgh he home,
Wid de army whose courage neber fail 'em."

Another is still fondly remembered among the older people, who recall it with an enthusiasm quite out of proportion to its poetic finish. The national history is reviewed in twenty or more stanzas, two of which run like this :

"When Provost saw he'd lost his fleet
He gave out special orders
For his whole army to retreat

And leave the Yankee borders.
Thro' dreary wilds and bogs and fens
The luckless general blundered,
He fled with fifteen thousand men
From Macomb's fifteen hundred."

No instructions will be needed as to the expected pronunciation of the last word.

But the favorite of all others was a home production, called "The Noble Lads of Canada," sung to a rollicking tune of its own. The story goes that it was written by one Minor Lewis, living in Mooers, a town next the Canada line. His imagination dwelt upon the recent exciting events until one day, as he was chopping alone in the woods, the words of the song began to take shape in his mind. He found a bit of charcoal and a large chip with a smooth surface—some say the smooth top of a stump—and there wrote the words before they could escape him. I prefer the chip story to the stump story myself, because he could carry the chip home and store it away as the ancients stored away the leaves of papyrus after they were written upon. But genius like that makes no affectation of forgetting its own production, even if it has been left upon a stump in the depths of the woods, and the song was soon published by the power of many a lusty throat. It afterward found its way into print, and the sarcastic impersonation of the British which was necessary for the singer gave it just the dramatic touch which insured its success. The words suffered many variations, sometimes beginning "Come all ye Noble Englishmen," and sometimes with

lines inserted containing local hits, according to the place and the occasion.

Come all ye British heroes, I pray you lend your ears.
 Draw up your British forces, and then your volunteers,
 We're going to fight the Yankee boys by water and by
 land,
 And we never will return till we conquer, sword in
 hand,
 We're the noble lads of Canada, come to arms,
 boys, come.

Oh, now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yan-
 kee's line,
 We remember they were rebels once and conquered John
 Burgoyne,
 We'll subdue those mighty rebels and pull their dwell-
 ings down,
 And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects of the
 crown.

 We're the noble lads of Canada, etc.

Now, we've reached the Plattsburgh banks, my boys,
 and here we make a stand,
 Until we take the Yankee fleet. MacDonough doth com-
 mand;
 We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we
 took away,
 And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchored in the
 bay,

 We're the noble lads of Canada, etc.

The last verses portray the growing dismay of the
 British, and the chorus changes to a dismal refrain,

We've got too far from Canada, run for life, boys, run!"

—sure to delight the audience who had been looking
 forward to this climax from the first.

Considerable interest attaches to the question, What
 did the soldiers of the war of 1812 wear? Theoretically,
 the militia were supposed to wear the uniform prescribed

for regular troops. As a matter of fact, the militia wore everything, from their own homespun to uniforms of British soldiers which had been picked up upon battle fields. There was a regulation that every company should have at least a certain number, (thirty,) I believe,) of uniformed soldiers when they appeared upon parade, under penalty of disbandment, and of course the natural wish of the male bird for fine feathers operated strongly in support of this regulation. Regularly equipped, the soldiers in a Light Infantry Corps, according to the militia law of 1809, appeared in "dark blue coats with white linings, scarlet facings, collars and cuffs, and white underclothes, (trousers,) and the buttons of the uniform shall be either of white yellow metal." In 1814 there was a movement toward economy in dress, experience having doubtless proved its expediency. An appeal for raising a new volunteer company says :

"A cheap, neat and becoming uniform is fixed upon, calculated rather to give a soldierly appearance than to attract and please the eye of childhood—It is simply as follows :

"A blue broadcloth roundabout, narrow rolling collar, single-breasted, buttoned in front with bell buttons, a row each side extending to the top of the shoulder, with one on each side the collar. Beaver of a straight crown, about nine inches high, helmet front, diminishing gradually toward the back, leaving there only half an inch brim ; a waving red plume, the staff of which supported by a stripe of broad gold lace, run-

ning from the base or rim of the hat, and forming a cockade near the top, with a narrow band of lace. Cartouch box covered with red morocco, secured round the waist by a belt of the same, to which the bayonet scabbard will be affixed. Yellow nankeen pantaloons, black handkerchief, boots, together with a musket, complete the dress and equipment."

The Artillery wore "long dark blue coats, with scarlet linings, facings, collars and cuffs;" some companies had "dark blue pantaloons, white vests, black gaiters or half boots, and round or cocked hats, as may be determined by the officers." Another company we find with "yellow buttons, white underclothes, and cocked hats with the cockade of the Army of the United States." There were Rifle Companies wearing "green frocks and pantaloons with yellow fringe, black gaiters, round black hats ornamented with yellow buttons, black loops and short green feathers."

Governor Tompkins, writing in 1810 a letter which enclosed a commission as Lieutenant Colonel, says:

"The uniform of the station is a blue coat with buff facings, collar and cuffs, Yellow Epaulettes, buff under clothes, Cocked hat, or Chapeau bias with a Cockade ornamented by a Golden Eagle in the center and such additional mounting as pleases you. Myself and Aids, to distinguish ourselves from the inferior General Officers and their staff, mount no feathers. The sword, belt, sash, spurs and boots are left to the taste of each aid who also puts embroidery or lace on his coat or not at his pleasure."

The cavalry color was green, like the rifle companies, though with many distinguishing details. An order of Sept. 3, 1805, for the formation of a troop of horse in New York city :

"The uniform of the Cavalry being left by Law to be fixed by the Commander in Chief, he directs that it consist for the Regimental Field and Staff and Troop Officers, of a short Green Coat, faced with black Velvet collars, cuffs and wings on the shoulders of the same, light buttons on the Lappelle, two on each side of the collar, three on the sleeve, and three on the skirt. The buttons to be small, yellow and of a conical form, the button-holes and along the edges of the Coat (the bottom excepted) to be trimmed with gold lace or yellow silk binding, the buttons and Epaulettes of the like colour, with buff Vest, buckskin Breeches and long black top't boots."

Examples of all these different uniforms might sometimes be seen in a militia regiment upon training days and musters. After the war these trainings, made a grand holiday for the entire population, became more important and more punctiliously attended than ever before, and the next generation grew up well versed in military tactics, at least as presented by the militia officers of a country town. Many an old sword and uniform which has been preserved as a relic of the war of 1812 dates no farther back than the militia trainings of the years succeeding the war. East of the Black river the regular places for military exercise were at Barber's Point and North-west

Bay. Men no more than fifty years old can now remember the trainings in the village, sometimes on the flat just below the Carpenter house, sometimes in the public square in front of Person's Hotel. The natural desire to wash the dust out of one's throat after the execution of arduous maneuvers on a warm spring day, together with the spirit of conviviality sure to be awakened at the sight of old comrades, led to habits of indulgence which sometimes turned the whole occasion into a farce, and partly on this account, and partly because Uncle Sam has come to depend upon volunteers for the fighting of his battles the observance of the day fell into disrepute, and has been long a thing of the past.

List of Westport Men in Active Service During the War of 1812.

Gen. Daniel Wright, Brigadier-General of the 40th Brigade of Militia. He fought at Bunker Hill, served eight months under Col. John Stark and a year under Col. Samuel Reed, then in June of 1777 was sent to Ticonderoga, with his regiment, to await the attack of Burgoyne. When St. Clair evacuated Ticonderoga he went with the retreating army, fought at Saratoga, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne. After coming into Essex county he was made 2nd Major, March 24, 1802, 1st Major in 1806 and Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant in 1807. Then February 11th, 1811, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, which rank he held until he resigned from the service March 22, 1816, at the age of sixty.

Gen. Luman Wadhams. Was commissioned Captain Feb. 11th, 1811, and 2nd Major March 2nd, 1814. After the war he was promoted Colonel of the 37th regiment of Militia, March 21st, 1821, was made Brigadier-General of the 40th Brigade, following Gen. Ransom Noble, who had followed Gen. Daniel Wright. He moved from Lewis into Westport in 1822.

Major David B. McNeil. Commissioned Adjutant of the 37th regiment Feb. 11th, 1811. On March 2nd, 1814, he was commissioned Brigade Major and Inspector upon General Wright's staff. He moved from Essex to Westport in 1822, remaining six years.

Captain Asa Aikens, more commonly known as Judge Aikens. He entered West Point Nov. 30th, 1807, and was commissioned Captain in the 31st regiment, U. S. A. April 30th, 1813. His regiment was recruited in Vermont, and commanded by Col. Daniel Dana. He moved from Windsor, Vt., to Westport in 1843.

Sergeant William Guy Hunter. Enlisted July 30th, 1814, at Windsor, Vt., at the age of nineteen. He was a Sergeant in Capt. Ira Williams' company, the 26th New York Infantry. After the war was over he went to the Military Academy at West Point, where he remained three years. Moved from Windsor, Vt., to Westport in 1838.

Lieutenant Platt Rogers Halstead. Commissioned 3rd Lieutenant in 29th Infantry, U. S. A., April 30th, 1813; promoted 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 20th, 1814, and honorably discharged June 15, 1815, upon the reduction of the army to a peace establishment. The Col-

onel of the 29th Infantry, (mainly a Dutchess county regiment,) was Col. Melancthon Smith of Plattsburgh, son of Judge Melancthon Smith of Poughkeepsie.

The three men last named, Captain Aikens, Lieutenant Halstead and Sergeant Hunter, were the only officers of the regular army (in distinction from the militia) who lived in Westport.

As for the organization of the militia, we find by referring to the Military Minutes of the Council of Appointment of the State of New York that as early as April 2, 1796, a new company was formed "of the militia at Pleasant Vale and Bettsborough," of which Elijah Bishop was made Captain and Elijah Newell Lieutenant. Bishop was afterward a Major, and Elijah Newell became later a Captain in the 37th. Then in 1798 a new regiment was formed of Clinton County militia (then including Essex County) to be commanded by Lt. Col. Daniel Ross, in which Charles Hatch was made Paymaster. Further search in these voluminous Council Minutes reveals these names and titles of men belonging to our town.

Major Hezekiah Barber. He was a Captain in 1800, 2nd Major in 1806, and first Major in Daniel Wright's regiment in 1808. Dying in 1810, he did not live to see the war.

The Lobdells seem to have been a warlike race. Sylvanus Lobdell was a Quartermaster in 1802. When the first artillery company in the county was formed, July 3, 1804, Boughton Lobdell was made 2nd Lieut. In 1808 we find John Lobdell cornet in the cavalry

troop of Theodorus Ross, in 1811 1st Lt., in 1812 Captain and in 1817 resigned. Jacob Lobdell was a Captain of riflemen in 1819.

We find also mentioned : Capt. Nathaniel Hinkley, Lt. Thomas Hinkley, Capt. Joel Finney, Capt. Elijah Storrs, Capt. George Andrews and Lt. Samuel W. Felt.

Captain Levi Frisbie was the most seriously wounded of any of our men in the battle of Plattsburgh, losing one leg. There is a reference to him in a letter from General Mooers to General Wright as follows:

“Capt. Frisbee, by whom I had this, has called on me. I have signed the certificate to which your name is attached, or rather made a certificate on the back of that, yet his name ought to be annexed to your return of the disabled and wounded, which return I wish to have, with those of the killed, as soon as you can conveniently obtain them. I expect soon to set out for Albany, and wish to take them with me.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Benj. Mooers.

Plattsburgh, 28 July, 1815.

To Brig. Gen. Daniel Wright, Elizabethtown.”

Capt. Jesse Braman gave his whole company breakfast at Braman's Mills on the morning when they started for the scene of the battle of Plattsburgh.

Two Ensigns of the 37th are mentioned, John Greeley, Jr., and Vine T. Bingham. Ensign Greeley was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Plattsburgh.

His father fought at Bunker Hill. John H. Low was an Ensign in 1821.

Ensign Jason Dunster was in the service in New Hampshire, being stationed at Portsmouth. He came to Westport in 1821.

Lieut. Nathan DeLano of Ticonderoga, 2nd lieutenant in Capt. Mackenzie's cavalry company, seems to have come to Westport with his son, Joseph R. DeLano, and was buried in this town.

Diadorus Holcomb was Paymaster of the 37th in 1809, was made Surgeon's Mate March 2, 1814, and as such did good service at the battle of Plattsburg, being afterward promoted Surgeon.

In 1821 the Rev. Cyrus Comstock was appointed Chaplain of the 37th.

Privates.

It must be remembered that, theoretically, every man in the township, over the age of eighteen and under that of forty-five, belonged to the militia by no choice of his own, and was liable to military duty at any moment upon the requisition of his superior officer. He did not enlist, and he did not volunteer; he was a soldier because he was a citizen. Nevertheless, the quotas required of the several military districts would be naturally filled by the men most willing to serve, and this made it virtually a volunteer service. There are many classes of exempts, such as Government officers,

clergymen, ferrymen, postmasters, mail carriers, inn keepers, etc., as well as all those physically incapable.

My sources of information have been these: 1st, the list of soldiers' graves decorated every Memorial Day by the S. C. Dwyer Post of the G. A. R., furnished me by the kindness of Mr. Edward Osborne. 2nd, notes made by Mr. Henry Harmon Noble from the war records at Albany, freely given me so far as I was able to make use of them. 3rd, Military Minutes of the Council of Appointment of the State of New York, 1783-1821.

I am sorry not to have been able to spend the time to make out a complete list of names for each cemetery for use upon Decoration Day, but this would now require many hours' work in visiting the most remote parts of the town, and I will give the names as I find them upon my notes.

Isaac Alden, Samuel Anderson, Jeduthan Barnes Joshua Bennett, Ephraim Bull, Joseph Call, Tillinghast Cole, Seymour Curtis, John Daniels, Joshua Daniels, Archibald Dunton, Elijah Dunton, David Clark and Darius Ferris, (in the Vermont militia,) Asa Farnsworth, Gideon Hammond, Joseph M. Havens, Ira Henderson, (wounded at the battle of Plattsburgh,) Johnson Hill, Abner Holcomb, Amos Holcomb, Asa Kinney, Waite B. Lawrence, Erastus Loveland, Wilson Low, Platt Rogers Sheldon, Ebenezer Sherman, William Viall.

Buried at Wadhams, besides Gen. Wadhams, Capt. Braman and Ensign Dunster, are Benjamin Hardy, Joel

French, Salmon Cooper, Thomas Hadley, and John Whitney.

In a list of invalid pensioners we find, besides the names of Daniel Wright, Levi Frisbie and John Greeley, these names: John Viall, Eldad Kellogg, David and Samuel Pangborn and Ebenezer Newell, who was a fifer. Among the men from Clinton county are Levi Stockwell, Samuel Cook and John A. Ferris, which are certainly Westport names and probably those of men who afterward moved into town. In this pension list I find Westport surnames, like Allen, Barnes, Goodspeed, Johnson, Nichols, Smith and Snow, which may indicate citizens of our town, but which I hesitate to claim because I know nothing about them.

Humphrey Sherman, (ancestor of all the Shermans now living in Westport,) served on the Niagara frontier, a private in Capt. Trowbridge's company, Lt. Col. Henry Bloom's 1st regiment, Enlisted at Hector, Seneca Co., Sept. 7, 1813, discharged at Fort Niagara Dec. 17, 1813. He afterward moved to Essex, and then to Westport. He was a brother of Nathan Sherman, who settled in Moriah and was the ancestor of the Sherman family connected with the iron mines there.

As for the number of men whom we sent into the field during this war, I do not suppose that we had at that time one hundred and fifty men subject to militia duty. I have given the names of fifty and I doubt if there were many more who actually marched under military orders, aside from the drills of the training days.

Ira Henderson and Samuel Anderson were both commonly addressed as "Captain," but this does not seem to have been in either case a military title, but rather one used in recognition of the command of sailing vessels on the lake. Similarly, the tombstone upon which is cut "Capt. Jacob Halstead" must not be taken as evidence of military rank, since Jacob Halstead was born in 1800, and therefore only a boy of twelve when war was declared, but he afterward owned and sailed the schooner *Troy*.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

There are but few graves of men who fought in the War of Independence to be found in Westport, from the fact that settlement of this northern region did not begin until most of the Revolutionary soldiers were too old and too tired with their strenuous lives to join the army of the pioneers. Many of the first land-owners, like Platt Rogers,* Gen. Woolsey and the Platts, had served in the Continental Line, but they neither lived nor died here. Our most distinguished soldier, of the Revolution as well as of the second war with Great Britain, was Gen. Daniel Wright whose military record has already been given.

*Platt Rogers served in two Dutchess County regiments, Col. Brinckerhoff's and Col. Hopkins, and in both regiments was in Capt. Brinckerhoff's company. He had a nephew, Ananias Rogers Sackett, (son of his sister Mary, who married Nathaniel Sackett, member of the Council of Safety,) who was also in Col. Brinckerhoff's regiment, Capt. Van Wyck's company. Platt Rogers was often given the title of Captain in our local records, but his right to that rank I cannot prove. By the way, there is no known relationship between Robert Rogers the Ranger of the old French war, and Platt Rogers the Road-maker of Northern New York. Rogers pond and Rogers brook in Schroon are named after the Road-maker, from his survey of the road patent along the west shore of Schroon lake.

John Greeley, born 1759, died 1852, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill as a boy of sixteen. He came into Westport from Brookfield in 1828.

Ebenezer Durfee's tombstone declares him to have been "a soldier of the Revolution."

Samuel Pangborn died in this town in 1843, and the notice of his death in the *Essex County Times* declares that he was aged 86 years, and had been a soldier of the Revolution, fighting at Brandywine and Yorktown. In the list of pensioners after the war of 1812 we find the names of both Samuel and David Pangborn. This family seems to have been here very early, as one Joseph Pangburn was made pathmaster at the first town meeting, in 1798.

John Whitney served in the Revolution.

It is very likely that many of our early settlers who were old enough, like Enos Loveland and John Halstead, may have fought the battles of their country before their emigration, but in the absence of definite family record, it is a long and toilsome task to settle the question by research.

Quoth the cedar to the reeds and rushes,
 "Water-grass, you know not what I do;
Know not of my storms, nor of my hushes,
 And—I know not you."
Quoth the reeds and rushes, "Wind! O waken!
 Breath, O wind, and set our answer free!
For we have no voice, of you forsaken,
 For the cedar-tree."

Quoth the hero, dying, whelmed in glory,
 "Many blame me, few have understood;
Ah, my folk, to you I leave a story,—
 Make its meaning good."
Quoth the folk, "Sing, poet! teach us, prove us;
 Surely we shall learn the meaning then;
Wound us with a pain divine, O move us,
 For this man of men."
 —JEAN INGELow's "WINSTANLEY."

Quoth our dead-and-buried forebears, lying
 Deep in ancient acres of the town,
"Look, the tombstones that our children gave us
 Grudge us our renown.
Go, and when ye find a heart reflective,
 Where the thrill of kinship shall not fail,
Of the lives we lived within your borders,
 Tell the homely tale."

C. H. R.

VIII.

1815 to Civil War.

After the war the town settled back into its old life, the same, and yet not the same. Men's pulses had been quickened by a call to action which had wider reaching consequences than the daily life of the farmer and wood chopper. They felt themselves of the more importance since they had been called on to fight battles of the nation, and their acquaintance with the older civilization of the seaboard had increased marvelously. The frontier life, "at once more romantic and more sordid than on the civilized seaboard," as Fiske says of a similar condition, had become in many ways less sordid and perhaps less romantic. After the war the men on this western shore of the lake felt themselves for the first time citizens of the state of New York. A large portion of the men who fought in the war were born in New England, and could but feel themselves emigrants not long from home, with memories and sympathies reaching backward to the old homes which seemed so much nearer than New York or even Albany. Now, with the growth of the Republican, or Anti-Federalist, party as the predominant political sentiment of the town, the last link that bound them to Federalist New England was snapped. Along the Hudson river, from the days of the first Dutch comers, New England had been considered a foreign country and its people aliens, but in the Champlain Valley it had been otherwise. Here, and especially in

Elizabethtown and Westport, (which had not the proportion of Dutchess county immigrants found farther to the northward,) New England was the beloved mother country which was out-grown rather than cast off, as the development of the town progressed.

Immigration increased after the war, probably in nearly equal proportions from the east and south. The necessary facilitation of land and water ways for the transportation of men and military stores from the south had made travel from that direction less difficult. Albany was nearer after the war than it had been before it. Commerce had been helped and not hindered by the necessities of the war, and by the smuggling which reached its height just before. The industry of boat-building had increased immensely, and it is said that many of the first wharves were built at this time. In regard to Westport this has been impossible to verify, and it can only be said that the conjecture that Charles Hatch built our first wharf, at the foot of Washington street, during the war, is exceedingly plausible.

Colonial dress and customs still prevailed. The spinning wheel and loom were in every household, and homespun was the universal wear. There were more log cabins than frame houses in town, and the center of every home was the great chimney with its fire-places. Stoves were almost unheard of, and all the cooking was done over an open fire or in a brick oven. Matches were not yet invented, and if you were so careless as to let the fire die out, you must light

it again with flint and tinder, or send one of the children to the nearest neighbor with a close covered iron kettle in which to bring home some coals. The only lights were tallow candles, letters were folded and sealed without envelopes, pins were just beginning to be manufactured, and there were more foreign coins in circulation than United States money, but not much of either, as all exchanges of value were made by the medium of barter. The difference between a "York shilling" and a "Vermont shilling" was of vital importance to remember, as the former was twelve and one-half cents, and the latter but nine-pence, and accounts were still kept in pounds, shillings and pence.

In regard to the means of communication, early Westport was like early colonial Virginia,—all journeys were made on horseback or by water. If General Wright had occasion to go to Plattsburgh, either he called the horse out of the pasture, saddled and mounted and rode away, or he went down to the lake shore at Northwest Bay or at Essex and found some sailing craft which would take him thither. Lake travel was easier than land travel and more full of interest. Those were the days of the great rafts sent into Canada. As Robinson says: "The great pines, that fifty years before had been reserved for the masting of his Majesty's navy, were felled now by hardy yeomen who owed allegiance to no earthly king, and, gathered into enormous rafts, voyaged slowly down the lake, impelled by sail and sweep. They bore as their burden barrels of potash that had been condensed from the ashes,

of their slain brethren." Bales of furs went often, too, and when the raftsmen came back on sloop or schooner from St. John's they brought salt and manufactured goods, often of European make.

These facts give us an outline of the town in 1815, when the division was made between the present towns of Elizabethtown and Westport. That it was necessary to divide the town shows a large increase of population, with the corresponding rise of the civic spirit. The obvious boundary line was the Black river in a part of its course, with the mountainous area, which stretched through the southern part of the town divided by a north-and-south line drawn from the river to the town line. The Hon. Charles Hatch was on the committee of division, and the matter was soon settled. That the settlement at North-west Bay had already become the commercial centre would appear from the name adopted. The legal change was made March 24, 1815, and the first town meeting of the new town was held "on the first Tuesday in April," at the house of Charles Hatch, which stood on the site of the large brick house so long owned by F. H. Page, and now by D. F. Payne. Hatch's house was at that time used as an inn.

The proceedings of the town meeting were entered by the clerk in a large, leather bound book, bright and new, with "Westport Town Records" stamped on the back in neat gold letters. It was "made and sold (with the old fashioned long "s") at the "Troy Bookstore, Sign of the Bible." Now the glaze is worn from the

leather, the gold letters are tarnished, one cover is loose, and the old book no longer represents a future, but an ever-receding past. It was in use until 1870, when a new book was bought, not because the old one was full, but because the old-fashioned paper, made with a surface adapted to the use of quill pens, was very difficult to write upon with a steel pen. The most perilous period during the life of the old town book was at the time of the great fire of 1876, when the building containing the town clerk's office, (the corner store,) was burned. As the town has never provided a safe or an iron box for the keeping of town records, it was only a chance that this book was saved. Perhaps the next fire may not spare it.

This is the first entry in the old book, written in a careful, plain, old-fashioned hand, with ink which is faded but not illegible.

Westport Town Records.

The first Town Meeting in the Town of Westport, County of Essex and State of New York, is opened at the house of Charles Hatch in said Town, on the first Tuesday in April; agreeable to a Law of the Legislature passed 1815.

1. Voted Enos Loveland Supervisor.
2. Bouton Lobdell. Town Clerk.
3. John Lobdell, Gideon Hammond, Diadorus Holcomb, Assessors.
4. Levi Frisby, Collector. (This office he held until 1828.)
5. Joseph Stacy, Charles Hatch, Overseers of the Poor.
6. Jesse Brayman, Gideon Hammond, Crosby McKinzey, Commissioners of Highways.
7. Charles Hatch, Bouton Lobdell, Diadorus Holcomb, Commissioners of Schools.

8. Uriah Palmer, Samuel Cook, Junr., John Lobdell, Inspectors of Schools.

9. Amos Smith, Jeduthan Barnes, Levi Alexander, Constables.

10. Elijah Angier, Daniel Wright, Silvanus Kingsley, William Denton, Charles Hatch, Nathaniel Hinkley, James Coll, Uriah Palmer, Fence Viewers.

11. Elijah Angier, William Storrs, Charles Hatch, Elijah Denton, Poundmasters.

12. Ralph Walton, Elijah Dunton, John Ferris, Junr., Caleb P. Cole, Thomas Emmons, Jesse Hardey, Samuel Denton, Warren Harper, John Daniels, 3rd, William Storrs, William Denton, Elijah Storrs, Joseph Stacy, Harvey Sumner, Overseers of Highways.

13. To Raise Double the sum allowed by the State for the Support of Common Schools.

14. To Raise ten Dollars to Purchase Town Books.

15. To Raise twenty Dollars for the Support of the Poor.

16. Horred Cattle Commoners from the first of April till the first of November no Longer.

17. The owner of a Ram Shall pay five Dollars that lets him Run at large from the first of September to the fifteenth of November.

18. The Town Meeting adjourned to the house of Bouton Lobdell, the first Tuesday of April 1816.

Division of Highway Districts in the Town of Westport for the year 1815.

No. 1. Beginning at the South Line of the Town on the Lake Road thence North to the north bank of Mullins Brook. (Ralph Walton, overseer.)

2. North to south end of the first Bridge North of Coll's Mills, including the Road west to Asa A. Andrews as far as the Shearman Brook. (Elijah Dunton.)

3. Beginning at the south end of the first Bridge North of Coll's Mills thence North to the South Line of Holcomb's farm Including both Roads to widow Barber's ferry. (John Ferris, Jr.)

4. Beginning at the south line of Holcomb's farm thence North to the two mile mark Between N. W. Bay and Coats' Mill Including the Road to Essex to the east. (Caleb P. Cole.)

5. Line of the Ferris lot Including the Road to the

east line of Silvanus Kingsley's oald field. (Thomas Emmons.)

6. Beginning at the East line of the Ferris Lot, thence North to the town line, Including both Roads to Rock harbor and the Road by Obediah Vaughan's place to the road that Leads from Coats Mill to N. W. Bay. (Jesse Hardy.)

7. Beginning at the two Mile mark between N. W. Bay and Coats Mills, thence North to the Town line, Including the road from Brayman's east to the Town line. (Samuel Denton.)

8. Beginning at the West end of the Bridge at Coats Mill, thence west to East line of Joel Finney's farm. (Warren Harper.)

9. Beginning at the east line of Silvanus Kingsley farm, thence westerly on the New Court House Road to the west line of the same, including the Road from Sam'l Storrs farm, thence north to Jonas Morgan's Barn, Including the Road from Joel Finney's east line to New Court House Road. (John Daniels, 3rd.)

10. Beginning at the Town line near Morgan's New Forge, thence East to the Road leading from Coats' Mill to Joel Finney's. (William Storrs.)

11. Beginning at the town line near Abraham Slaughters, thence easterly by J. Storrs till it Intersects the Court House Road near Silvanus Kingsley Including the road to Eldad Kellogg's. (William Denton.)

12. Beginning at the town line near Southwell's Forge, thence east to the Bridge west of Halstead's field, Including the road by Aaron Bingham's. (Elijah Storrs.)

13. Beginning at the Southwell road near Abner Slaughter's, thence south to the south line of the Low farm, Including the road by Hammond's to the aforesaid Southwell road. (Joseph Stacy.)

14. Beginning at the Southwell road near Esq. Loveland's, thence easterly by John Nicholds and Stacys till it intersects the lake road near Elijah Dunton's. (Harvey Sumner.)

15. Beginning at the Crotch of the Road Between Sharman's and Mullins Brook, thence Northerly by George H. Andrews until it Intersects the Road by Joseph Stacys, Including the road from Howard's east to the Sharman Brook including the road to Danl. M'Conley.

Signed John Lobdell and Gideon Hammond,
Commissioners of Highways.

Then there are alterations of old roads and survey bills of new ones, with the surveyors' directions, too tedious to recount, signed by Samuel Cook, Jr., and by Ithar Judd as surveyors.

Enos Loveland was already supervisor of the undivided town of Elizabethtown at the time of the division. He had been supervisor in 1809, 1810 and 1811. Then for two years Azel Abel filled the office, and in 1814 Enos Loveland was again elected. Bouton Lobdell was Sheriff of the county in 1815 as well as our town clerk. He and his brother John were doubtless sons of Sylvanus Lobdell, first clerk of the town of Elizabethtown.

"The new court house road" was the present stage road from Westport to Elizabethtown. It would seem that up to this time the regular route to Pleasant Valley from the Bay was by way of Meigsville. Early roads followed high ground, avoiding marshes and swamps, and it took a great deal of corduroy to make the present road passable. Since Enos Loveland lived on the most travelled road to the county court house from the Bay, his house was much more accessible for the transaction of town business than would appear at first thought.

"The road from Howard's" was a part of the back road. The allusion is not, I think, to the present family of Howards, who came in somewhat later from Vermont, but to a "Deacon Howard" who came from the south by way of Pleasant Valley. July 12, 1817, "Deacon Howard and wife" presented a letter to the Baptist

church which was accepted. Nov. 12, 1817, the death of Bro. Kendrick Howard is recorded in the church book. On Nov. 13, 1819, a letter from the church "at Jamaica," (probably on Long Island,) was presented by "Sister Phila Howard." Deacon Howard was often mentioned after this in the church transactions, until February of 1822 letters of dismissal were given "Deacon Howard and wife and sister Phila Howard," indicating that it was their purpose to move away. A son of this Deacon Howard, Leland Howard, received the degree of A. M. from Middlebury College in 1828, and became a Baptist minister, preaching in Troy and in Rutland. James Howard, son of Leland, was at one time Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut.

This year and the next the Angiers came in from New Hampshire, and settled in the northern part of the town, near the Essex line, in the vicinity of "Angier Hill." There were three brothers, Calvin, Elijah and Luther, grandsons of Silas Angier, a Revolutionary soldier.*

*Calvin Angier's first wife was Betsy Chandler, of Fitzwilliam, N. H. She had one child, Eliza, who afterward married Sylvester Young. The second wife was Polly Denison, from Walpole, N. H. Her children were.

1. Nancy Loraine, married a Hammond and lived in Ticonderoga.
2. William Denison, married Amy Reynolds.
3. Mary Ann, married Lorenzo Gibbs.
4. Merlin Ward, married Jane Gibbs.

Elijah Angier was thrice married. His first wife was Orilla Chandler, and her children were Calvin, Lucy and Levi. His second wife was Orissa Chandler, presumably the sister of Orilla, and she had no children. His third wife, whom he married after coming to Westport, was Narcissa Loveland, daughter of Enos, and her children were Orilla, Charles, Perrin, Persis and Salinda. Mary Jane and Anson died in infancy.

The wife of Luther Angier was Sarah Huntly, and their children were Emily Luther, Aaron, George, Margaret and Allen.

1816.

Town Meeting opened agreeable to adjournment at the house of Bouton Lobdell on the first Tuesday in April, 1816.

1. Voted Charles Hatch Supervisor.
2. Bouton Lobdell, Town Clerk.
3. John Lobdell Joseph Stacy, Jesse Braman, Assessors.
4. Levi Frisbie, Collector.
5. Joseph Stacey, Enos Loveland, Poor Masters.
6. John Lobdell, Gideon Hammond, Joseph Stacey. Coms. of Highways.
7. Charles Hatch, Samuel Cook, Jr., Bouton Lobdell, Com. of Common Schools.
8. Levi Frisbie, Amos Smith, Timothy Sheldon, Constables.
9. Timothy Sheldon, Asa A. Andrews, John Lobdell, Enos Loveland, Jesse Braman, John Weston, Inspectors of Common Schools.
10. Timothy Sheldon, Elijah Dunton, Caleb P. Cole, Joseph Stacey, Joel Finney, Daniel Wright, John Weston, Enos Loveland, Fence Viewers and Pound Masters.
11. Amos Pangborn, Thomas Dunton, George B. Reynolds, Thomas Emmons, Daniel Wright, Jesse Braman, John Harper, Joel Finney, John Lewis, Samuel Storrs, Enos Loveland, John Stringham, John Nicholds, Asa A. Andrews, Overseers of Highways.
12. To raise double the sum allowed by the State for the support of Common Schools.
13. To raise twenty Dollars for the Support of the Poor.
14. Town Meeting adjourned to the house of Bouton Lobdell on the first Tuesday in April, 1817.

Survey of the road from the house of Almon Phillips in the town of Essex to the upper falls in the town of Ticonderoga, according to an act of the Legislature passed in the session of 1814.

The points mentioned are Thompson's house, Northwest Bay, Dunton's, Deacon Uriah Palmer's, and "opposite Stone's house." Surveyed by Jonathan Wallis, Jr., 1814. Signed by Charles Hatch, Levi Thompson, Ransom Noble. Commissioners. Recorded March 20, 1817.

I am not sure where the house of Bouton Lobdell, in which the second town meeting was held, stood in 1816.

I have been told that he built the house in the north part of the village, at the top of the "McIntyre hill," now owned by Dr. Morse of Boston, but it is doubtful if this house was built as early as 1816.

The summer which followed this town meeting was known as "the cold summer," or "eighteen hundred and starved to death," when it is said that snow fell during every month of the year. Some accounts modify this by excepting August. It is certain that it was a season phenomenally cold and dry, with an almost universal failure of crops. It was felt through all New England, as town histories of that section attest. Almost every family has legends to relate of the experiences of that year. In my own family we tell the story of my grandmother, then a little girl seven years old, being sent out into the garden to pick green currants in the snow, because a snow storm had fallen after the currants were formed, and it was plain that there was no use waiting for the fruit to ripen.

In this year the Red Bird line of stages, running from New York to Montreal, was established by Peter Comstock, and marks a great advance in the means of travel. State aid in the maintenance of the principal roads followed, and Westport took another step nearer the seaboard.

Not until March 23 of 1816 did the Baptist church, by a vote of its members, change its name from "Northwest Bay Church" to "First Baptist Church of Westport." And at almost the same time another church was formed in the town. It began as the Bap-

tist church had begun, as a necessity for the spiritual life of settlers from older communities who had brought their religion with them when they came.

Since 1796 this region had formed part of a Methodist circuit, with a few heroic preachers who threaded the wilderness in search of souls, and it is quite likely that Westport had been visited by some of them before this, but we have no record before the spring of 1816, when Moses Amadon was sent to preach in the southern part of the town. Here the most stirring and prominent Methodist was Capt. Levi Frisbie, not at all the kind of man to hide his light under a bushel, whether the business on hand was fighting or praying. When the first class was organized he was its leader, and there were but four other members. One was his wife, Sally, another was Amy Hatch, wife of Charles Hatch, and there were also Clara Low and Lydia Duntton. Soon after were added John Low, Mrs. Goodspeed, John Ferris and Patience his wife, Mrs. Widow Martin, Lucy Loveland, wife of Erastus, and Betsey Farnsworth, daughter of Charles and Amy Hatch. Most of these people lived south of the village, except Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Loveland, who lived at Northwest Bay. Preaching was in the school house on the lake road, in the district which we now call "Graeffe's," and sometimes at the Bay, as we find the next year that the Baptists gave up the use of the school-house there to their Methodist brethren "one-eighth of the time," which is supposed to mean that the Methodists expected the circuit rider only once in two months. The social

meetings were held at the house of Captain Frisbie, a log house standing where the stone house now stands which his son Levi so long occupied, at Fisher's Mill on Mullein brook, and at Low's, which was near the place where Henry Sheldon now lives. The early quarterly meetings to which people came from all parts of the Ticonderoga Circuit, (which "embraced all the country south of the top of the mountains between the Ausable river and Willsborough to Lake George,") were held in Captain Frisbie's barn, and afterward in the grove in the village just north of the Sherwood cottage.

We know that in September of 1816 Captain Amos A. Durfey was on board his sloop *Champlain*, as Samuel Cook had afterward occasion to make affidavit (in a case where it necessary to prove an alibi) that he went with him to Whitehall. The famous lake pilot, Phineas Durfey, belonged to this family of Westport Durfeys, and they all had a natural love for the water.

1817.

Town Meeting opened agreeable to adjournment in the house of Bouton Lobdell in said town on the first Tuesday in April, 1817.

1. Voted John Lobdell, Supervisor.
2. Bouton Lobdell, Town Clerk.
3. Gideon Hammond, Timothy Shelden, Enos Loveland, Assessors.
4. Gideon Hammond, Timothy Shelden, Jesse Braman, Com. of Highways.
5. Levi Frisbie, Collector.
6. Enos Loveland, Joseph Stacey, Poormasters.
7. Bouton Lobdell, Samuel Cook, Jr., Diodoras Holcomb, Commissioners of Common Schools.

8. Levi Frisbie, Warren Harper, Charles Fisher, Charles B. Hatch, Constables.

9. Jesse Braman, Daniel Wright, Caleb P. Cole, Samuel Cook, Jr., Timothy Shelden, George H. Andrews, John Lobdell, Samuel Storrs, Fence Viewers and Pound Masters.

10. Thomas Walton, Thomas Dunton, Jr., Asa Loveland, Jacob Mathews, Calvin Angier, John Weston, Samuel Denton, Johnson Hill, Isaac Knapp, Amos Smith, Lyman Smith, David Chandler, John Nichols, George H. Andrews, Overseers of Highways.

11. To raise seventy-five dollars for the support of the poor.

12. Platt R. Halstead, John Lobdell, Enos Loveland, Timothy Shelden, John Weston, Asa A. Andrews, Inspectors of Common Schools.

13. That the Ballance due of ten Dollars—Raised in 1815 for the Purchase of Town Books Being three Dollars & thirty four cents, now in the hands of Enos Loveland, Esqr., be applied for the purchase of three Locks for Election Boxes, and residue (if any) to the support of the Poor.

On the night of January 15, 1817, occurred a great domestic calamity, and one which occasioned much excitement in the village. It was the burning of the house at Basin Harbor. The first house stood, like the present one, in full sight across the water, and I suppose no member of the household of John Halstead ever rose in the morning without turning a first outward look toward the old home. To the oldest son, whose birth place it had been, it was almost more a home than his father's house, and during the war which was only three years in the past his most vivid experiences had been connected with it. There Commodore Macdonough and his officers had sat in the parlor on the second floor, with their wine glasses and tobacco, while the great kitchen below was filled with sailors drinking their ale, and the boyish lieutenant had been proud to

drink with the other officers, and to feel himself a part of it all—that potent *esprit du corps* seen nowhere else as it is seen in army life. And now instead of the friendly glitter of windows in the morning sun, he saw a column of smoke rising from roofless and blackened walls, and knew that the house had burned in the night. It was only four miles away, but the lake had frozen thinly over the day before, making a sheet of ice through which it was impossible to force a boat, while it was not considered strong enough to bear the weight of a man. But the occasion was desperate, and young Halstead, accompanied by another man, (Jacob Pardee, I think.) put on his skates and started out. They agreed to keep a long distance apart, since ice which will bear the weight of one may not bear the weight of two, and each promised that if one broke in the other should not stop nor go near him, but keep skating for dear life, as the only safety lay in swift motion. The ice bent under them like leather, but they went like the wind and got across in safety. Half way over the ice was covered with ashes and cinders blown from the ruins of the burned house, and as he skated Halstead saw floating past him a charred leaf of the great family Bible, which he had turned at his grandmother's knee. The house and its contents were a complete loss, the family barely escaping with their lives. Many an heirloom went up in smoke that night, and many a record which has never been replaced. The present house was built upon the old foundation the following summer, very like it in general features, and with a great

chimney and fireplaces which have since been removed.

The next July President James Monroe went through the lake, taking the steamboat at Whitehall and arriving at Plattsburgh on Saturday, July 27, at noon. The steamboat must have been the *Phenix*, Capt. Jahaziel Sherman, the second steamboat on the lake, built at Vergennes in 1815. Her name was prophetic, as she was burned about two years after she carried the President.

1818.

Town Meeting opened agreeable to adjournment at the school house in District No. 3 in said town on the 7th day of April, 1818.

1. Voted John Lobdell, Supervisor.
2. Bouton Lobdell, Town Clerk.
3. Enos Loveland, Gideon Hammond, George H. Andrews, Assessors.
4. Levi Frisbie, Collector.
5. Enos Loveland, Joseph Stacey, Overseers of the Poor.
6. John Lobdell, Gideon Hammond, Timothy Shelden, Com. of Highways.
7. Bouton Lobdell, Diodoras Holcomb, Samuel Cook, Jr., Com. of Common Schools.
8. Alexander Spencer, John Lobdell, John Weston, Daniel W. Sturtevant, Timothy Shelden, Enos Loveland, Inspectors of Common Schools.
9. Walter W. Kellogg, Levi Frisbie, Charles Fisher, Constables.
10. Timothy Shelden, Joseph Stacey, George B. Reynolds, Calvin Angier, Samuel Storrs, Platt R. Halstead, Fence Viewers and Pound Masters.
11. Jesse Jones, John Sharman, James W. Call, John Ferris, Jr., Amos Culver, Elijah Angier, Jesse Braman, Augustus Hill, John Kingsley, Isaac Knapp, Joseph Storrs, Eli Ferris, John Chandler, Cyrus Richards, Joseph Stacey, Jr., Overseers of Highways.
12. That Fence Viewers and Pound Masters have seventy cents per day.

13. To raise double the sum allowed for the support of common schools.

14. To raise one hundred dollars for the support of the poor.

15. Town Meeting adjourned to the school house in Dist. No. 3 in said Town on the first Tuesday in April, 1819.

The "school house in District No. 3" was at North-west Bay, and stood on the south side of the bridge, on the place where Low Fuller's house now stands. It was the largest public building then in town, and was used not only for town meeting, but for the Sunday services and business meetings of both churches.

Nothing more tiresome can be conceived than the literary style of the descriptions of the highway districts in the town book, but many interesting facts can be gleaned from them nevertheless. This year we find mention of "Braman's Mill," which seems to have been called "Coats' Mill" in 1815, for no reason that I can discover. The place is called invariably Braman's Mills after this until 1822, when we find "Wadham's and Braman's Forge," and shortly afterward Wadham's Mills, a name which still endures.

We find also "Braynard's barn" and "Braynard's Forge" as landmarks this year, and "Hatch's wharf," the first mention of a wharf in the records, though we believe it to have been built some years before this time.

In July of 1818, the body of General Richard Montgomery, who was killed at the attack upon Quebec, on the last day of the year 1775, and who was buried near the ramparts of that city, was carried from Quebec to

New York, and given its final burial in St. Paul's churchyard. Says Watson, "The remains of Montgomery were borne through the country, accompanied by every exhibition of love and reverence." The funeral train passed up the lake on the *Phoenix*, draped with the trappings of woe and the insignia of the state, with flags floating at half mast, as we now see the line boat on similar occasions. Forty-three years had passed since Montgomery and his army went down the lake to Canada, and at that time there was no village in Northwest Bay, and no eye save that of deer or wolf, glancing out of the thicket, to see the advance of the army. A few souls there were at the Raymond settlement, to be driven away the next year, never to return. Now the Champlain valley had changed marvelously, with farms and villages, and a pushing, fearless life of industry on both land and water.

This year four Westport men received the appointment of Justice of the Peace: Bouton Lobdell, Enos Loveland, John Lobdell and Gideon Hammond. Justices were not yet elected, but appointed by the Council of Appointment sitting at Albany.

Isaac Stone came from Cavendish, Vt., and settled on the lake road, on Bessboro, on the farm so long owned by his son Granville, and which has been only recently sold out of the family. On this farm is the stone quarry.

1819.

Town Meeting opened agreeable to adjournment at the

school house in District No. 3 in the Said Town on the 6th day of April, 1819.

1. Voted John Lobdell, Supervisor.
2. Ebenezer Newell, Town Clerk.
3. Gideon Hammond, Enos Loveland, George H. Andrews, Assessors.
4. Levi Frisbie, Collector.
5. Enos Loveland, Joseph Stacey, Overseers of the Poor.
6. Joel Burrows, Timothy Shelden, Jesse Braman, Com. Highways.
7. Samuel Cook, Jr., Diodorus Holcomb, Charles B. Hatch, Com. of Schools.
8. Enos Loveland, John Lobdell, Gideon Hammond, Alexander Spencer, Elijah Storrs, Joel Burrows, Inspectors of Schools.
9. Levi Frisbie, Walter W. Kellogg, Charles Fisher, Tillinghast Cole, Constables.
10. Timothy Shelden, Ira Henderson, Caleb P. Cole, Elijah Dunton, Samuel Storrs, Joel Finney, Norton Noble, Elijah Storrs, Daniel Wright, Joel Burrows, Fence Viewers.
11. Charles Hatch, Pound Master.
12. Daniel P. Lock, Charles Wood, Elijah Dunton, Tillinghast Cole, Charles Hatch, Henry Thatcher, Daniel Wright, Joseph Hardy, Samuel Denton, Samuel Storrs, John Daniels, 3rd, Johnson Hill, Lyman Smith, John Chandler, Harvey Stone, John Shearman, Jr., Overseers Highways.

Voted to raise ten dollars to build a pound thirty feet square, six feet high, to be paid to Charles Hatch. Esqr., he finding ground to sett said pound on, with a good door and lock.

To raise double the sum for the use of schools that we receive from the state.

To raise one hundred and fifty dollars for the support of the poor.

That the overseers of the poor be authorized to hire a house for the benefit of the poor.

It will have been observed that the sum raised yearly for the support of the poor steadily increased, from twenty dollars in 1815 to one hundred and fifty in 1819

showing a large increase of population. At this time each town assumed the entire care of its paupers, the first move toward adopting the plan of county support of the poor being made in 1818, and the county house built in 1833.

This year Ezra Carter Gross was our Representative in Congress. He was the young lawyer associated with William Ray in the editorship of the *Reveille* in 1812, and his daughter afterward taught in the Academy here.

This year the old system of making the fence viewers also pound masters with the duty of keeping stray animals in their own barnyards until reclaimed by their owners, was changed, and one pound master appointed for the whole town. The pound was to be built at Northwest Bay, which shows the relative importance of that place at this time. That the village was growing rapidly is also shown by the fact that in this year the northern part of it was mapped into streets and lots.

When Charles Hatch came in 1802 he settled just outside the limits of the Ananias map, drawn to facilitate the sale of John Halstead's land. Some time afterward he bought the corner lot at the top of the lake hill, and there built the first store, which was for a long time the only one in the township. His dealings prospered, and in seventeen years' time he had become possessed of the greater part of the land north of the territory of the Ananias map, and seeing that there was a demand for village lots, he employed Diadorus Holcomb, who seems to have added to his medical education a knowledge of surveying, to map out the land.

The map which was drawn has passed through many hands, and has had one or two thrilling escapes from destruction, but is still preserved entire, and an exact copy now hangs in the village Library. The original map was drawn with a quill pen on heavy paper, and backed with cloth. It is made in two parts, called Map No. 1 and Map No. 2, the first extending from Washington street to the brook, and the second from the brook to the north line of the lot upon which stood the old Richards House, now burned. At the right of the map is the following description.

At the request of Charles Hatch, Esqr., I have surveyed or laid out, cornered and numbered, on the west side of Lake Champlain, adjoining North West Bay, in the Town of West Port, County of Essex and State of New York, the lots of land and streets herein laid down and marked, agreeable to Map Number First and Second.

The courses of the lots are known by the courses of the streets thereon written. Washington Street, Main Street, Pleasant street and North Street are sixty-six feet wide. Water Street, Charles Street and East Street are thirty-three feet wide. Each lot not otherwise described is a regular oblong square, being fifty feet in front and rear and one hundred feet deep. Those lots which vary are marked in feet on the line thus varying. Each lot is cornered with a red cedar stake.

Those lots on Map No. 1st east of Main Street are cornered or numbered on the south west corner. Those lots on Map No. 2nd west of East Street are numbered on the north west corner. Those east of East Street are numbered on the south east corner.

Being fifty-eight lots on Map No. 1st, thirty-two on Map No. 2nd, amounting to ninety lots in all. Both Maps are laid to a scale of eighty feet to an inch.

Performed August 25th, 1819. by Diodorus Holcomb, Surveyor.

Here we have four new streets named, Pleasant North, Charles and East, and on the map itself we find

Mill Street, running from the bridge to the "old stone mill," which was perhaps the New Stone Mill that year, though Henry Holcomb thought that he could remember before it was built, and as he was only three years old when the map was drawn, it would be reasonable to date its erection no earlier than 1825. It was a grist mill, as the mill stones still *in situ* will prove, and boats loaded and discharged their freight at the wharf below it, the ruins of which can still be seen at low water. The roof and chimney of the mill did not fall in until the summer of 1900.

If the mill was not built in 1819, it is plain from the name and direction of Mill street that Squire Hatch had already planned it. He had also laid out a tier of lots between Water street and the lake, which can have had no value except as possible places to build wharves. Another new street was laid out, named Charles street, undoubtedly in honor of Charles Hatch himself, running east and west just south of the M. E. church, I should think, and up the hill past Mr. Andrew Daniels, which was never opened. Another street whose name is entirely strange to the present generation was East street, which ran along the western bank of the brook toward its mouth, turning in at the west of the bridge. When the map was drawn, this street gave access to a mill which stood on the bank of the brook below the bridge.

Pleasant and North are two of our principal streets now, one running to the west and the other to the north from the bridge. Since the building of the railroad

Pleasant street has come to be spoken of as "Depot street," but surely it is a pity not to use the old names, since they are all such good ones. As a matter of fact, I suppose there are hardly ten people in town who know the location of Washington or of Pleasant street, or can tell when they were named, or by whom,—peradventure there may not be five to whom the information to be obtained from this old map will not be entirely new.

Judge Hatch (he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1814) seems to have owned all the land of this map with the exception of three large lots. One of these, lying just south of the bridge, on the east side of Main street, is marked "Wm. S. McLoud's Lot," and then across it in another hand is written "Porter Lot." On North street, where the Richards House afterward stood, is "Ira Henderson's Lot," and along the brook above the bridge, where most of the mills stood at that time, lie "B. Merrick's Lots." This must mean that Barnabas Myrick had already bought land here. He was at this time a young man of twenty-four. He afterward built the large white house on North street, with its pillared porch in two stories, looking toward the lake, and he owned and operated a saw mill, tannery and ashery at Northwest Bay, as well as forges on the Black river and at Wadhams.

As we have seen, three streets named on these old maps are not now in existence, except that part of Water street which extends north from the steamboat wharf. It is evident that these earliest map makers

believed that the future growth of the village would be much closer to the water's edge than was actually the case, and sites for wharves were more highly valued than has since been justified by the development of the town.

Liberty street was not opened until 1836, nor the short street which connects it with Washington. The street which runs west from the old Douglass wharf, now owned by D. F. Payne, was not opened until after 1825, and the streets north and west from the Marks cottage still later. None of these later streets has ever received a name, except the one opened in 1889, at the same time of the opening of Oklahoma Territory to white settlement, which was therefore popularly designated as Oklahoma, and is still known by that name. A committee of citizens to choose suitable names for the streets opened since the making of Hatch's map, would do a public service for which future generations might well thank them, provided that the names selected were appropriate, pleasing in sound, not too common, and, if possible, suggestive of persons or events influential in Westport history.

No map of the village seems to have been drawn from 1819 to 1876, when the large atlas of Essex county was published by O. W. Gray & Son, Phila. The latter shows the village as it was just before the fire of 1876, and is consequently of the greatest value.

1820.

Town meeting held at the school house in District No. 3.
April 4.

Charles Hatch, Supervisor.

Ebenezer Newell, Clerk

John Lobdell, Gideon Hammond, Joseph Stacey, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Enos Loveland and Joseph Stacey, Poormasters.

Joel Burroughs, Jesse Braman, Timothy Sheldon, Commissioners of Highways.

Diadorus Holcomb, Charles B. Hatch, Platt R. Halstead, Commissioners of Common Schools.

Leman Bradley, Harry Stone, Joel Burroughs, Inspectors of Schools.

Levi Frisbie, Rufus Ashley, Walter W. Kellogg, Constables.

Joel Burroughs, Jesse Braman, Charles Hatch, James Coll, Joseph Stacey, Platt Sheldon, Enos Loveland, Samuel Storrs, Fence Viewers.

Charles B. Hatch, Pound Master.

Overseers of Highways.—Appollos Williams, Platt Sheldon, Isaac Stone, Jesse Mooers, Asa Lyon, Samuel Chandler, Henry Royce, Francis Hardy, William Storrs, John Lobdell, John Chamberlain, Walter W. Kellogg, Enos Loveland, Gideon Hammond, Harry Stone, Abel Culver.

Survey of the Alteration in the road leading from Coll's Mills to the Ferry, the Alteration beginning nearly opposite the House now occupied by Daniel Johnson. (Surveyor's directions)—until it intersects the old road again near the top of the hill east of Odle's Bay.

This year a beginning was made at recording in the town book the earmarks used by the farmers as a means of identifying their cattle and sheep. The most that the farmers of those days could do was to fence their cleared and plowed land, while their pastures stretched unfenced as far as the forest itself extended. Young cattle and sheep were often turned out in the spring and left to roam all summer in this common pasturage. In the fall the farmer drove in all his stock, and in order to separate his own from his neighbors,

distinguishing marks were necessary. In the west of to-day the cow boys brand their stock, but in the eastern colonies "earmarks" made with a sharp knife, were used, and it was common to record them in the town books. Perhaps the custom was becoming obsolete, for only one ear-mark is here recorded, though a large space was left at the back of the book. This was "Elijah Angier's Mark, A Cross of the Left Ear."

In this year, 1820, there were large additions to both churches, and a general revival, followed by years of increased prosperity. The presiding elder of the Ticonderoga Circuit was then John B. Stratton, and James Lovel, preacher. In the history of the M. E. Church, prepared by the Rev. J. E. Bowen, to which I am entirely indebted for facts concerning this church, mention is made of these names added in 1820: Sally Frisbie, (daughter of Levi Frisbie,) Mrs. James McIntyre, Joshua, Susan and Kate Smith, and Nathaniel Allen and wife, the last two received by letter. In the Baptist church the preacher was Elder John S. Carter, from Addison, Vt., who was the first settled pastor of the church. The year before, the Baptist church had voted to build a parsonage, and this year a committee was appointed to carry on the work, Edward Cole, Diadorus Holcomb and Enos Loveland. Thus it is probable that at this time the house was built which served as the Baptist parsonage until about twenty five years ago. It stands on Main street and is now owned by Mrs. Marian Sherman. Both churches still held public service in the school house.

The year of 1820 was welcomed by a New Year's Ball "at Esquire Newell's," which means at the house of Ebenezer Newell, who was a Justice of the Peace, and who lived on Pleasant street. That it was quite a social event is shown by the fact that a number of church members were present, their action sternly deprecated by the ascetic New England religious sentiment, with its horror of dancing, which was rapidly rising with the increase of church influence in the place.

Settlers were coming in all the time from the New England states. In 1820 John Hodgkins came from Charleston, N. H., and settled on the Boquet in the southeast corner of Lewis, just across the town line. His wife was Diantha Prouty, and they had six children, John F., Lavina, Richard M., Edmond O., Lewis W., and Samuel. Edmond O. Hodgkins was deacon and trustee of the Congregational church at Wadhams for years. Three of his sons, Samuel H., Frank, and Ezra K., are now prominent business men in Westport, Samuel H. Hodgkins being the present supervisor.

There is a reminder of the social condition of the times in the fact that in 1820 Commodore Barron shot Commodore Decatur in a duel. Duelling was still sacredly observed among officers of the army and navy, and was not unknown among civilians.

1821.

Town meeting held in the school house.

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Ebenezer Newell, Town clerk.

Timothy Sheldon, John Lobdell and Calvin Augier, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Charles Hatch and Caleb P. Cole, Poor Masters.

Joel Burrows, Jesse Braman and Charles Fisher, Highway Commissioners.

Enos Loveland, Charles B. Hatch and Ira Henderson, School Commissioners.

Leman Bradley, Platt R. Halstead and Asa Lyon, School Inspectors.

Levi Frisbie, Walter W. Kellogg, Platt R. Halstead, Diadorus Holcomb and Rufus Ashley, Constables.

Fence Viewers.—Joel Burrows, Jesse Braman, Charles Hatch, James W. Coll, Joseph Stacy, Platt Sheldon, Enos Loveland and Samuel Storrs.

Overseers of Highways.—Joseph Ormsby, Timothy Sheldon, Crosby McKenzie, Asa Loveland, Caleb P. Cole, Asahel Lyon, Luther Angier, Daniel Wright, Norton Noble, Lewis Sawyer, Jacob Mathews, John Lobdell, Abner Fish, Abraham Nichols, John Chandler, Henry Stone, John Pine.

Charles B. Hatch, Pound Keeper.

Voted that the Overseers of the Poor be authorized to hire a House for their Poor the Ensuing year.

In the road surveys there is mentioned a road which ran "from Braman's to Winslow's Mills." Road district No. 5 is extended "south on the state road to the south line of Halstead's lot."

In 1821 our Member of Assembly was Ebenezer Douglass of Ticonderoga, who afterward came to Westport. Our Representative in Congress was again Ezra C. Gross.

This year we have the first positive information in regard to a post office here, though it is not likely that this was its first establishment. In those days of high postage and small population, the duties of a postmaster were by no means arduous. It was very common for the country store keeper to receive the appointment hence there is reason to believe that Charles Hatch first held this office. Tradition also suggests the name

of Samuel Cook. This paper, found among the effects of Mr. Peter Ferris, settles the point, for this year at least, of the man who carried the mail.

"I, John Ferris, Jr., of the town of Westport and state of New York, do swear that I will faithfully perform all the duties required of me, and abstain from everything forbidden by the law in relation to the establishment of Post Offices and Post Roads within the United States.

"I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States.

Signed JOHN FERRIS, JR.

Sworn and subscribed before me this }
day of January, 1821. }

DIADORUS HOLCOMB,

Justice of the Peace.

John Ferris lived at the turn of the road as you go down to the ferry at Barber's Point, and I have no doubt that he brought the mail on horseback from Vergennes, crossing on this ferry.

March 3, 1821, Platt Rogers Halstead received the appointment of Commissioner of Deeds, and was also made Loan Commissioner.

In 1821 Jason Dunster came to the village at the Falls, then called Braman's Mills. The Dunsters come of the very best American ancestry, being descended directly from that Henry Dunster who came from England to Massachusetts in 1640, and was immediately chosen as the first President of Harvard College, then in its very beginnings. President Dunster was selected

for the place on account of his great learning and piety, and he filled it with credit for twelve years. The family remained in Cambridge for four generations. Jonathan, youngest son of President Dunster, was a farmer, and his wife's name was Abigail Eliot. Their oldest son, Henry, married Martha Russell, daughter of Jason Russell, and his youngest son was named Jason. Jason married Rebecca Cutter, and to him descended the old Dunster homestead in Cambridge, in which he lived for eighteen years, moving to Mason, New Hampshire, in 1769. His youngest son was another Jason, born 1763, and he was a soldier in the Revolution, serving a part of the time on the Hudson river. His wife was Polly Meriam, and he died in 1828, and was buried at Mason. The third Jason, oldest son of the second Jason, was the one who came to Westport in 1821, a young man of twenty-seven. He had served in the war of 1812, as an Ensign, being stationed at Portsmouth, N. H. His sword is still preserved in his son's family. His first wife was Azubah Felt, (of the same family as Abitha Felt, wife of Jesse Braman,) and they were accompanied to Westport by her father, Aaron Felt. After the death of his first wife, Jason Dunster married Hannah Hardy. His daughter Louise married Morris Sherman, and was the mother of Ellery and of Carroll Sherman. His son Charles Carroll married Rachel Benson, and has three children living, Clara Louise, Elsie, now Mrs. Frank Hodgkins, and Mary.

1822.

Town meeting "in the school house at North West Bay."

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Ebenezer Newell, Town Clerk.

John Lobdell, Joel Burroughs and Platt R. Halstead, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

John Lobdell and Caleb P. Cole, Poor Masters.

Norton Noble, Charles B. Hatch and Charles Fisher, Highway Commissioners.

Charles B. Hatch, Platt R. Halstead and Ira Henderson, School Commissioners.

Bouton Lobdell, Asabel Lyon and Diadorus Holcomb, School Inspectors.

Levi Frisbie and Philo Kingsley, Constables.

Charles Hatch, Pound Keeper.

Fence Viewers.—Timothy Sheldon, Tillinghast Cole, Harry Stone, Enos Loveland, Daniel Wright and John Lobdell.

Overseers of Highways.—Ralph Walton, Charles Wood, James Coll, Jesse More, Caleb P. Cole, Barnabas Myrick, Elijah Angier, Alexander Frazier, Moses Felt, Oliver H. Barrett, John Daniels, 3rd, John Kingsley, Johnson Hill, Joshua Smith, Gideon Hammond, Harry Stone, Washington Lee, John Chamberlain.

Voted to raise \$100 for the support of the poor, \$25 to repair the "bridge at John Shearman's" and "double the the sum allowed by the state for the support of common schools."

Survey of a "road beginning at a Hemlock Tree standing on the Lake shore near the old Wharf in Chauncey Barber's Bay," and running "to the Lake road a few rods north of the house now occupied by John Ferris, Jun. Also a road beginning at the south wharf of the Widow Huldah Barber, and intersecting the main road "opposite of the s'd Widow Barber's horse shed." Also a Road leading from "Wadham's and Braman's Forge" to Braynard's and Mitchel's Forge."

In October of this year occurred the death and funeral of General Daniel Wright, the latter conducted with military honors. Only eight years had passed since the battle of Plattsburgh, and it still seemed to these people but an event of yesterday. The annual

militia trainings had increased steadily in pomp and circumstance, and there is no doubt that this occasion was truly an imposing ceremony. Officers and men attended from the three counties of the Fortieth Brigade, and all that horses, uniforms, musket and pistol, sword and cockade, muffled drum, crape and mourning banners could do, was done, to render the funeral of General Wright a sight to be remembered. The procession came down the hills from the General's farm, into the village and up Pleasant street to the cemetery, headed by the Brigadier-General of the Fortieth Brigade, who was at that time Luman Wadhams.

General Wadhams may not have moved his family from Lewis to Westport at this time, but he must have bought property at the Falls before this, as we find reference in the road surveys to "Wadham's and Braman's Forge," and he came here to live soon after. The name of Wadhams is probably the oldest to be found in connection with Westport history. It dates back to the days of King Edward I., in merry old England. The family was an honorable as well as an ancient one, "and became allied to many great and noble houses," says Prince in his "Worthies of Devon." The most illustrious names in the line are those of Nicholas Wadham and Dorothy his wife, who together founded Wadham College at Oxford in 1609. The first of the name to come to America was John Wadham, who came from Somersetshire, England, to Wethersfield, Connecticut, in 1650. For three generations the family sojourned in Wethersfield, and it seems to have been in this pe-

riod that the letter "s" was added to the name. For two generations they were in Goshen, Connecticut, and it was in Goshen that Luman Wadhams, the first of the name in Westport, was born, in 1782. He went to Charlotte, Vt., on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, about 1800, and there he married a widow, Lucy Prindle, born Bostwick. (The first of her family to come to America was Ebenezer Bostwick, from Cheshire, in 1668.) In 1809 Luman Wadhams came from Vermont to Lewis, and soon after 1822 he was living at the place soon afterward called Wadhams Mills. The mill property there remained in the Wadhams family for over forty years.

General Luman Wadhams and Lucy his wife had five children:

1. Lucy Alvira married Dr. Dan Stiles Wright as his second wife. Dr. Wright was practicing medicine in Westport before 1831. He does not seem to have been at all related to General Daniel Wright, since he was the second son of Ebenezer and Lucretia (Wood) Wright, of Shoreham, Vt. His first wife's name was Eleutheria, and she died in Westport, and was buried in the cemetery here. Not long before her death, in 1831, the house in which they were living, on Pleasant street, (the site is now occupied by Mr. Henry Richards' house,) was burned, and Mrs. Wright was carried out, while her only child, a babyboy, was thrown from an upper window. After his second marriage Dr. Wright removed to Whitehall, and was there sent to both branches of the State Legislature. Dr. Wright and Lucy his wife had six children, one of whom, Eleutheria Farnham Wright, married Willett Rogers, son of Eli Rogers of Whallonsburgh, and her daughter, Kate Rogers, (now Mrs. Edgar G. Worden, Lewistown, Montana,) taught school in Westport for several years.

2. Jane Ann Wadhams married Benjamin Wells of Upper Jay, N. Y.

3. William Luman Wadhams, (universally known as "Deacon Wadhams,") married Emeline L. Cole, daughter

of Samuel and grand-daughter of Edward Cole of Northwest Bay; also grand-daughter of Diodorus Holcomb, M. D. They had thirteen children, of whom four died in infancy.

William married Lucinda Skinner.

Luman married Elizabeth S. Staynor, in San Francisco. Children, Ida, Edward, Virginia, George, Bertha.

Lucy Bostwick, married Herbert L. Cady. Children, William Lewis, Frank Blish, Frederick Wadhams, Herbert Alden.

Frances Burchard, married 1st, George D. Davenport, 2nd, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, Governor of Vermont.

Harriet Weeks, married Dr. George T. Stevens, now of New York. Children, Frances Virginia, Charles Wadhams, Georgina Wadhams.

Samuel Dallas married, in Elmira, Georgina Ogden. Child, Harry Albion.

Albion Varette, married in Annapolis, Caroline Henderson. Children, William Henderson, Albion James, Elizabeth Wadhams.

Frederick Eugene, married Emma, daughter of Dr. E. D. Jones of Albany. Child, Elizabeth Jones.

Emeline Elizabeth, married John E. Burton of Albany. Children, Mary Landou, John Wadhams.

4. Abram E. Wadhams married Sophia Southard, of Essex, and resided at Wadhams Mills. Children: Edmund Abraham, born 1833, died at Blaine, Wash., 1900; several times mayor of the city. Pitt Edgar, born 1836, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

5. Edgar Prindle Wadhams, the only one of the family to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, became the first Bishop of Ogdensburgh.

Few of the Wadhams family seem to have been born to obscurity, and that one of them who has most engaged public attention is perhaps Bishop Wadhams. This has come partly from essential and dominant characteristics of the man himself, and partly from the fact of his change of faith from Protestantism to that form of belief maintained by Roman Catholics. As a rule, in our country, Catholics are born and not made,

and this is no truer anywhere than in the town of which this is a history. The writer cannot recall another single instance of such a change in belief. On this account, if for no other reason, great interest has always been manifested in this man. I do not know that there is any complete biography of his life, but there is an interesting little book called "Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams" written by Father Walworth of Albany, who made the change from the Protestant Episcopal to the Roman Catholic church at nearly the same time as did Wadhams. In this book we find that Wadhams was born in Lewis in 1817; entered Middlebury College in 1834 and graduated with honors in 1838, Though brought up a Presbyterian, he became an Episcopalian while in Middlebury, of so earnest and devoted a type that he was accustomed to lift his hat upon passing the church. There was no settled rector and no regular service, and Wadhams and a friend of his often conducted the service themselves, one playing the organ while the other read the service. In 1843 Wadhams received deacon's order in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was stationed in Essex county, his principal station being in Ticonderoga, with occasional services in Port Henry and Wadhams Mills. It was during this period of his diaconate that the remarkable attempt to found a monastery at Wadhams Mills was made. It sounds wild and romantic enough, but nothing could show more clearly that his final entrance into the Catholic church was but a natural sequence to the whole bent of his

mind from his first entrance into the Episcopal fold.

In Walworth's book is given a picture of "the monastery at Wadhams Mills," which is none other than the old Wadhams house in the village, next to Payne's store, now occupied by Mrs. Joel Whitney. The house is given that name because during the winter of 1844-5 Wadhams and Walworth lived there, keeping up as far as possible the rules and discipline of a monastic life. Mrs. Wadhams, then a widow, lived in the house also, but the young men occupied three rooms by themselves and lived their own life, doing their own cooking, and fasting according to rules adopted by them. Walworth says: "Wadhams' favorite idea was to educate boys of the neighborhood, training them specially to a religious life which should serve finally to stock our convent with good monks. A handful of boys who gathered with other children on Sundays in the school-house for catechism seemed to afford a nucleus which might afterward develop into a novitiate. We actually laid the foundations and built up the sides of a convent building. It was nothing, indeed, but a log-house and never received a roof, for the winter was intensely cold, and the ensuing spring opened with events which sent me into the Catholic church and to Europe, leaving nothing of the convent but roofless logs and a community of one. But I mistake; Wadhams had a Canadian pony which, in honor of pious service to be thereafter rendered, we named *Beni*, and a cow which for similar reasons we named *Bonte*. Our log-house cloister was built on a lovely spot under the shelter of a hill

which bounded a farm inherited by Wadhams from his father. The farm contained a fine stretch of woodland on the south, while the greater part from east to west was open and cultivated field, the half of which, high and terraced, looked down upon a lower meadow land which extended on a perfect level to a fine stream bordering the farm on the east. Beyond the brook and along its edge ran the road from Wadhams Mills to Lewis. There was much debate before we fixed on the site of our convent. A fine barn stood already built on the natural terrace on the south side, while under the terrace at the north end was a magnificent spring of the purest water. Where should the convent be, near the barn or near the spring? Every present convenience lay on the side of the barn, and horse and cow were actual possessions. But our hopes looked brightly for the future. What would a great community of hooded cenobites do without a holy well near by? So we laid the foundations of the future pile on the edge of the terrace just above the spring. We did not consult either Beni or Bonte."

Walworth says later: "St. Mary's Monastery in the North Woods had turned out to be a vision. That vision had vanished, and in its place was left nothing but a roofless log house on the Wadhams farm." This means that both the young men had decided that they could not find what they wanted in the Episcopal Church, and therefore sought further in the Roman Catholic Church. Walworth "went over" in 1845, and immediately brought all his powers of persuasion to

bear upon his friend. He writes from a convent at St. Trond, Belgium, February 17th, 1846, "Ah! if the *quondam* abbot of Wadhams Mills were only here, where the discipline of the religious life is found in all its wisdom, vigor, attractiveness, he would weep and laugh by turns with me at our little 'monkery' among the hills of Essex."

Before the year was out Edgar Wadhams had also joined the Roman Catholic Church, being received by the Sulpicians of St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore. He was ordained a priest at St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Albany, in 1850, and resided in that city until he became Bishop of Ogdensburgh in 1872. He died in 1891.

It will be remembered that the time at which Edgar Wadhams made the momentous change from one faith to another was also the period of the Oxford movement in England, when the hearts of men were so stirred by the questions of the divine authority of the church, the validity of the sacraments and of priest's orders, and many other things. It was at this time that John Henry Newman changed his allegiance from the Church of England to that of Rome, and so distinguished an example may well have had its influence upon the mind of Wadhams, as it had upon that of many others, both in England and in America. The hymn *Lux Benigna*, which is such a favorite with both Protestants and Catholics, was written by Newman at the time of his mental struggle in regard to his duty.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on;
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me."

To Newman the one step amid the encircling gloom seemed that into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and thus it also seemed to Wadhams.

This sketch has carried us far beyond our chronological order, but it is believed that it will be more satisfactory than presenting the successive incidents in the dates at which they occurred.

In the summer of 1822 Major McNeil, who had been on the staff of General Wright in the war of 1812, came to Westport, and lived on Pleasant street. His wife, Hannah, (a sister of Asahel Havens,) presented a letter of recommendation to the Baptist church in September, and was received into membership. Four years afterward the church gave her a similar letter, "to the church at Peru," upon the removal of the family from Westport.

1823.

Town Meeting held at the school house at N. W. Bay.
 Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Caleb P. Cole, Enos Loveland and Calvin Angier, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Caleb P. Cole and Joseph Stacy, Poor Masters.

Platt Sheldon, George B. Reynolds and Jesse Braman, Highway Commissioners.

Charles B. Hatch, Ira Henderson and Platt R. Halstead, School Commissioners.

John Chandler, Caleb C. Barnes and William S. McLeod, School Inspectors.

Philo Kingsley, Levi Frisbie and Samuel Chandler, Constables.

Fence Viewers.—Platt Sheldon, Asa Loveland, Abner Fish and Josephus Merriam.

Charles Hatch, Pound Keeper.

Overseers of Highways.—Joseph Ormsbee, Timothy Sheldon, Samuel Coll, Tillinghast Cole, Asabel Lyon, Josephus Merriam, George Sturtevant, Amos Lock, Samuel Denton, Elijah Sherman, Samuel Storrs, Abner Fish, William Denton, Gideon Hammond, Harry Stone, Peter Tarbell.

There is no year more memorable in the history of Westport than this, which saw the completion of the Champlain canal. It was begun June 10, 1818, and finished to Waterford, Nov. 28, 1822, so that it was possible for boats to pass from the Hudson to Lake Champlain before winter. Thus was this long portage, which had had such power over the designs of men since boats floated on lake or river, conquered and annulled, and the Champlain valley stretched out to the very seaboard. The canal is sixty-four miles long, and follows the route which Burgoyne took at the advice of Skene, to the utter undoing of his army and himself.

Now opened a new era of commerce and immigration. For the first time merchandise could be brought from the metropolis directly to our wharves, and travelers who ventured into the wide, wide world were not necessarily cut off from home and kindred by barriers which required more than ordinary resolution to overcome. Naturally, a rapid increase of immigration took place, and one of the first additions was the family of Sewall Cutting.

The first American ancestor of this Cutting family

was Richard, who came from Ipswich, England, to Boston, Mass., in 1834. The line is traced through three Zechariahs to Jonas, who served in the Revolution as private and corporal in a New Hampshire regiment. His son Jonas, of Weathersfield, Vt., Colonel of the 25th U. S. Infantry in the war of 1812, was the father of Sewall, who was born at Berlin, Mass., Aug. 16, 1786, and died at Westport, April 21, 1855. He married at Windsor, Vt., Aug. 3, 1806, Mary, daughter of William and Mary (Newell) Hunter, and sister of Mrs. Asa Aikens and of William Guy Hunter. They moved from Windsor to New York city in 1821, and in 1823, attracted by the new possibilities of life on Lake Champlain, the position of which as a highway from Canada was much talked of at the opening of the canal, moved to Westport. Dr. Sewall Sylvester Cutting, son of Sewall, has left an account of the journey which gives an interesting sketch of the mode of travel at that time,

"We left New York about November first, ascending the Hudson on a sloop bound for Troy. My father's merchandise was here transferred to two canal boats, and on one of these boats my oldest brother, William, and myself took passage for Whitehall, my father and mother and the younger children going thither by stage. At Whitehall we took the sloop *Saratoga*, and sailing at 8 P. M., with a strong south wind, reached our destination at Westport, Nov. 13, 1823, at two o'clock in the morning. Here my father opened a store, and having had the misfortune to lose the building which he had previously engaged, he was obliged, in order to

get the only unoccupied store in the village, to take with it, and keep, a hotel of which it was a part. Now once more I had an opportunity to attend school—the district school of the village—and I am bound to say it was a good school though certainly it would now be regarded as exceedingly primitive.” Dr. Cutting’s manuscript continues with an account of his school days at the boarding school of Miss Hatch, at Elizabethtown, the next year. He himself taught district school in Westport in after days. He obtained his further education at Waterville College and at the University of Vermont, receiving his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the latter institution in 1859. He entered the Baptist ministry, preaching about ten years, and then devoted himself to literary work. He was editor of the *New York Recorder*, of the *Watchman and Reflector* of Boston, and of the *Quarterly Christian Review*. He was made Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester in 1855. Dr. Cutting’s collected writings, both prose and poetry, would make a valuable book. His long poem on “Lake Champlain,” recited before the alumni of his class in Burlington, June 26, 1877, has both strength and grace, and the tender tribute to the little town where his mother lies buried is very touching. What a pity that he did not write a history of the place. He had the true antiquarian zeal and the exhaustless interest which turns the real into the ideal. One of his contributions to local history was “The Genesis of the Buckboard,” so often quoted.

Dr. Cutting’s first wife was Evelina Charlotte, daugh-

ter of Gardner Stow, then of Keeseville, afterward of Troy, and Attorney-General of the State by appointment of Gov. Seymour. The issue of this marriage was Gardner Stow Cutting, who graduated at Rochester in 1858, and studied law in the office of his grandfather in Troy. Dr. Cutting's second wife was Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Waterman, and daughter of Hugh H. Brown, who was grandson of Gov. Elisha Brown of Rhode Island. One son by this marriage, Mr. Churchill Hunter Cutting, has for a number of years spent his summers at Westport with his family.

To return to the elder Sewall Cutting, stepping off the sloop *Saratoga* in Northwest Bay that dark November morning. The family whom he brought with him became important parts of the community life as they grew up. All were connected with the Baptist church in its most prosperous days, and played leading parts in its history. Mr. and Mrs. Sewall Cutting brought letters from a Baptist church in New York when they came. Most of the Cuttings were singers, and for years the family formed a large part of the choir. People familiar with the workings of a large and active country church will recognize the fact that leadership in the choir brought with it social leadership as well. William J. and Franklin H. Cutting (sons of Sewall) were in business together in Westport for years. William J. Cutting built the large brick house on the hill at the head of Liberty street, with the porch suggestive of the Parthenon at Athens, which shows above the village from the lake. His daughters were Mary, now Mrs.

F. H. Page, Helen, now Mrs. Kingsland of Burlington, and Lucy, now Mrs. Jacob Hinds of Vergennes. His wife was Minerva Holcomb, daughter of Dr. Diodorus.

Franklin H. Cutting lived in the Hatch house, since owned by F. H. Page and G. C. Spencer. He married Ann H. Tiffany, at Southbridge, Mass., in 1840. Other sons of Sewall Cutting were Wallace and Dan.

Sewall Cutting the elder married again after the death of his first wife a Miss Burchard, and her children were Lucy and John Tyler Cutting. The latter afterward went to California, and became a successful merchant in San Francisco. He entered the army, served throughout the Civil war, and was for nine years connected with the National Guard of California as lieutenant, major, colonel and brigadier-General. He also went to the Fifty-second Congress as member from California.

Up to this time there had been but one post-office in the town, and that at Northwest Bay, but now the village at the falls on the Boquet had reached the size and importance which demanded, and received, a post-office of its own. When its official title came to be decided, the name of Wadham's Mills was chosen, after the name of the mill-owner, who had come into the place the previous year. The document which establishes this postoffice, appointing Gen. Luman Wadhams as the first postmaster, is dated February 25, 1823, and is now in the possession of his grand-daughter, Mrs. E. J. Ormsbee, of Brandon, Vt.

1824.

Town Meeting held in the School house.

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Enos Loveland, Calvin Augier, Platt R. Halstead, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Caleb P. Cole and John Lobdell, Overseers of the Poor.

Platt Sheldon, George B. Reynolds and Jesse Braman, Highway Commissioners.

Platt R. Halstead, David B. McNeil and Charles B. Hatch, School Commissioners.

Diadorus Holcomb, Asahel Lyon and William S. McLeod, School Inspectors.

Levi Frisbie, Philo Kingsley and John Smith, Jr., Constables.

John Hatch Low, Pound Master.

Fence Viewers.—Platt Sheldon, Asa Loveland, Abner Fish, Josephus Merriam.

Overseers of Highways.—Ralph Walton, Charles Wood, James W. Coll, Willard Frisbie, Diadorus Holcomb, Ebenezer Scischo, Elijah Williams, John Whitney, Samuel Denton, Gideon Hammond, Henry Stone, John Pine, Jacob Matthews, Chester Taylor.

In the road surveys we find two "private roads" laid out. One ran from "the shore of Lake Champlain to the road which leads to Maria Coats' ore bed lot." It began "at a stake standing near the ore bed wharf," and ended at a "stake and stones standing twenty-five links north of the division line between Platt Rogers' ore bed patent, and Lot No. 100 in the Iron ore tract." The other seems to join this one, and mentions "the house in which Eleazer H. Ranney now lives," and "the road leading from Abijah Cheever's ore bed to his wharf."

Another survey was of "a road leading from Fisher's

Mills by A. Dunton's and the Bartlett settlement to the town of Moriah."

At this time the only public building in the village was the school house which stood on Main street, on the south side of the bridge. Its threshold must have been well worn, for it was crossed by the bare feet of the children five days and a half out of every week, by the heavy cowhide boots of the men for town meetings, general elections and district school meetings, and every Sunday felt the tread of men, women and children, attending divine service at two long sessions, morning and afternoon. It will be a mistake for the reader to allow a feeling of pity to rise in his breast for the people subjected to so much ecclesiastical labor. It was the one relaxation of a hard working, thoughtful, self-denying population, starved as to mind and soul on remote farms, in many cases, through the week, and looking hungrily forward to the opportunity of sitting on a rough board seat for an hour, listening to a sermon which gave positive answer to every question then asked by the mind of man. Do not, of all things, pity the women, for then came their one chance to exchange notes on important subjects with their neighbors during the intermission between services, while the lunches were being eaten. Even those who lived in the village often brought lunch with them, in order to enjoy the company of the noon hour. And so we understand when we are told that "everybody went to meeting then," whether the preacher was the settled minister of the Baptists, coming out of the parsonage

a little way down the street, the Methodist circuit rider, or Father Comstock with his Congregational doctrines, riding in on horseback from the house of some friend where he had been as welcome as a Bible and a daily newspaper rolled into one.

But what about the children? Rough board seats and sermons are poor support for growing bones. They were sometimes allowed to play outside, roaming over the fields and down to the lake shore, and making high holiday. Any one who knows boys can imagine sundry drawbacks to this plan, connected perhaps with stray cats and apple orchards, and it soon became evident that something must be done. Then it was that the plan originated of a Sunday school, and the person who first put it in operation in Westport was one Samuel Cook, who had joined the Baptist church in 1816, The Baptists formed the leading denomination at that time, and for some years after, and consequently the first Sunday school was a Baptist one. Mr. Cook's services seem to have been entirely self-offered, which makes it all the more creditable to him, and we are told that the teaching and management fell upon him and his family. The Cooks seem to have gone away in 1828, as in that year Relief, Eunice and Harriet Cook received letters of dismission. But the Sunday school thus begun was never abandoned. The church in 1826 took a formal vote, assuming the responsibility of the work, and in 1830 elected three superintendents, Gideon Hammond, John Chandler and John Pine.

This year, or not long before it, Frederick T. Howard

came from Vermont with his family, and settled on the back road, on the place so long occupied by his son Frederick B. Howard. Other sons were Mansfield, who bought the Gideon Hammond place, where his son Rush now lives : Dorr, who built the large brick house on the road to Wadhams, now occupied by his widow ; Orrin, who built the white house near the railroad crossing known so many years as "Howard's;" and Hosea, who lived on the middle road, where his son Fred now lives.

1825.

Town meeting held in the school house at N. W. Bay.

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Enos Loveland, Charles Hatch and John Lobdell, Assessors.

Enos Loveland and John Lobdell, Poor Masters.

Charles Fisher, Caleb P. Cole and Samuel Storrs, Highway Commissioners.

Charles B. Hatch, Platt R. Halstead and Diadorus Holcomb, School Commissioners.

Levi Frisbie, Philo Kingsley and Jason Dunster, Constables.

Platt Sheldon, Asa Loveland and Abner Fish, Fence Viewers.

John H. Low, Pound Master.

Overseers of Highways.—Joshua R. Harris, Oschar Wood, Crosbie McKenzie, Hezekiah Barber, Caleb P. Cole, Platt R. Halstead, Newton Haze, Calvin Angier, Willard Church, Elijah Storrs, Joel Finney, John Daniels, 3rd, John Kingsley, Vine T. Bingham, Enos Loveland, Gideon Hammond, John Nicholds, Frederick Howard, Jacob Mathews, Chester Taylor.

In the road surveys we find the first mention of the road which we should now say led from Payne's wharf to the Fair grounds, but as neither one of these termini

was existent in 1825, it is described as "beginning at the north east corner of a piece of land lately purchased by Barnabas Myrick and Ira Henderson of Bouton Lobdell," and running "to the center of the road near Diadorus Holcomb's." There was also a road laid out "leading from Northwest Bay to Whal on's Mill."

In this year John Quincy Adams was inaugurated, the Erie canal was opened, and Lafayette laid the corner stone of the university building in Burlington, Vt. Another thing remembered in the Champlain valley is that this was a remarkably early spring, the ice being out of the lake on the eighteenth of March.

At about this time were built two of the large brick houses in the village. Judge Hatch built on Main street, just north of the present Library lawn, the house now owned by Mr. Daniel F. Payne, and in the northern part of the village, on the lake shore, the house now owned by Mr. Frank Allen was built by Ebenezer Douglass. Both are of brick made in Westport brickyards, I am told, and both have the massive chimneys with deep fire-places on two floors, which were still considered necessary in an elegant house, notwithstanding the increasing use of stoves. These great chimneys, containing many tons of brick, were built before work was begun on the outside of the house, whether it was to be of wood or brick, and the masons who laid them must needs be skilled workmen.

The Douglass house was begun the year before, and finished this summer, but Ebenezer Douglass did not come until 1825, his business here being superintended

by his oldest son, Thomas, a young man not long married to Joanna Winans. The Douglasses came originally from Connecticut, but Ebenezer Douglass had been in Ticonderoga before 1812, as is shown by the fact that he was supervisor of Ticonderoga in that year, holding the office until 1814. He was again elected in 1816, and again in 1824, 1825 and 1826. Then he removed to Westport, remaining about twenty years. He had been one of the leading merchants of Ticonderoga, in partnership with Judge Isaac Kellogg until after the war of 1812, and then with Joseph Weed in the Upper Village. In Westport his business partner was his son William, and firm name E. & W. Douglass. They built the northern wharf, and the brick store above it, owned boats, made potash, and carried on extensive dealings in lumber.

Ebenezer Douglass had a large family of children. His second son, William, married a Miss Arthur of Ticonderoga, and was grandfather to Miss Ada G. Douglass. His daughter Hannah married Dr. Abiathar Pollard, for many years our leading physician. Other children of Ebenezer Douglass were Mary, Lemuel, John, Prentice, and Benajah, afterward supervisor of the town.

That the village at Northwest Bay was growing in importance is shown by all these things. Lumber from the forests and iron from the forges on the rivers came in to our wharves, and was shipped on canal boats and schooners, while merchandise from the south, Albany or New York, and ore from the Moriah mines was unloaded. Barnabas Myrick built a forge at the Falls this year, and the next he and Luman Wadhams built

their grist mill there, making the place one of active prosperity.

This year the schooner *Troy* was lost with all on board, her master, Jacob Halstead, a young man of twenty-five, his young brother, George, thirteen years old, Jacob Pardee, their step-brother, and two others whose names I never heard. The schooner went on her first trip for ore to Port Henry, one day in November, and was returning loaded, when she met a gale in which she foundered, somewhere above Barber's Point. It is thought that the ore was not properly secured from shifting in the hold, and when the schooner careened in the gale, the ore shifted and made it impossible for her to be righted. Not one, master or crew, ever came back alive, and from this tragedy arose the story which Henry Holcomb loved to tell, and which I have always heard in my own family, of the mother and sisters sitting at home in the Halstead house, listening through the storm for the sound of home-coming footsteps as the night wore on. Suddenly they heard the boys on the doorsteps, stamping off the snow in the entry as they were wont to do before coming in. The women sprang to the door and opened it, stepped to the outer door and looked down upon the light carpet of untrodden snow which lay before it, and then crept trembling back to the fireside, knowing that son and brothers would never sit with them again within its light. The father stayed on the wharf all night, and searching parties went along the shore all the next day, and in the afternoon, wreckage which told the tale was picked up

in Coll's bay. My grandmother was a girl of sixteen at the time, and the midnight watch, and the warning of those unearthly footsteps, were things which she always grew pale to remember. This is the only ghost story I have ever known told and believed among our townspeople, and I never suspected that it was known outside my own family until the old Halstead house, then the middle portion of the Westport Inn, was torn down in 1898, and some of the older people standing by to see it done, recalled the story and told it exactly as my mother first told it to me.

Settlers were continually coming in through all these years, and in 1825 Leonard Taylor came from New Hampshire and settled near Brainard's Forge. This part of the town was largely peopled from New Hampshire, as George and Orrin Skinner, who had come some time before this, the Pierces and the Hodgkinses, all came from that state.

Oliver Boutwell also came from New Hampshire in this year, and settled near Wadham's Mills. He had a large family of children, one of whom, Lucinda, born in New Hampshire in 1820, married first Randall Stone, and after his death became the second wife of Cyrenus R. Payne. Her children were Edna Stone, afterward Mrs. Daniel Carey and Lucinda and Cornelia Payne, the former now Mrs. John Hoffnagle, of this place.

1826.

Town Meeting held in the school house at North West Bay.

Charles Hatch, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Diadorus Holcomb, Gideon Hammond, Jesse Braman,
Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Enos Loveland and John Lobdell, Poor Masters.

Barnabas Myrick, John Kingsley, Elijah Storrs, High-
way Commissioners.

Diadorus Holcomb, Ira Henderson, Asahel Lyon, School
Commissioners.

Diadorus S. Holcomb, Charles B. Hatch, Platt R. Hal-
stead, School Inspectors.

Levi Frisbie, Philo Kingsley, Pauliaus Finney, Consta-
bles.

Enos Loveland, Gideon Hammond, John Lobdell, Fence
Viewers.

Charles B. Hatch, Pound Master.

Overseers of Highways.—Abial Mitchell, Platt Sheldon,
Alexander Spencer, Cyrus Richards, Ebenezer Pulsiver,
Diadorus Holcomb, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant,
Moses Felt, Samuel Denton, Samuel A. Wightman, John
Lobdell, Johnson Hill, Nathan Wallace, Gideon Hammond,
John F. Alexander, Philander Persons, Seth Lewis, Jonas
Walker, Joseph Farnum.

A new road leading "from General Wadhams to Wil-
lard Hartwell's." Another road begins "on the east
side of Black river," and we find mention of "a road
running from Southwell's Forge southerly towards
Steel's Saw Mill," and the "old road leading from
Haasz's Forge easterly to N. W. Bay."

The mention of these forges reminds us that the iron
business was now becoming more and more important.
"Haasz's Forge" was at "the Kingdom," in Elizabeth-
town, high up on the Black river, and Southwell's was
lower down near the place, I believe, where the turn-
pike now crosses the river.

This year road district No. 19 is formed, to "begin

at William P. Merriam's, run north by Walker and Garfield's Mill, and east to the town line by Darius Merriam's." This would seem as though Darius Merriam had before this moved from where he first settled, on the western slope of Coon mountain, probably not long after the war of 1812, to the place where he built his house upon the river bank. The Merriams came originally from Massachusetts, but Darius Merriam came to Westport from Essex, and his wife, Euseba Potter, came from Swanton, Vt. His children were William Potter, Lovisa, Philetus Darius, Euos, Adney, Delia, Sarah and John. They seem all to have gone west, sooner or later, except William and Philetus, who carried on an extensive lumber and iron business for many years under the firm name of W. P. & P. D. Merriam. William married Caroline Barnard and had two sons and two daughters. He built the cottage on the river bank at Merriam's Forge, still owned by his daughter, Mrs. Whitney. Philetus Merriam lived on the other side of the river, not far from the town line, but went west before his death.

I do not know the exact connection between the family of Darius Merriam and that of William B. Merriam, (commonly known as Deacon Merriam,) whose name also occurs in this year's records as a resident of Westport. He removed to Essex in 1854. His wife's name was Rebecca Cook Whitney, and it was his son, Gen. William L. Merriam, who carried on the iron works in Lewis. A daughter of Gen. Merriam married James W. Steele of Lewis, and her daughter married D. F.

Payne of Wadhams Mills. Col. John L. Merriam, son of Gen. Merriam, married Mahala, daughter of Joseph R. DeLano, and after her death in 1857 he removed to St. Paul, Minn., represented his adopted state in Congress, and was Speaker of the House in 1870. His son, the Hon. William Rush Merriam, born in 1849 at Wadhams Mills, has served two terms as Governor of Minnesota, has represented his state in Congress, and is now Director of the Census, appointment of President McKinley.

In May of 1826 Levi Pierce came from New Hampshire, and he and his children settled on farms near the north line, in Lewis, Essex and Westport. His sons were Levi, Jr., Samuel, William, Charles, Curtis, and Harvey, and his daughters Mary, Maria and Betsey. The latter married Captain Samuel Anderson, one of the lake captains, and lived on the lake shore farm now owned by Mr. Head of Boston. Their daughter Amanda married William Williams. Levi Pierce, Jr., was the father of Wallace, and Samuel of Martin Pierce. Harvey Pierce came to Westport as a clerk in Hatch's store, afterward buying an interest in the business, and later was in partnership with Franklin Cutting. He married as his second wife Margaret Angier, and their children were Sarah, who died when a young girl; Frank, who married May Wyman of Crown Point, and has three children, Howard, Eloise, and Beatrice; and Charles, who is married and has one child. Frank and Charles Pierce are now partners in business in Iowa.

May 3, 1826, Barnabas Myrick and Gen. Wadhams

built a large grist mill at Wadhams, the finest yet seen in town. Its brick walls still form a part of the present mill.

1827.

Town Meeting held in the school house at North West Bay.

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Diadorus Holcomb, Jesse Braman and Alexander Spencer. Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

John Lobdell and Enos Loveland, Poor Masters.

John Kingsley, Elijah Newell, Ephraim Stiles, Highway Commissioners.

William Frisbie, Timothy Sheldon, Levi Frisbie, Calvin Willey, Constables.

Asabel Lyon, Diadorus Holcomb, Ira Henderson, School Commissioners.

Jason Dunster, Elisha Garfield, Diadorus S. Holcomb, School Inspectors.

Caleb P. Cole, John Lobdell and Calvin Angier, Fence Viewers.

Elijah Newell, Pound Master.

Overseers of Highways.—Abial Mitchell, Platt Sheldon, Peter Tarbell, Cyrus Richards, Caleb P. Cole, Asabel Lyon, Luther Angier, Willard Church, Moses Felt, Joel Finney, John Daniels, 3rd, John Lobdell, Harvey Smith, Abram Nichols, Willard Carpenter, Harry Stone, Washington Lee, Eli Ferris, Myron Cole, James Marshall, Warren Harper.

“Myrick’s forge and shop” are mentioned in the descriptions of the road districts.

This year a new school district was formed, and “the brick school house” was built on the road opened in 1825, running from the Douglass wharf westward until it joins Pleasant street. For my own convenience I intend to call this street “Douglass street” in future,

and so save the circumlocution of a tedious description. Doubtless the boundary between the two districts was the bridge across Mill brook. This brick school house came afterward to be used for the class meetings and preaching services of the M. E. church. Mr. S. Wheaton Cole wrote me in 1899 : "I well remember the old brick school house in the north of the village, where I began learning my A. B. C's seventy-two years ago. The next year I began business, picking winter-green berries in the hemlock forests north of the town, and exchanging them for candy with Edwin and Charles Hatch. My father was killed in September of 1828, and the next year I went to live with my uncles, Caleb and Paul Cole, where I remained twelve years, working on the farm and attending school in the south part of the village." Mr. Cole's father was killed by being thrown from an ox-cart on a rough road, the wheel passing over his chest and so injuring him that he died. This gives us a glimpse of the character of the roads of that day, and the fact that he was taking a grist to Wadhams to be ground goes to show that the grist mills at Northwest Bay were probably not running. It is true that the usefulness of these early grist mills was but short-lived.

The history of Free Masonry in Essex county began with the establishment of Essex Lodge in the village of Essex in 1807. In 1818 the Valley Lodge at Elizabethtown received a charter. Its first officers were Ezra C. Gross, W. M.; Luman Wadhams, S. W.; and John Barney, J. W. This is the lodge whose records

were carried away in the freshet of 1830, and which doubtless had some Westport men as members. Diadorus Holcomb and Ira Henderson were Masons, David B. McNeil belonged to the Essex Lodge, and the name of Joel Finney is also found upon its records. Joseph Call is said to have been a Mason. Meetings of the order were held from time to time in Westport, in a room of the house since known as the Richards House, on Pleasant street. There Thomas Douglass was initiated into the mysteries of the order in the year 1825, as his daughter, now Mrs. James A. Allen, distinctly remembers hearing him say. The only record which I have been fortunate enough to find is that given in the last Essex County History, on page 323 : "Royal Arch Masonry in the county began, it would seem, with the establishment of Westport Chapter No. 127, at Westport, February 27, 1827, with Joseph Cook, High Priest, Orris Pier, King, and Calvin Willey, Scribe. After making reports to the Grand Chapter for two years it disappears from the records." None of the names given are those of Westport men. It is possible that the strong Anti-Masonic excitement which followed the disappearance of Morgan in 1826 may have operated against the prosperous continuance of this order at this time. The present lodge was established in 1852.

This year was the "first great revival" of the churches, and the first camp meeting. The camp meeting was held on the little wooded point on the north shore of the bay, on the borders of the "Sisco farm," named from the family who lived on the hill above it. Here a plat-

form was built under the trees for the preachers, who exhorted a congregation seated on long planks which were supported by stones and blocks, with no roof overhead save the leafy branches of the trees. The camp meeting held for one or two weeks, and people came from far and near, from the Vermont shore, from Lewis and Essex, from Barber's Point and Wadham's Mills, put up tents and bark roofed shanties for shelter, and lived there on the lake shore the whole time, listening to sermons and to the testimonies of converts all day long, with the culmination of the day's excitement invariably looked for at the evening service, lighted by the glare of great flaming torches of pitch pine. The preachers were of all denominations, called in along both shores of the lake, and their labors were rewarded with a large number of converts. The records of our village churches show a great increase in membership in this and the next year, and both must have soon doubled their numbers.

There is doubtless a close connection between this revival and the fact that in this year the Congregational church was first organized at Wadham's Mills. If there had been a Congregational society there before this time, it was not in a flourishing condition, and there are no traces of it left. My efforts to obtain the early records of this church have been unavailing, the present clerk having in his possession nothing older than the book beginning in 1841. Smith's history of 1885 gives the names of the original members of 1827 as Luman Wadhams, Calvin Wiley, Jesse Braman, Alex-

ander Whitney and Thomas Hadley, the date of the first meeting March 29, 1827, and the place the school house "near the residence of Jesse Braman."

Besides the increase in membership, there is shown in the Baptist records a mounting zeal in the matter of church discipline. Serious business it was felt to be, and seriously they did it, appointing solemn committees to visit delinquents, and taking action upon the reports rendered at the next church meeting, but to one of the present generation a smile seems never far away when reading these deliberations, in which a neglect to attend church was dealt with as weightily as more flagrant offences. Poor Joseph Stacey, waited upon by one of these committees, confessed to working on board his boat on Sunday, instead of dressing up and going to church, and so we know that one of the white sails in the bay belonged to him.

Dr. Cutting has left an account of this revival which shows in perfection the quiet, sincere dignity of his own faith, which never descended to small anxieties about the inconsistencies of others.

"In 1826-27 occurred a revival in Westport. It was remarkable in character. Beginning in the early autumn of 1826, in a very general seriousness in the community, it continued through the winter. Many were baptised, myself on the last Sabbath in May, by the Rev. Jeremy H. Dwyer, pastor of the Baptist church in that village. I can hardly tell how I became more deeply interested in religion. I think my own state of mind and feeling were in harmony from the first

with the growing interest which pervaded the community. Long afterwards I learned that on retiring from the water, Mr. Dwyer remarked, 'I have baptised a minister to-day.' "

1828.

Town Meeting in the school house.

Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.

Samuel Cook, Jun., Town Clerk.

Jesse Braman, Platt R. Halstead, Ephraim Stiles, Assessors.

Levi Frisbie, Collector.

Jason Dunster, Diadorus Holcomb, Alanson Barber, Highway Commissioners.

Levi Frisbie, William Frisbie, Calvin Willey, Constables.

Elisha Garfield, Wm. B. Merriam, Alexander Spencer, School Commissioners.

Diadorus S. Holcomb, Asahel Lyon, Platt R. Halstead, School Inspectors.

John Greeley, Isaac Stone, Caleb P. Cole, Fence Viewers.

Newton Hays, Pound Master.

Overseers of Highways.—Ralph Walton, Levi Coll. Union Coll. Tillinghast Cole, Caleb P. Cole, Willard Carpenter, John Greeley, Jr., Myron Cole, Eleazar Ranney, Samuel Chandler, George W. Sturtevant, Lemuel Whitney, Lucius Lobdell, Oliver H. Barrett, Samuel A. Wightman, John Kingsley, Johnson Hill, Lyman Smith, Gideon Hammond, Henry Stone, Frederick Howard, Archey Dunton, Elijah Sherman, Jonas P. Walker, Abram Greeley, Geo. Skinner, Benajah Douglass.

This year we find mention of another mill on Black river,—Chauncy Fuller's, besides "Steel's, Douglass's, & Smith and Hatch's." The bridge in the village of Northwest Bay which has been so long referred to as that one "west of Halstead's old field," now begins to be called the one "near Myrick's Potash," and for the first time is mentioned Douglass's wharf.

In 1828 Gideon Hammond was one of a committee of three appointed to decide upon the question of building a county house for the care of the poor of the county. The house was built in 1833, and from that year until 1842 he served as County Superintendent of the Poor.

This year, or the one before, John and Abram Greeley came into town, as is proved by their both being appointed overseers of highways. They were sons of John Greeley, who was born in 1759, and fought as a boy of sixteen at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was a half brother of the father of Horace Greeley, the famous journalist. He removed from New Hampshire to Saratoga county, and from that place to Brookfield, in Essex, before the war of 1812, and he died in 1852, having lived ninety-three years. His son John fought in the war of 1812, and was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Plattsburgh, afterward receiving a pension.*

1829.

Town meeting in the school house.

Gideon Hammond. Supervisor.

John Hatch Low, Clerk.

Alexander Spencer. Diadorus Holcomb. Jesse Braman. Assessors.

*He was the father of James, and of Ruth, who married Henry Frisbie. Abram Greeley was the father of John J. Greeley, now a resident of Westport. Three daughters of the first John Greeley married and lived in Westport. Nancy married William Olds, and their sons were Wallace and Marshall. Mary married William Viall, and their children were John G., Asa, Mrs. Orlando Sayre, afterward Mrs. Whitney, and the first Mrs. F. H. Page. Phebe married Elijah Williams, and their sons were Samuel and Joseph, boat-men on the lake for many years and A. Elijah, one of our druggists.

John Chandler, Collector.

John Lobdell and George B. Reynolds, Poor Masters.

Alanson Barber, Asahel Lyon, John Kingsley, Highway Commissioners.

Charles Hatch, Diadorus S. Holcomb, Barnabas Myrick, School Commissioners.

Asahel Lyon, Caleb C. Barnes, Joseph R. Delano, School Inspectors.

B. P. Douglass, Norris McKinney, Sumner Whiting, Fence Viewers.

William Frisbie, Peter Tarbell, John Chandler, Joseph Hardy, John D. Lobdell, Constables.

Newton Hays, Pound Master.

Overseers of the Highways.—Joseph Bigalow, Elihu H. Cole, Charles Fisher, John Ferris, Caleb P. Cole, John H. Low, John Greeley, Moses Bull, Calvin Angier, Henry Royce, Bildad Royce, Lemuel Whitney, Benjamin Hardy, Augustus Hill, Vine T. Bingham, Samuel Storrs, Leonard Ware, Abram Nichols, Andrew Frisbie, Jonathan Nichols, Nelson Low, Solomon Stockwell, Seth Lewis, Darius Merriam, James Marshall, Lucius Lobdell, Nathaniel Hinkley.

Voted \$100 for the support of the poor.

Town meeting adjourned to the house of Elijah Newell, which stood on Pleasant street. After holding the town meetings for twelve years in the all-accommodating school house, the custom was adopted of holding them in some inn, and maintained until 1863, when the Armory was first used.

We notice the name of Norris McKenny, who was a tailor, and built the house just north of the Baptist church, burned in 1876, which answers to the Baptist parsonage of to-day. It was afterward owned by Dan Kent, by Ralph Loveland and by Victor Spencer.

In 1829 was published the first map of Essex county, by David H. Burr, with statistics from the latest census given at the bottom. Here Westport is credited

with having about one-fifth of the land improved. Real estate is valued at \$86,423, and personal property at \$1,400. There were 675 males and 647 females in the population, 167 subject to militia duty, and 287 entitled to vote at elections. There were eleven school districts in town, school had been kept an average of six months in the year, and the amount of public money received was \$191.46. 424 children had been taught in the schools the past year, and there were reported 340 children between the ages of 5 and 15. As for live stock, there were 1550 neat cattle, 237 horses, and 3801 sheep. The most remarkable figures are those of the number of yards of cloth of domestic manufacture, woven by the women on hand looms. 3282 yards of fulled cloth, 4045 yards of woolen cloth not fulled, and 2659 yards of cotton and linen. Think of those women, with their large families to care for, standing at the loom day after day, and weaving the blankets and sheets for the beds, and the linen for the table-cloths, and clothing for themselves and for their husbands and children. And they spun the thread before they wove it, remember, and carded the wool before that, although the two carding machines in town were by this time relieving them of some of this part of the toilsome process. And this homespun, homewoven work was often very beautiful, as pieces of the linen still preserved will show. Only one grist mill is reported, which must have been that of Myrick and Wadhams at the Falls, and this seems to prove that Hatch's two grist mills at Northwest Bay and the one at Coll's Bay were no

longer running. Also, there is but one "iron works" reported, which must mean Myrick's forge at the Falls, and would indicate that all the forges on the Black river were now idle. One trip hammer is reported, eleven saw mills, three fulling mills, two carding machines, no distillery, four asheries and one oil mill. What an oil mill in Westport can have been I cannot imagine. There were two post offices then, as now, Westport and Wadham's Mills.

Joseph R. DeLano, whose name is now first mentioned in the town records, came from Ticonderoga and opened a store and inn at Wadham's Mills. He was a son of Nathan DeLano, 2nd Lieutenant in Capt. Mackenzie's cavalry company in the war of 1812, and brother of Thomas DeLano of Ti. We soon find his name given as the incumbent of many town offices, and in 1841 he was elected the first supervisor from the village of Wadhams. His first wife was a Kimpton, of Ti, and their daughter Mahala married Col. John L. Merriam, afterward Governor of Minnesota. His second wife was Relief Law, and their children were: Electa, married Walter Merrill of Port Henry; Albertine, married Duncan Thompson, now lives in Washington; Rush, drowned in the Boquet when a boy, and Antoinette, married Isaac Wood of Wadhams.

1830.

Town meeting held at the Inn of Elijah Newell.
Gideon Hammond, Supervisor.
John H. Low, Town Clerk.

Platt R. Halstead, Charles Fisher and John Kingsley, Assessors.

William Frisbie, Collector.

George B. Reynolds and Barnabas Myrick, Overseers of the Poor.

Hezekiah Barber, Newton Hays, Calvin Angier, Highway Commissioners.

Ira Henderson, Joel A. Calhoun, Charles Hatch, School Commissioners.

Diadorus S. Holcomb, Joseph R. DeLano, Asahel Lyon, School Inspectors.

Wm Frisbie, Joseph Hardy and Asahel Lyon, Constables.

Newton Hayes, Pound Master.

No fence viewers, and the first Justices of the Peace mentioned. The entry in the town records is certified to by three Justices. Diadorus Holcomb, Jesse Braman and Alexander Spencer.

Overseers of Highways, or Pathmasters — Apollos Williams, Jr., Levi Coll, Jr., Charles Fisher, Asahel Havens, Caleb P. Cole, Asahel Lyon, Elijah Williams, Horace Holcomb, William Olds, Samuel Chandler, James Fortune, Francis Hardy, Jason Dunster, Augustus Hill, Samuel A. Wightman, John Lobdell, Johnson Hill, Abraham Nichols, Andrew Frisbie, Henry Stone, James McConley, Archey Dunton, Elijah Sherman, Ephraim Colburn, James Marshall, Lucius Lobdell, Nathaniel Hinckley, Leonard Ware, Jonathan Cady.

We find mentioned "Colburn's Mill," one belonging to Chester Taylor, and one to Garfield and Walker.

A new road district is made, No. 38, "beginning at the lane west of Nathan Wallis's, then running north and east by James Pollard's, Erastus Loveland's, Leonard Ware's and Eldad Kellogg's, until it intersects the Court House road." Still "Sherman's brook," which was the Raymond brook, called in its upper course the Stacy brook.

The decade of the thirties saw the height of the lum-

ber business. Myrick and Wadhams, the Douglasses and the Hatches gave employment to large numbers of men in the forests, and upon the roads, hauling logs to the mills and the "dock sticks" and the sawed lumber to the wharves. All this brought custom to the stores which were kept by Hatch and Douglass and Cutting, and by Myrick and Wadhams at the Falls, and the boat-loads of merchandise from New York began to contain more and more articles of luxury. By this time there were no log houses left in the village of Northwest Bay, though many were still standing on outlying farms, and some of the best houses in town were built before 1835. Most of the brick houses belong to this period, and the heavy-timbered frame houses, like the one now owned by Dr. Shattuck, on Washington street. The Baptist church was built this year, the first church edifice in town, on the hill at the top of Washington street, opposite the house now occupied by Mr. Case Howard. The latter place was then owned by Platt Rogers Halstead, who kept a bachelor's establishment, with a middle-aged houskeeper, always known as "Aunt Melinda," though she was no relative, and his sister Caroline, then a girl of twenty-one. She began keeping a diary the first of July, and on the ninth she writes, "Yesterday our meeting house was raised. Everything went on in good order. A prayer was made at the commencement by Elder Isaac Sawyer. We witnessed the good effects of temperance, as no ardent spirits was drank on the ground." It was indeed a novelty to have no liquor at a "raising," and this incident shows that

temperance as a principle, and not simply as a matter of individual choice, was beginning to be advanced. That it was literally but a beginning could not be shown more conclusively than by the following incident, related by Dr. S. S. Cutting twenty years after, when he was a Professor in Rochester University.

"My earliest recollection of the Rev. Isaac Sawyer is associated with an incident illustrative of his character. It was, I think, in the summer of 1827, before the tender of the cup had ceased to be an acknowledged part of the hospitalities of a Christian family. The minister of our church,—the Baptist church in Westport, N. Y.,—had resigned, and Mr. Sawyer had been invited to visit the place with a view to the pastoral office. He, with the retiring minister, was a guest at my father's house, between the services of the Sabbath day. I, as the boy on whom that duty naturally devolved, was directed to bear to our Reverend visitors the refreshment of brandy and water, with sugar attached; and this I did without a thought to that moment of any connection between conscience and drinking, except that conscience forbade intemperate drinking. With the air of a true gentleman, quietly but friendly, Mr. Sawyer declined the cup. "It is a point of conscience with me," said the already venerable man; "I have united with some of my brethren in an obligation to abstain entirely." "A point of conscience!" thought the astonished boy,—and he never forgot the lesson, or ceased to honour the minister of religion from whose lips those few words had fallen. Thank

Heaven, the cup ceased to be among the hospitalities of that home.

Stories are told, and true ones too, of the minister calling at some house which was temporarily destitute of spirits, and of the small boy of the family being smuggled out of the pantry window and sent in great secrecy for a new supply, all hoping that the minister might not suspect, as he drank with them the social glass, that it was not drawn from their own cellar. Mr. J. S. Boynton tells a story of a house in Jay, in the wall of which the owner imbedded a bottle of whisky, and then bricked it over, saying, "It shall never be said of me that I was at any time discovered without liquor in the house." I never heard of such extreme measures being taken in this town to escape the social disgrace of the times, but all these things show the condition of public opinion.

Elder Isaac Sawyer was called to preach in April of 1828, and was pastor of the church six years, receiving, according to the church book, the salary of \$200 a year, which was the largest salary yet paid up to that time. While he was here his son Miles married Caroline Halstead, and his daughter Mary married Austin Hickok. Elder Sawyer lived in the house on Washington street now owned by Dr. Charles Holt, and it would seem to have been built for him since my grandmother writes one day of calling on Mrs. Ira Henderson, and adds, "Mrs. H. came with me over the bridge as far as the Elder's new house."

This diary gives pleasant glimpses of the social life

of the place for one year. These were the days when matches, envelopes and steel pens were still unknown, and the only means of lighting was by tallow candles, dipped or moulded in each household by hand, wax candles being brought from the city for extraordinary occasions. The parlor candle-sticks had become very elaborate affairs, arranged with circles of hanging prisms to reflect the light and add brilliancy to the room. Wall paper was still unknown, but I doubt if there were wainscoted walls in Westport, although a wainscot half way up the wall, with plaster above it, is seen in all the old houses. The height of fashion in china was the beautiful flowing blue, of which so few pieces have survived.

The women wore the short-waisted dresses, with skirts short and scant, showing feet clad in the thinnest of slippers and beautifully clocked stockings. The neck and arms were commonly left bare, and a cape carried on the arm to throw over the shoulders when it was cold. Perhaps this style of dress might account somewhat for the number of deaths by consumption in those early years of the century. The hair was worn in high puffs and curls, with a high back comb, and sometimes with a curl falling each side of the face. The men wore high stocks, and their dress coats were cut away in front to show the most elaborate waist coats. Their hair was allowed to grow long enough to brush straight up in front and to curl back behind the ears in a manner much admired. The trousers were held neatly in place over the boots by straps under the instep, and the hat

was bell-crowned with curling brim. Ruffled shirt fronts were completely out of fashion, but were still worn by some of the older men, and John Halstead wore long hose and silver buckled shoes as long as he lived. His son Platt never wore an overcoat, but wrapped his military cloak about his spare figure when the weather was inclement, and it is partly on this account that I am told by people who remember him that he strongly resembled the portrait of Von Moltke. The women's bonnets were the great flaring "pokes," which stayed in fashion so many years, though the shapes changed slightly, so that a fine Leghorn bonnet might be bleached and "done over" on a new block from the city as often as once in two or three years, and it is no exaggeration to say that such a bonnet was often worn ten years without fear of comment from one's neighbors. In the simple life of the little lake shore village, people had plenty of leisure, and my grandmother's diary records many an afternoon visit, with neighbors coming in uninvited to spend the evening in pleasant chat. On more formal occasions you were invited for the afternoon and to stay to tea, like the company which Mrs. Katy Scudder invites in the first chapter of "The Minister's Wooing." Mrs. Stowe's description of manners and conversation might have been given of Westport in the thirties, when it was etiquette to praise everything on the table, beginning with the weaving of the linen, which was of course the work of your hostess, and in perfectly good form to inquire of your *vis-a-vis* if he or she enjoyed religion. Once the diary records:

"Received compliments from Mrs. Wightman, with an invitation to visit her this p. m. Other company expected, quite a little party." And after it was out, "Mary Sawyer, Mr. McKinney, Miles and I took a short walk, the evening being very inviting and called at Mr. Holcomb's." She had Jane McKinney and Julia Hickok and Mary Sawyer and other girls to stay with her over night, and once they went on horseback to Tillinghast Cole's to eat warm sugar. There was also an invitation to a party at "Mr. Newel's," and after Mrs. Van Vleck had come to tea, as she frequently did, it was always endorsed "had an excellent visit." Then as for the religious meetings, they were an occupation in themselves. What would you think now of listening to two long sermons every Sunday, with a Sabbath school session between, and a prayer meeting in the evening, and then two or three more "conferences" through the week?

In August of this year occurred the great freshet which was felt through all the Champlain valley. The diary says: "It has caused very extensive damages in many different places, not so much in this as in many others. In New Haven, Vt., fourteen individuals were swept away by the torrent of waters rushing upon them in the dead of night." Though no lives were lost in Westport, mills and bridges went out along the Black and the Boquet, and Mill brook in the village carried away all the mills which stood above the present dam. In September the house of Dr. Wright on

Pleasant street was burned, as is told in detail in the diary.

According to Watson, "Brainard's Forges, containing two or three fires each, were erected in 1830, and stood on Black river, a few miles from the Court House." We know that David Brainard built a forge on the Black in 1817, and this was doubtless rebuilt after the freshet.

On the first of March, 1830, the First Baptist Church of Westport was legally incorporated as a religious society, with the following trustees: Gideon Hammond, Platt R. Halstead, Ira Henderson, George B. Reynolds, Dr. Dan. S. Wright, Horace Holcomb and John Kingsley.

1831.

Town Meeting held at Elijah Newell's.

Barnabas Myrick, Supervisor.

Diodorus S. Holcomb, Clerk.

Jesse Braman, Diodorus Holcomb and Alanson Barber, Assessors.

George B. Reynolds and John Kingsley, Poor Masters.

Hezekiah Barber, Newton Hays and Willard Church, Highway Commissioners.

Asahel Lyon, Ira Henderson, Horace Holcomb, School Commissioners.

Diodorus S. Holcomb, Elisha Garfield, Aaron B. Mack, School Inspectors.

Joseph Hardy, Collector.

Joseph Hardy, Samuel Chandler and Joel A. Calhoun, Constables.

Phineas A. Durfy, Pound Master.

The entry is certified to by three Justices, Jesse Braman, Alexander Spencer and Gideon Hammond. Two Justices were elected, Alexander Spencer and John H. Low.

Pathmasters.—Howard Mitchell, E. H. Coll, James W. Coll, Tillinghast Cole, Caleb P. Cole, Austin Hickok, Barnabas Myrick, Myron C. Cole, Luther Angier, Horatio Lovel, George W. Sturtevant, Thomas Wesson, Moses Felt, Joel Finney, Nathan Chase, Ephraim Bull, Harvey Smith, Enos Loveland, Platt Sheldon, William Stacy, John Stacy, Solomon Stockwell, Hollis Sherman, William McIntyre, Alexander McDougal, Silas Daniels, Ebenezer Douglass, Erastus Loveland, Jonathan Cady.

Town Meeting adjourned to Elijah Newell's.

This year New Year's Day fell on Saturday. On Sunday the diary notes "Attended meeting. Elder Sawyer's text was in Jeremiah 28:16; *This year thou shalt die.* A solemn and impressive discourse." Such a text, dwelt upon with the most positive conviction, and delivered to a congregation which had not yet learned to doubt, might well produce an impression. The power of the preaching of those days lay greatly in a fervent faith in the supernatural. One of Elder Sawyer's early experiences had been this. When a rough, untutored lad, living in wilderness Vermont, he learned to play cards. One night he and another boy stole away by themselves, with one half-burned candle for light, to play a game on the floor of a barn. Becoming absorbed in the game, which called for a keenness of observation and of forethought never before required in any recreation of their dull lives, they played all night long, nor thought to stop until daylight began to break. Recalled to recognition of their surroundings, they saw that the candle was still burning brightly, and was as long as it had been when they first lighted it, hours before. Each felt sure that he had neither

snuffed the candle nor put a new one into the candlestick since they began to play. The conclusion was obvious. Since it was to the advantage of no one so much as to the Evil One himself that they should devote themselves to such unholy practices as card playing, it was plain that he, and no other, had snuffed the candle and replenished it, and so prolonged their wickedness to suit his own ends. Now if you believed that, as Isaac Sawyer believed it, you would look upon a playing card with the same horror that he felt, that is, you would act upon your conviction as he did. The next generation of Sawyers never played cards. In the generation after that the spell had weakened, so that when my mother told me the story she explained the absorption of the boys who snuffed the candle and changed it unconsciously, and afterward were made cowards by their own consciences, but nevertheless she still felt the inherited horror stronger than reason, so that the sight of a playing card was actually unpleasant to her. Now the preaching of a man who has such belief as that in the nearness of the supernatural, delivered perhaps some night of the camp meeting which was again held this year on the Sisco farm, when the light of the torches was reflected in the water, and made such deep shadows behind the tree trunks, and the voice of the preacher seemed to come from some unknown country, may well have produced an effect such as the great revival which followed. Not that he was the only one who spoke from the strength of such convictions, and spoke with power. Father Comstock took

a leading part in these camp meetings, and the Methodist preachers of this time were Orville Kyrepton, G. W. Estey, Hiram Chase and P. M. Hitchcock.

Dr. Cutting wrote as follows in regard to the religious history of the year: "I well remember a revival which occurred in 1831. I was a student at the time, at home in search of health. On my arrival, I found preparations in progress for a 'Four Days Meeting.' The frame of the house of worship had been for some time raised, but the work had proceeded slowly. Roof and rough boarding were now hurried on; a loose flooring was laid; rude benches were to furnish sittings for the congregation, and a carpenter's bench a platform for the preachers. The moral preparations seemed to be less adequate. A meeting largely attended was held in a school-house on the evening previous to the great gathering in the unfinished church. The Providence of God had brought to the village, and that evening, the venerable Father Comstock, a Congregational minister, long known and honoured in Northern New York. On these aged men devolved the duty of the religious instructions of that evening. Father Comstock preached, making the union of Christians in love, and prayers and labours, the burden of his message, and reaching a strain of Christian eloquence which it has never been my lot to witness on any other occasion. Father Sawyer followed, reiterating and applying these instructions, and, before the evening closed, the members of the church, to that hour so languid and so wanting in faith as well-nigh to quench the hope of a

blessing, were brought upon their knees in confessions and prayers which were the sure precursors of a great ingathering of souls. This great revival was, I believe, the last under the ministry of Father Sawyer at Westport, and illustrated, as it seems to me, the excellence and height of his power as a Christian Pastor."

This year the first class meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church was organized at Wadhams Mills, composed as follows: Captain Levi Frisbie, leader, with Nathan Jones, Thomas Wessons, Mrs. T. Wessons, Cyrenus Payne and a Lack family, in all ten persons, as members. From this time on there was regular preaching at the Falls by the circuit rider.

The year was signalized by great accessions to all the churches. The Baptist church records show sixty-one additions in 1830, and forty-eight in the succeeding years, and there was a corresponding increase in the M. E. church. As might be expected, changes were sometimes made from one church to the other, as when Diadorus Holcomb and his wife Sylva left the Baptist church for the Methodist. These were trying occasions, and doctrinal discussions were frequent and searching, forming a common topic of conversation. It was at about this time that the wife of Elder Isaac Sawyer (born Mary Willoughby,) delivered one of those pithy sayings so fondly cherished by posterity as indicative of character: "We hear a great deal about Free-will Baptists," said she, "and Hard-shell Baptists, but the greatest trouble I have is with self-willed Baptists!"

Another subject of conversation was the Anti-Masonic

movement, which had been growing ever since the mysterious disappearance of Morgan in 1826, and was now at its height as a political power. Caroline Halstead wrote in her diary in 1830, "Attended the Association (of the Baptist Churches) in October. The proceedings there caused me many very painful feelings. Some of the churches were more engaged about Anti-Masonry than religion, I fear." But all were not of her mind, for the Westport churches passed a strong resolution against Free Masonry in 1831, followed, it would seem, by divisions and unhappiness, as might have been expected. "Sister (Mary Hunter) Cutting" confessed in 1833 to having been much "troubled about Masonry," being apparently quite out of sympathy with the action of the church.

This year the hotel at Wadhams was built by Isaac Alden, a descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower. His wife was the first white child born in the vicinity of Montpelier, Vt. He was the father of Gen. Alonzo Alden of the Civil War, who was born at Wadhams in 1834, attended the Academy at Keeseville, and in 1845 taught school in Westport. He afterward graduated from William Colleges, and practiced law in Troy until the Civil War, in which he rendered distinguished services, becoming a brigadier-general.

1832.

Town Meeting at Elijah Newell's.
Barnabas Myrick, Supervisor.
Aaron B. Mack, Clerk.

Jesse Braman, Alanson Barber, Gideon Hammond, Assessors.

Joseph Hardy, Collector.

George B. Reynolds and John Chandler, Poor Masters.

James W. Coll, Willard Church, Newton Hays, Highway Commissioners.

Ira Henderson, Horace Holcomb, Asahel Lyon, School Commissioners.

Joseph R. Delano, D. S. Holcomb, Abiathar Pollard, School Inspectors.

Joseph Hardy, Theron Slaughter and Joel A. Calhoun, Constables.

Newton Hays, Pound Master, and also the incumbent of a new office, that of Town Sealer of Weights and Measures.*

Gideon Hammond, Justice.

Pathmasters—Joseph Bigelow, John Stone, Alanson Barber, Asa Loveland, Caleb P. Cole, Asahel Lyon, Barnabas Myrick, Myron C. Cole, Nathaniel Allen, Henry Royce, George Fortune, Isaac Alden, Thomas Hadley, Augustus Hill, Samuel A. Wightman, John Lobdell, Johnson Hill, Timothy Draper, Andrew Frisbie, Jonathan Nichols, Giles Shirthill, Forest M. Goodspeed, Eli Ferris, Ephraim Coulburn, Josepa Farnham, John Sweat, Nathaniel Hinkley, George Vaughan, Jonathan Cady.

Voted to the support of the poor, \$93.75.

It was this day enacted that the collector should "collect for three per cent. of the whole amount." Also that school commissioners and school inspectors should serve for \$1.00 a day. Also that all neat cattle should run as free commoners, and that a lawful fence "must be made of sound materials and be 4½ feet high.

It was in 1832 that the Kents came, from Benson, Vt., and a new industry was started. Dan Kent was a hatter, and he made hats in a building at the east end of the bridge at Northwest Bay, employing a number of

*This office, which was regularly filled every year for twenty-two years, was considered very important at the time. It was the duty of the Sealer to examine weights and measures in the town, and certify those which accorded to the legal standard by affixing a seal. This was a protection to the ignorant or unwary from unscrupulous dealers, and also a welcome endorsement for all honest tradesmen.

men. This "hat shop," standing where the public fountain now stands, was three-storied, and built in a square, massive style, with many windows. It was used as a tenement after the manufacture of hats ceased to be profitable, and was not torn down until about 1887. The builder was David Clark, (grandfather of the present builder of the same name,) and the first owner seems to have been John H. Low.

Dan H. Kent married Samantha Hammond, daughter of Gideon. His sister Harriet married Ralph Loveland, son of Erastus and grandson of Enos. Katharine Kent was a peculiarly beloved school teacher among the village children, and married the Rev. Mr. Whitney.* Augusta Kent was also a school teacher, in Westport and in the south, and married Mr. Victor Spencer, who was book-keeper for Silas Witherbee at Jacksonville, and also well-known as a teacher. He was for a while in business with Dr. Richardson of Whallonsburgh, and afterward went to Michigan, where he was connected with Mr. Loveland in the lumber business. Mrs. Spencer has been of the greatest assistance in preparing this part of this history, especially in a vivid account of the village as she first saw it, coming into it on the road from Barber's Point, a little girl nine years old. So many changes have come

*One of the most irrepressible of the boys who went to school to Miss Kent was Conant Sawyer, and he afterward gave evidence of the love and respect which she inspired in him by naming his daughter after her. The Kents were cousins of Mrs. Katy Childs Walker, a well-known contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* of a generation ago. One of her wittiest and most often quoted articles was "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things." She often visited in Westport.

about in the seventy years since then that it would take pages to explain to a stranger her account of the houses which stood between the Point and the bridge in the village, but it has been invaluable to the writer as the one point of solid ground upon which to stand in looking forward and back in an estimate of the historical growth of the village. She saw a little country place, of hardly more than one street running along above the shore, quiet and yet busy, slow but not yet shabby, with good houses and well-dressed people, and a social life in which it was possible to find cultivated minds and manners, with leisure for conversation.

Many a glimpse of these conditions is given in Mrs. Spencer's letters, like this incident of her first summer in Westport.

"Eliza Durphy lived at our house then, and took me with her to Caroline Sawyer's,—the old Halstead house on the corner. She was after a copy of the missionary hymn written, I think, by the author of 'America,' Smith. It began :

'Yes, my native land, I love thee well;
Can I, can I leave thee, far in heathen lands to dwell?'

"I remember so well your grandmother's soft voice and pleasant ways, and the big bunch of flowers she gave me, with some pink lavender which she called 'cupids.' Your mother was born soon after. I was only nine years older than she was." A missionary hymn and a gift of flowers, remembered for seventy years, show that there was gentleness and refinement at home in this remote place. And the child who "was born

soon after" loved flowers and poetry with a passionate love all her life.

Mrs. Spencer goes on to say that Aaron B. Mack built the brick house just north of Judge Hatch's, afterward occupied by Charles B. Hatch, that summer, and in the fall the house still further north, commonly called "the Aikens house," from the fact that Judge Aikens afterward owned it, was built for John H. Low.

This was Dr. Abiathar Pollard's first year in Westport, he being elected school inspector immediately after his arrival. He was born in Bridgewater, Vt., in 1808, and had just graduated from Castleton Medical College. His parents were Abiathar Pollard, from Massachusetts, and Comfort Sisco Pollard. The Siscos had been at Sisco bay at least since 1824. After about four years' practice in Westport, Dr. Pollard attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1835 married Hannah Douglass, daughter of Ebenezer. He was six years in Chazy, Clinton county, eight years in Keeseville, two in New York and eight in California, and in 1861 returned to Westport and there remained until his death.

1833.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of Newton Hays.

Asabel Lyon, Supervisor.

Aaron B. Mack, Clerk.

Jesse Braman, Justice.

Newton Hays, Collector.

Alexander Spencer, Diodorus Holcomb, Joseph Hardy, Assessors.

Hezekiah Barber, James W. Coll, John Greely, Jr., Highway Commissioners.

Abiathar Pollard, Horace Holcomb, Ira Henderson, School Commissioners.

D. S. Holcomb, Asahel Lyon, Myron C. Cole, School Inspectors.

George B. Reynolds and Abel Baldwin, Poor Masters.

Newton Hays, Joel A. Calhoun, Theron Slaughter, Constables.

Newton Hays, Pound Master, and Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmaster—Horace Ormsby. Isaac Stone, Ebenezer Spencer, Andrew Frisbie, William Frisbie, Norris McKinny, Cyrus Richards, Myron C. Cole, Calvin Angier, Danea Dodge, Willard Church, Lemuel Whitney, Abel Baldwin, Joel Finney, Jeduthan Cobb, Willard Hartwell, Amos Smith, Oliver B. Babcock, Platt Sheldon, William Stacy, William Perkins, Archy Dunton, Orrin Skinner, Moses Felt, Edward Harper, George Skinner, Nathaniel Hinkley, George Vaughan, Jonathan Cady, Elisha Royce.

It was voted that the balance of the money in the hands of the Poor Masters belonging to the town should be applied to the purchase of Weights and Measures.

“The Inn of Newton Hays” stood on the corner of Main and Washington streets, on the present Library lawn. Tradition saith that this inn was first built by Aaron Felt. Next year we find it occupied by Harry J. Person. I have been told that Newton Hays built the brick house standing above the Library, so long known as “the Walker Eddy house,” at about this time. In the road surveys we find a new road laid out “from Douglass wharf to David S. McLeod’s.” The McLeod house on the corner was burned in 1901.

1834.

This year the Town Meeting was held “at the Inn of H. J. Person.” This shows that it was at this time that H.

J. Person bought the hotel on the corner, which was so well known a landmark until it was burned in the fire of 1876. Mr. Person kept it until his death.

Ebenezer Douglass, Supervisor.

Benjamin P. Douglass, Clerk.

Diodorus Holcomb, Justice.

Alanson Barber, John Chandler and Joseph Hardy, Assessors.

Hezekiah Barber, John Greely, Jr., Abel Baldwin, Road Commissioners.

Newton Hays, Collector.

Ira Henderson, D. S. Holcomb, William L. Wadhams, School Commissioners.

Miles M. F. Sawyer, Abiathar Pollard, Joseph R. Delano, School Inspectors.

John Lobdell, Levi Frisbie, Poor Masters.

Newton Hays, Theron Slaughter, Marcus J. Hoisington, Granville Stone, Joel A. Calhoun, Constables.

Enos S. Warner, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Norris McKinney and Thomas Weston, Pound Keepers.

Two pounds are established this year, for the first time, showing the increasing needs of a growing settlement. Norris McKinney lived at North West Bay, and Thomas Weston near Wadhams Mills.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Lock, Otis Sheidon, Union Coll, Noel Merrill, David Rogers, Newton Hays, John Greely, Jr., Willard Frisbie, Eleazar H. Ranney, Henry Royce, George W. Sturtevant, Jason Braman, Joseph Hardy, Charles Denton, John Stanton, John Lobdell, Ephraim Bull, Lyman Smith, John F. Alexander, William Perkins, Giles Shurtleff, Stephen Barber, Lee Prouty, Moses Felt, Robert McDougal, Leonard Taylor, Ebenezer Douglass, George Vaughan, Jonathan Cady, Thomas Fortune.

Voted to appropriate \$5.81 to purchase the Desk examined by the Auditors for the deposit of town Books and Papers. The Auditors were the Town Board.

This year a road was discontinued, "beginning at the intersection of the road leading from O. H. Barrett's with the road leading from Wadhams Mills to John Daniels' forge, to the north line of Jesse Braman's Lot."

The surveyor was Joel K. French.

It was about this time, perhaps somewhat earlier,

that Asahel Root came from Elizabethtown and settled on the lake road, on the farm so long occupied by his son, Col. Samuel Root, until the property was sold to the Westport Farms in 1897. Col Root was a boy of sixteen when the family moved into town. He afterward married Cynthia Fisher, and one of their daughters is Mrs. Charles H. Pattison of Moriah. He received his title through being elected Colonel of the militia at the time of the Civil War, and though he never went to the front, he did gallant service in raising the war quota of the town. (His father had been a sergeant in the militia during the war of 1812.) He might be called our "war supervisor," since he held that office from 1860 to 1863. He represented the county in the Assembly 1868 and 1869.

In 1834, David Clark came to this village with his family, from Cornwall, Vt. He was a house builder, and a good proportion of the houses now standing in Westport were built by him, and by his son, and by his grandson, the latter being still the principal contractor for new buildings. Mr. Aaron Clark was for many years a prominent man in the affairs of the M. E. church. He married Harriet Clark, a grand-daughter of Capt. Levi Frisbie, and their children were : David married Minnie Pattison. Aaron B. took orders in the Episcopal Church, and is now living in Dakota. Mary married Edmund J. Floyd. Theresa married Nelson J. Gibbs. Anna married Mr. Middlebrook, and is now living in Vergennes.

Immigration was now brisk from all directions. From

the north came in the Stevensons, and settled in the extreme south of Bessboro, on the lake shore. This family came from Kelso, Scotland, on the river Tweed. William Stevenson was a carpenter, and he, with his wife, three sons and one daughter, came to America about 1830, landing at Quebec and coming from there to Whallonsburgh, and a little later to Westport where he bought a farm near the "stone bridge," at the mouth of Beaver Brook. The canny Scotchman watched his neighbors at their farming, and observed that they were using an old-fashioned kind of plow, not adapted to the soil which they were working. He had made for himself a plow after the pattern of those which he had seen in the old country, and so introduced the first "long-mold-board, long handled plow" ever seen in Westport. The Stevensons were all skilled mechanics, the three sons working for the Bay State Iron Company at Port Henry for many years, besides carrying on their farms in Westport.*

This was one of the earliest springs on record, the ice being out of the lake at Plattsburgh March 15. But

*William Stevenson was thrice married. His son Thomas was the child of the first wife, John of the second wife, and Alexander and Margaret of the third wife. Thomas married Isabella daughter of Robert Williamson of Galtonside, Roxboroshire, and they had six children, the oldest of whom was Lieut William Henry Stevenson of Co. F, 118th N. Y. V. John Stevenson married Sarah VanAntwerp, and they had six children, of whom Jacob V. was in the 77th N. Y. V., and William was also in the service of the United States during the Civil War. Alexander married his cousin, Margaret, daughter of Robert Richardson, and they had nine children, the oldest of whom is Robert Richardson Stevenson, at one time editor of the Ticonderoga Sentinel, and School Commissioner. (Charles W. Stevenson of Westport is his son.)

it was also a year when the spring went backward, as the 14th and 15th of May saw a great snow storm, piling the snow in drifts. Barnabas Myrick went to the Assembly at Albany this year, and another event, quite as much a matter of comment, was the death of Joseph Call—"Joe Call, the Lewis giant,"—who had moved to Westport some years before this time. Essex county mythology is enriched by many a yarn about the strength of this man. He had been a soldier in the British army, had won a watch in a wrestling match in Scotland, had come to America and fought on our side in the war of 1812, had crushed between his hands a British grenadier in Plattsburgh who would not wrestle fairly, and was altogether beloved as a typical embodiment of the strength of the young republic pitted against the unfair bullying of England. One delightful story, altogether "too good to be true," is of his fame reaching to England, or perhaps being never forgotten there, and of a champion wrestler crossing the seas and seeking him out on his Lewis farm, where he was discovered plowing. Now Joe Call did not show his immense strength at the first glance, being no more than six feet high, and "heavier'n he looked," (perhaps when local genius elaborates this point there is a subtle intention to imply that one must

Margaret, daughted of William Stevenson, married John Ormiston, who came from Berwick-on-Tweed, and they had seven children. As William Stevenson, the founder of the family in America, had twenty-eight grand children, nearly all of them born in Westport, no one will expect me to so much as make a beginning at naming his descendants. The records of this family have been kept with an admirable fidelity and exactness, showing that the spirit of the old Scottish clan still survives among these American Stevensons.

be much more than six feet high and proportionately strong to excite notice among our stalwart mountaineers,) and when the stranger inquired the way to Joe Call's house, the plowman lifted his plow in one hand and silently pointed to the nearest farmhouse! Of course the story concludes with the statement that the stranger had no courage to try a fall with the famous wrestler after that.

On May 1st, 1834, the Essex County Academy was established in Westport under an act of the Legislature authorizing Asabel Lyon, Platt Rogers Halstead and Benajah P. Douglass to incorporate the same. This Academy was for twenty years or more one of the most important schools along the lake receiving students from New York and Montreal, as well as from Vermont and from all the towns of the county. Its sessions were held in a large building on the south side of Washington street, (on the site now owned by Frank E. Smith,) which was built for a dwelling house by Austin Hickok* a few years before this time. The large white house just above it, now occupied by Mrs. E. B. Low, was built as a boarding house for the Academy, and so used as long as the Academy flourished. The old Academy building burned about 1874. The first trustees of the Academy were Aaron B. Mack, Judge Charles Hatch, Charles B. Hatch, George B. Reynolds, Ira Henderson, Norris McKinney, Barnabas Myrick, Caleb P. Cole and Joseph Cole. The capital was \$2500, in shares of \$25

*Austin Hickok was a brother of Dr. Henry Hickok, so long pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. C. H. Eddy (born Marietta Hickok) was his sister.

each. March 6, 1838, the Academy received a charter from the Regents.

This year a parsonage was purchased for the M. E. church, but I have failed to find where it stood. The committee appointed to manage the business was John Gibbs, Joseph Burlingame, R. S. Odell, D. Holcomb and William Frisbie. At this time Westport and Moriah belonged to the Middlebury District, and the preachers were Ezra Sayres and Andrew C. Mills. The summer camp meeting was held, not on the lake shore, but in a grove near the brook on Platt Halstead's farm—since Albert Carpenter's.

This year Capt. Ira Henderson, the boat-builder, erected a large house on North street with fireplaces and brick oven. In 1848 it was converted into a hotel by his son-in-law, William Richards, and so used until it was burned in 1893.

1836.

Town Meeting at the Inn of H. J. Person.

Ebenezer Douglass, Supervisor.

Benajah P. Douglass, Clerk.

Ira Henderson, Justice.

Horace Holcomb, Abel Baldwin, Isaac Stone, Assessors.

Miles M^cF. Sawyer, Alanson Barber, Moses Felt, Road Commissioners.

Marcus J. Hoisington, Collector.

D. S. Holcomb, Abithar Poulard, William Frisbie, School Commissioners.

Eos S. Warner, Asahel Lyon, Albert P. Cole, School Inspectors.

Newton Hays, Marcus J. Hoisington, Alanson Denton, Constables.

Levi Frisbie and John Lobdell, Poor Masters.

Barnabas Myrick, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Lock, Ephraim Colburn, Union Coll, Levi Frisbie, Amos Culver, Newton Hays, Hiram Ayres, Willard Frisbie, Calvin Angier, Charles M. Church, Abram E. Wadhams, Jason Dunster, Augustus Hill, Oliver H. Barrett, Willard Hartwell, Johnson Hill, David Smith, John F. Alexander, Jonathan Nichols, Benjamin Westgate, Solomon Stockwell, John Chamberlin, Darius Merriam, Joseph Farnam, George Skinner, Ebenezer Douglass, George Vaughan, Jonathan Cady, Emory Mather.

Voted that the balance of money in the hands of the Poor Masters be applied for the support of the common schools, and that the books kept by the Poor Masters be deposited in the Town Clerk's office.

That the School Commissioners revise and regulate the boundaries of the school districts.

Adjourned to Spencer's Hotel.

This year a special Town Meeting was called in June to elect an Assessor in the place of Isaac Stone, who did not serve. Diadorus Holcomb was elected to the vacant place.

In the road surveys we find an alteration of the road "leading from Whallon's Mills to North West Bay, beginning opposite Henry Royce's dwelling house." The surveyors were Abram Stone and Joel K. French. A new road was opened "from Moses Felt's to Darius Merriam's, and to Felt and Merriam's Mill Yard." Platt Rogers Halstead surveyed a road "from Luther Angier's to Whallon's Mill."

Now begins another era, with the prosperous existence of the Academy. From the first, Westport has never been unmindful of her schools. Even the primitive district schools seem never to have been taught by the most worthless members of the community, as some stories of early backwoods schools in other places would indicate, and Dr. Cutting has left his testimony that in 1823 he found what he calls "a good school" at North-west Bay. We wish he had recorded the teacher's name, as very few of the early teachers are remembered to-day. The names of Miss Cady and Miss Bates are

mentioned, and we know that Lucetta Loveland, (afterward Mrs. Egerton,) and Huldah Holcomb, (afterward Mrs. Bartlett,) taught several terms. Later, the teachers of the township were almost universally from the Academy—Mr. Wheaton Cole writes: "Afterward I attended the Westport Academy, where I finished my school work, and began teaching in Panton, Vt., at the princely salary of eleven dollars per month, and boarded around. Four months gave me forty-four dollars. I was rich. It was the most money I had ever had at one time in my life. I always loved the school room, and taught twelve terms, ten of them in Westport schools. I was the town superintendent for Westport, and in after years was the county superintendent of Fayette county, Iowa, for seven years. My last school was taught at Wadham's Mills; the teacher left, and I finished the school term."

Happily, a catalog of the first working year of the Academy has remained, not yet "overtaken by eternity," like so many documents that we would like to see. It is here printed entire. After the names of resident pupils the address "Westport" is omitted.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE
ESSEX COUNTY ACADEMY, WESTPORT,
FOR THE YEAR 1836.

Trustees: Charles Hatch, George B. Reynolds, Aaron B. Mack, Barnabas Myrick, Ira Henderson, Charles B. Hatch, Norris McKinney, Caleb Cole, Abiathar Pollard, M. D.

Instructors: Orson Kellogg, A. M., Principal.

Abial P. Mead, M. D., (of Essex,) Lecturer.
Mr. Jesse P. Bishop, Male Teacher.
Miss Emily P. Gross, (of Keeseville,) Teacher.
Miss Mary Severance, Music Teacher.
Miss C. S. L. McLeod, Teacher of Primary School.
Evander W. Ranney, M. D., appointed Lecturer for the ensuing year.

Male Department.

Lewis Bartlett, Jay. Jesse P. Bishop, Panton, Vt. John F. Donner, Montreal, L. C. Judson Bostwick. Edwin N. Bostwick, Montreal. James P. Butler, Moriah. Thomas W. Call. Francis Chase, Keene. Adams Clark. David Clark, Aaron Clark, Dexter B. Colburne, Moses Coll, Harry N. Cole, Dan Cutting. Thomas Donaldson, New York City. Ebenezer Douglass, Ticonderoga. Francis A. Douglass, Ticonderoga. Edward Douglass, Cornwall. Vt. James W. Eddy, Samuel H. Farnsworth. Daniel French, Lewis. James Farnsworth. Albert A. Farnsworth, Lewis. Henry Farnsworth, Fort Ann. Martin Farrand, Jeremiah Flinn. Abiel Gould, Randolph, Vt. John S. Gould, Essex. Luther B. Hammond. Rensselaer B. Hammond. Henry Hapgood, Edwin Hatch, Percival Hatch, George W. Henderson. William Higby, Willsborough. William Holcomb, Benjamin Frank Holcomb, William Hodges. John Howard, Moriah. Lucius Howard. Daniel Howard, New Haven, Vt. Cyrus Kellogg, Elizabethtown. Richard Henry Lee, Lewis. Benjamin F. Lee, Lewis. Diadorus H. Loveland, Ralph A. Loveland, Solon Lovell. Lucius Lyon. Henry Marks, Elizabethtown. Foster McKinney. John L. Merriam, Essex. Ira Myrick, Nathan Myrick. Rowland J. Nichols, Lewis. William H. Peck, Keeseville. Michael Phyfe, New York City. William Phyfe, New York City. Orrin Reed, Jay. Alva C. Rogers, Anson Rogers, David Rogers, Samuel Root. Stephen Rowe, Chesterfield. John N. Rust, New York City. Cyrus Richards, Charles Richards. John Savre. Samuel M. Scott, Keene. William G. T. Shedd, Willsborough. Henry Shedd, Willsborough. Marshall Shedd, Willsborough. Edward Shumway, Essex. Dennis B. Stacey. Charles Stacey. Thomas D. Stafford, Essex. Miron

Stearnes, Elizabethtown. Alpheus Stone, Stillman Stone. Jonathan Tarbell, Moriah. David T. Taylor, New York City. Obed Taylor, Essex. John C. Thompson, Burlington, Vt. Higby Throop, Willsborough. Daniel Whallon, Essex. Reuben Whallon, Essex. Samuel M. Williams. Russell I. Williams, Sudbury, Vt. Barnum Winans, Ferrisburgh, Vt. Sarell Wood, Jay. Alva Woods, Crown Point.

Female Department.

Eliza Angier, Nancy Angier. Sally Bishop, Lewis. Lucy Bruce, Keene. Irene Cali. Eliza Cole, Stillwater. Martina Ann Cole, Mary Cole, Roby Cole, Marietta Clark, Julia Clark. Pamela Clark, Mary Cutting, Mahala Drake, Sophronia Drake, Mary Ann Ferris. Pamela Finny, Anna Finny, Betsey Fisher, Cynthia Fisher. Mary Foster, Moriah. Jane Agnes Flack, Willsborough. Mariah Gibson, Spring Arbor, Mich. Mary Gould, Essex. Emily P. Gross, Keeseville. Mary A. Hammond. Jane E. Hammond. Phebe F. Hall, Jay. Eunice Hatch, Mary Ann Henderson. Marietta Hickock, New Haven, Vt. Sybil Agnes Hagar, Middlebury, Vt. Elvira Henderson. Elmira Holcomb. Nancy M. Howard, Moriah. Sary M. Howard, Benson, Vt. Betsey Isman. Caroline Isman, Essex. Augusta M. Kent, Catharine Kent. Esther Ketchel, Essex. Catharine Low, Lewis. Isabella G. Mead, Jane M. Mead, Sarah Mead, Sylvia Merriam, Essex. Mary F. McLeod, Betsey Morse, Louisa Morse. Harriet Nettleton, Jay. Mary Ann Parkill, Essex. Caroline E. Peck, Keeseville. Esther P. Ranney, Eliza Ann Reynolds, Anna Jane Reynolds, Clarissa Richards, Cathaline Rising. Sarah Ann Rust, New York City. Samantha Sawyer, West Haven, Vt. Christeen Shelden, Essex. Caroline Spencer, Harriet Spencer. Eliza Sprague, New Haven, Vt. Esther Stafford, Essex. Annia Stearnes. Elizabethtown. Jane A. Stoddard, Burlington, Vt. Celia Stone, Clintonville. Jane E. Stow, Keeseville. Almira Sturtevant, Mariah Sturtevant. Harriet Tarbell, Moriah. Jerusha Young, Sarah Young. Elnorah Whallon, Charlotte Whallon, Essex. Rebecca Wyman, Schroon.

Primary School.

Males, 25. Females, 15.

Recapitulation. Male Dept., 91. Female Dept., 77.
Primary School, 40. Total 208.

Attending 1st Term, com. 1st Monday in Jan., 124.

“ 2nd “ May, 101.

“ 3rd “ Sept., 111.

Average per Term, 112.

Tuition per Quarter, for the Common English

Studies, \$3.00

For the Languages and Higher Branches, \$4.50

Music with use of Piano, \$10.00

Chemical Lectures, \$3.00

Charles Hatch, President of the Board of Trustees.

Aaron B. Mack, Secretary.

The Principal, Orson Kellogg, graduated from the University of Vermont in 1823, having entered from Elizabethtown, N. Y. He remained at the head of the Academy for eight years, presiding over the busy hive of the boarding house, and is remembered as exceedingly efficient in every capacity. From Westport he seems to have gone to New York, where he taught school for a number of years, and died there in 1853.

Following Mr. Kellogg as Principal was William Higby, of Willsboro, whose name appears as a student in this year's catalog. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1840, and practiced law. When gold was discovered in California he joined in the rush to the Pacific coast, in 1850. He became District Attorney of California, District Judge, went to the State Legislature, and to Washington as Congressman from 1853 to 1869. He died at Santa Rosa, Cal., in 1887.

Another principal was a Mr. Bates, son of the Rev. Joshua Bates, president of Middlebury College. As I find that he had five sons, this is not very definite.

Around the name of Emily Gross, the "Female teacher," cluster memories of the most engaging romance. She was beautiful, talented, highly educated, beloved by all who knew her. She was daughter of that Ezra C. Gross to whom William Ray paid such a flourishing compliment when he told Governor Tompkins the name of his fellow editor of the *Reveille*. Her mother was a Miss Fisher of Elizabethtown. After the death of father and mother she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Keese of Keeseville, and she was given "a finished education" by the Free Masons. She afterward married a millionaire, or at least a very wealthy man, Mr. Ransom E. Wood, and one romantic incident of her life is that of her daughter's receiving the autograph of Prince Bismarck, after having been received at the court of Berlin. And now the beautiful Emily, who once smiled upon the half-grown boys and girls who flocked up and down our Washington street—the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation—lies buried in an English church-yard, at Matlock, Bath, in Derbyshire, and there in the little church you may see a memorial window which commemorates her virtues. Perchance some of our own girls who are now teaching school in Westport may, sixty years hence, have a like romantic story of beauty and good fortune for some chronicler to write down.

Another teacher in the Academy was Miss Charlotte

Holly Kitchel, a sister of the Rev. Harvey Denison Kitchel, president of Middlebury College from 1866 to 1873. She married the Rev. Daniel Ladd, a Congregational minister who went as a missionary to Turkey, and in that foreign land she spent thirty-one years of her life, bearing five children while in exile.

Other teachers, according to the memory of some of our old people, were Lucy Ann Clark, daughter of David Clark, Mrs. Farrar, Miss Ursula Kelley and a Miss Whittlesey, said to be a sister of the Rev. William W. Hickox, who built the stone cottage on the hill south of the village, now owned by Mr. Sherwood.

Some of the girls whose names appear in this catalog as pupils afterward taught in the Academy and in the district schools in town, as Mary Ann Hammond and Augusta and Katharine Kent. Sarah Young, daughter of Alexander Young, had the great good fortune to finish her education at the Troy Female Seminary which Miss Emma Willard made so famous between the years 1821 and 1838. To attend this seminary was the height of every studious girl's ambition at this time, in this region. It was a place where girls learned no overwhelming amount of science or dead languages, but they did learn good manners and fine needlework. Beautiful embroidery Sarah Young brought back from Miss Willard's school, and much of the delicate work of our grandmothers, still preserved in many of the old families, was done after the patterns used by Miss Willard's pupils.

Among the boys who became famous was William Greenough Thayer Shedd who received the degree of A. M. from the University of Vermont in 1843, that of D. D. from Andover Theological Seminary, and of LL. D. from the University of New York in later years, was professor of Sacred Literature, Ecclesiastical History and kindred subjects at Andover, Auburn and New York, and published a long and heavy list of books on Philosophy of History, Dogmatic Theology, Doctrine of Endless Punishment, etc. John L. Merriam, in later years, went to Minnesota, was elected to Congress, and became Speaker of the House of Representatives. His son became Governor of the State. Jonathan Tarbell was Provisional Governor of the City of New Orleans during its occupation by United States troops, in the Civil War. Edward Samuel Shumway went from Westport to Middlebury College, graduating in 1839, and spending the rest of his life as a lawyer in Essex.

Judge James B. McKean of Saratoga, Member of Congress and first Colonel of the 77th Regiment, N. Y. V., was at one time a student of this academy, as was also Captain Samuel C. Dwyer, of the 38th.

The name of James W. Eddy shows that this family were now in town, probably coming not long before this. The father of James Walker Eddy and Charles Henry Eddy, afterward so well-known as business men in Westport, was Justin Eddy, who came from Rockingham, Vt., having previously lived at Saxton River, Vt. He was a lineal descendant of that William Eddy, Vicar of St. Dunstan, Cranford, County of Kent, England,

who was the progenitor of so many of the American Eddys. The Hon. Matthew Hale of Albany was also a descendant of the Vicar of St. Dunstan's. C. H. Eddy married Marietta Hickok, but J. W. Eddy remained a bachelor, and when he died left his property to his brother.

The Lecturer "appointed for the ensuing year" was Dr. Evander W. Ranney, who had not then been long in town. He was the son of Dr. Waitstill Randolph Ranney of Townshend, Vt., a man very well-known throughout Vermont in those days, with the versatile New England ability for doing many thing, and doing them all well. He practiced as a country doctor, being at the same time almost continuously in some public office, rising gradually to be State Senator, and then Lieutenant Governor. He was also a farmer, and a successful one, as would appear from a remark made near the end of his life: "It was in a great measure through the products of the farm that I acquired the means of giving four of my sons a collegiate, and three others a medical education, at the same time laying up something for future necessities." As he had thirteen children, he might well have been proud of making professional men of seven sons. Of the three who were doctors, two settled for a while in Westport, Dr. Evander W. Ranney practicing here from 1835 to 1844, and then removing to New York, while his brother Dr. Henry D. Ranney succeeded to his practice here, remaining until 1857. I think both of the Doctors Ranney lived on Washington street, in the house which has been occu-

piet almost continuously since by succeeding doctors,— by Dr. Richardson, Dr. Barber and Dr. DeLano, and now by Dr. Holt.

Dr. Evander was not the first Ranney in town, as his uncle Eleazar H. Ranney had been here at least since 1824, living north of the bay, on the present John Brown farm. Eleazar Ranney and his family were faithful members of the Congregational church at Wadham's, and the church books show that they went away in 1850. The father of Eleazar, an elder Waitstill, lived with him, died in 1839, and was buried at Northwest Bay. There was another brother of Dr. Evander who is known in Westport annals as "Elder Ranney," being Darwin Harlow Ranney, who graduated from Middlebury College in 1835, and came to Westport the same year, preaching in the Baptist church, and being ordained to the Baptist ministry in August. He seems to have stayed no more than a year. He married Sybil Hale McKinney, sister of Norris McKinney.

1836.

Town Meeting held at Spencer's Hotel.

John Chandler, Supervisor.

Diodorus S. Holcomb, Clerk.

Gideon Hammond and Lewis Cadz, Justices.

Ebenezer Douglass, Isaac Stone and Calvin Angier, Assessors.

Marcus J. Hoisington, Collector.

Newton Hays, Alanson Barber, John Greeley, Jr., Road Commissioners.

D. S. Holcomb, Aaron B. Mack, Abiathar Pollard, School Commissioners.

Joseph R. DeLano, Miles M'F. Sawyer, Enos S. Warner, School Inspectors.

Hezekiah Barber and Levi Frisbie, Poor Masters
 Marcus J. Hoisington, Alanson Denton, John Stone,
 Seymour Curtis, Constables.

Newton Hays, Scaler of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Horace Ormsby, John Stone, Charles
 Fisher, Levi Frisbie, Amos Culver, Miles M. F. Sawyer,
 William Viall, Isaac D. Lyon, E. H. Ranney, Elijah Angier,
 George W. Sturtevant, Jason Braman, Jason Dunster,
 Justin Prouty, Benjamin Caldwell, John Lobdell, Johnson
 Hill, Theron Slaughter, Gideon Hammond, Joseph Stacy,
 Jr., Horace Holcomb, Solomon Stockwell, Wilson K. Low,
 Moses Felt, Joseph Farnam, George Skinner, Nathaniel
 Allen, George Vaughan, Jonathan Cady, Emory Mather.

Adjourned to the Inn of H. J. Person.

Spencer's Hotel stood where the Glenwood Inn now
 stands, on the hill, at the junction of North and Pleas-
 ant streets. Alexander Spencer had been here since
 1826. There was a Dr. Spencer in this family, (which
 is not that of Victor Spencer,) who was a student in
 the office of Dr. Wright.

It was about 1837 that the Congregational church at
 Wadhams was erected, on the top of the hill just west
 of the river. In those days it seems to have been al-
 most a rule that the churches should be built on the
 highest hill-top available, perhaps with an idea of let-
 ting their light so shine. The same thing may be ob-
 served of many of the school houses. Later, this church,
 like the Baptist church at the Bay, was moved to lower
 ground. At some time not far from 1875, one winter when the
 river was frozen, the church members came together
 with horses and oxen and chains and screws, and all
 things needful, and moved the church down the bank,
 upon the ice, and across to the opposite side, where it
 now stands. This was the only church edifice in Wad-

hams until the Methodist Episcopal church was built in 1893.

This year Liberty street was first opened, its existence up to this time having been only witnessed by the fast yellowing paper of the Ananias map. There was also another street, which has never yet received a name, thus described in the survey bill: "Also one other road, beginning on the south side of Washington street, thirty-seven and one-half links from the west end of the Essex County Academy in said village of Westport, running from thence south fifteen degrees, east nine chains and six links, until it intersects said Liberty street in said village. Said road to be three rods wide at least." Dated Westport, May 20, 1836, and signed by Diadorus S. Holcomb, Surveyor, and by the road commissioners of the year.

The necessary permission from the owners of the land through which the new street was opened is thus given: "I am willing that the above-mentioned road should be opened agreeable to the above-mentioned survey bill, with such alterations to be made as I have suggested to Mr. Sawyer. It is understood that my father and myself are not to be at any expense in fencing any part of said roads." Signed Platt R. Halstead, May 31, 1836. Then further: "I hereby agree to build the fence on the side of the road adjoining the land now occupied by John Halstead, or that which he has not released his claim to, mentioned or described in the within survey bill." Signed Miles M^r. Sawyer, who

married the daughter of John Halstead, and seems to have been carrying on his land.

1837.

Town Meeting at the Inn of H. J. Persons

Benajah P. Douglass, Supervisor.

Diodorus S. Holcomb, Clerk.

Charles Hatch, Calvin Angier, Joseph Hardy, Assessors.

Seymour Curtis, Collector.

William L. Wadhams, Justice.

Isaac Alden, Granville Stone, Hezekiah Barber, Road Commissioners.

Miles M^cF. Sawver, Albert P. Cole, Jason Dunster, School Commissioners.

Diodorus S. Holcomb, Orson Kellogg, Asabel Lyon, School Inspectors.

Horace Holcomb and George B. Reynolds, Poor Masters.

Seymour Curtis, John A. Hill, Erastus Loveland, Alanson Denton, Constables.

Enos S. Warner, Sealer of Weights and measures.

Pathmasters.—Alvin Burt, Otis Sheldon, Charles Fisher, Levi Frisbie, Lorrin Cole, Aaron B. Mack, William Viall, Isaac D. Lyon, Noel Merrill, Henry Royce, John Stevens, William L. Wadhams, John Lock, Joel Finney, John S. Stanton, Jared Goodall, Harvey Smith, Albert Stringham, John Chandler, Henry Stone, Frederick T. Howard, Charles Doty, Lee Prouty, Darius Merriam, Joseph Farnam, Stephen Sherman, William Olds, Erastus Loveland, Jonathan Cady, Elisha Royce.

Survey of a road in the Iron Ore Tract "from a beech tree on the east line of Lot No. 47 to beech sapling in the south line of No. 7." This is a fine example of the landmarks often indicated by the early surveyors. Surely a beech sapling was not very satisfactory as an enduring monument. The writer remembers a deed in which a certain boundary was made to depend upon

the fence "around the five-acre lot that was sowed to corn last year." As the lot had been abandoned to the forest years before and was overgrown with a fine young grove of pine and hemlock at the time at which it was desired to transfer the land, it was necessary to supplement the documentary evidence with that of the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant.

This is the year that Victoria was proclaimed Queen of England, and that in which Martin Van Buren was inaugurated President. At Shelburne Harbor was built the *Burlington*, the largest and fastest steamer yet seen on the lake, one hundred and ninety feet long, twenty-five feet wide and nine feet deep, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour. Her captain was Richard W. Sherman, the famous "Captain Dick," of whom President Van Buren, often his passenger, said, "He imagines that all the world is the deck of a ship, and he the captain." It was upon the *Burlington* that Charles Dickens passed through Lake Champlain on his American tour, five years after this. The old *Phenix* was just condemned, and for fifteen years the people in Westport saw the *Burlington* steaming back and forth upon the lake. Not yet were regular landings made in the bay, passengers going on board in a small boat, although the steamers stopped at the wharf at Barber's Point, and on that account it was common for those who wished to take the boat to go to the Point for the purpose.

This year the Methodist Episcopal church was finished and dedicated, the movement for its erection having begun three years before. The building committee

was Dr. Diadornus Holcomb, Charles B. Hatch and Levi Frisbie, and subscriptions were to be paid "one-fourth in cash and three fourths in good merchantable neat-cattle, grain or iron." The house was about forty by sixty feet in outside measurement, and built of stone brought from Button Bay island, four miles away across the lake. At this time the Rev. Peter C. Oakley was presiding elder, and Lewis Potter and H. Stewart acted as circuit preachers. Two years afterward Westport was made a station, with John W. Belknapp as stationed preacher, and soon after a parsonage was built, just north of the church.

In the Baptist church very important action was taken in the adoption of what they called "the temperance resolution." It ran as follows:

"Resolved that we resolve ourselves into a temperance Church, so that any member of the church who shall use or traffic in, or promote the use of or traffic in ardent spirits or wines as a beverage, shall be liable to labour by any member of the church who shall be acquainted with the fact, and to exclusion in case of refusal to reform." It is evident that this resolution was not passed without some difficulty, as it had been under discussion since April, and it was at least six years since the national temperance movement may be said to have begun. There is no doubt that drinking habits were exceedingly prevalent in Westport as well as in all other places, as we know too well from accounts with which we are all familiar. It is startling to read the old church records, and note the large proportion of

cases of drunkenness which came under the reprobation of the church, showing that conscientious people were laboring faithfully against overwhelming odds. There is a horrible story told of some one of the older offenders (but not a church member,) sitting at the table one night drinking, near the end of a prolonged period of indulgence, reaching for his bottle with his arm close to the flame of the candle, and seeing a blue flame run up his arm as though the blaze had touched the surface of alcohol. It is added that the horror of the sight led to the drunkard's reformation and whether it be literally true, or invented by some one who had just read Dickens' "Bleak House," in which the case of spontaneous combustion is so subtly and powerfully managed, the story goes to show something of the conditions needing reformation. When the Baptist church adopted the temperance resolution, the pastor was the Rev. Cyrus W. Hodges, the church clerk Joel A. Calhoun, and the deacons Gideon Hammond and George B. Reynolds.

1838.

Town Meeting held at H. J. Persons.

John Chandler, Supervisor.

D. S. Holcomb, Clerk.

Diodorus Holcomb, Justice.

Barnabas Myrick, Alanson Barber, Joseph R. Delano, Assessors.

Seymour Curtis, Collector.

Granville Stone, Hezekiah Barber, Jason Braman, Road Commissioners.

Ira Henderson, Asahel Lyon, William Frisbie, School Commissioners.

David M. Sayre, J. R. Delano, Miles M. F. Sawyer, School Inspectors.

Calvin Angier and James W. Coll, Poor Masters.

Seymour Curtis, Erastus Loveland, Alanson Denton, Constables.

Sewall Cutting, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters. — Ralph Bigelow, E. H. Coll, Harry Cole, Newton Hays, H. J. Persons, William Viall, Jonathan Holcomb, Asahel Lyon, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Eli Wood, David M. Sayre, Augustus Hill, Orrin Skinner, Joshua Slaughter, Johnson Hill, Leonard Avery, John Candler, Alonzo Slaughter, James McConley, Ezekiel Pangburn, Lee Prouty, Moses Felt, Joseph Farham, Stephen Sherman, William Olds, Leonard Ware, Jonathan Cady, John Stone, and Mr. Knights.

In the dreary obscurity of the descriptions of the road surveys we catch such words and phrases as "the Kingdom," "the bridge on the Town Line east of Lobdell and Myrick's forge," "Storrs and Hatch's forge," with some locality unerringly determined by "the small brook southeasterly of Paddock McGuyer's house." The surveyor was Platt R. Halstead. The Justices were Diodorus Holcomb, William L. Wadhams and Ira Henderson. The Member of Assembly from our district was Gideon Hammond.

1838 was the year of the "Papineau War" in Canada. It was no great conflict, but our town lay near enough to the frontier to share a little of the excitement, and renewed attention was paid to military matters. The militia trainings had fallen somewhat into neglect, but now behold our martial youth once more arrayed for conquest, and formed into an artillery company, of which Asahel Lyon was the captain, while Harry J. Person was colonel of the regiment. The general mus-

ter was at Lake George at this time. The Westport company consisted of thirty or forty men, but the only names given me are those of Edmund J. Smith, James A. Allen and Edwin Person, son of the colonel. They were never called forth to fight, and so never became famous, but they owned a real cannon, probably the first one seen in town since Gov. Tompkins ordered cannon sent in to the arsenal at Pleasant Valley by way of Northwest Bay. This piece of ordnance figured at celebrations for many years afterward, and at last burst in an excess of enthusiasm on some Fourth of July.

Before the Canadian troubles were settled, Gen. Winfield Scott was sent into Canada by our government to inquire into matters a little. He went north in the winter, by the line of stages which Peter Comstock had early established between New York and Montreal, and passed through Westport, stopping at H. J. Person's hotel. This, of course, was a great event, and it is to be hoped that there was not a boy in the village who had not sufficient spirit to try to get a look at the famous general. Among the many stories of this period in regard to the sympathy felt with the rebellious colonists among a people who had within twenty-five years fought with England themselves, is one which Mrs. William G. Hunter told me, (fifty years afterward,) of the driver bringing his sleigh around to the door for the General to resume his journey to Canada, and observing that it seemed unnaturally heavy. On examination it was found that muskets had been packed in the bottom of the sleigh and covered with the buffalo robes.

by some Canadian sympathizer, who intended thus to send them across the line to the insurgents. Mrs. Hunter added that there was no reason for believing the story, which was probably invented long after Gen. Scott had disappeared upon the snowy horizon, but that it showed the kind of fiction which was then popular among the groups of men who lounged around the stove in the bar-room or the store.

This was the year in which the Hunters first came from Boston, bought land on North Shore and built the house at Hunter's Bay which was burned in 1875. William Guy Hunter was born in 1798, and was therefore a man of forty when he came to Westport. He had been a sergeant in the war of 1812, and had afterward spent three years at the West Point Military Academy. His father William Hunter, had fought in the Revolution, sharing in the retreat from Quebec in the summer of 1776, and thus being the first of the family to see our North Shore, as he passed it in the Continental army. His father, David, was the son of Jonathan Hunter, who came from England to America in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and married Hopestill Hamlin, of Rochester, Mass.

Doubtless the first attraction to the place for Mr. Hunter was the residence here of his elder sister, Mrs. Sewall Cutting, who had come with her family in 1823. Another sister, Mrs. Aiken, came soon afterward. Mr. Hunter soon became one with the country people, took an active part in public affairs, and was, after a few years, elected supervisor of the town. Many stories of

his words and ways are still told, and such was his fame as a conversationalist that a myth-making process has now begun, attributing any witty or shrewd remark which is recognized as especially applicable to Westport or to Westport people, to Mr. Hunter. In this way some apocryphal tales are told, but one saying of his we can vouch for as authentic, made in reference to some man his opinion of whom had been asked. "Well," said Mr. Hunter, "in the sight of man he passes for a pretty straight, upright kind of a fellow; in the sight of God I am afraid he wiggles a little." This has the true Hunteresque flavor—something which no one else would ever have thought of saying.

Mr. Hunter's wife was Elizabeth Wilson, who was only twenty-three when they came to Westport. Her sister Sarah, six years younger, soon visited her, and was accustomed to ride about the country on horseback. She often told of her first meeting with Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist, in the solitary road which pierces the forest of North Shore, and of his astonishment at meeting there a young girl on horseback, entirely unattended. He was then not long from Switzerland, and had come from Cambridge to visit Mr. Hunter. Miss Sarah Wilson afterward married Col. Francis L. Lee, of Boston, whose father was a wealthy East India merchant, and it was in 1848 that they built their summer home on a hill north of the Bay, overlooking a glorious view of the lake and mountains, and called it Stony Sides.

It was in 1838 that David Turner, then in the news-

paper office at Keeseville, tells of a visit to Elkanah Watson at Port Kent.

"It was here the writer of this narrative had the honor to visit this venerable man at his fine stone mansion, and listen to his description of events from the Revolutionary war up to that time; his journey to France and London, and the story of Copley painting his portrait, which then hung on the wall before me. It was here I met the then President of the United States, Martin Van Buren, John, his son, Henry Clay, Governor Silas Wright, and other prominent men of that day, who had called to pay their respects to the distinguished agriculturist and philanthropist. He had then reached his eightieth year."

This gives an interesting glimpse of the people who might be met on the passenger steamers and packet boats of the lake and the canal, in the leisurely journey from the waters of the Hudson. Many stories are told of the pleasure of these journeys, and their social possibilities, which were akin to the opportunities offered by a voyage at sea. Martin Van Buren,—the little Magician, the Fox of Kinderhook,—often made the trip from his mansion at Kinderhook, on the Hudson, to Lake Champlain, and was often the travelling companion of the Hunters. He was then a widower past fifty, a man of wealth, a successful lawyer and politician, who looked on the world from the President's chair. It is said that Miss Sarah Wilson might have become Mrs. Martin Van Buren if she had not preferred to become Mrs. Francis L. Lee.

It was this year that navigation on the lake was facilitated by the erection of the first light-houses, at Cumberland Head and Split Rock.

It seems to have been at this period that the first investment of Boston capital in Essex county iron mines was made, as this year the Cheever ore bed, then almost entirely undeveloped, was sold to Mr. Horace Grey of Boston. From this time until after the war the property was in the hands of, as Watson says, "an incorporated organization composed of gentlemen of affluence residing in Massachusetts."

1839.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Person.

Benajah P. Douglass, Supervisor.

Franklin H. Cutting, Clerk.

John H. Low, Justice of the Peace.

Platt R. Halstead, John Chandler, Joseph Hardy, Assessors.

Seymour Curtis, Collector.

Alanson Barber, H. J. Person. Jason Braman, Road Commissioners.

Ira Henderson, Aaron B. Mack, William L. Wadhams, School Commissioners.

D. S. Holcomb, Evander W. Ranney, D. H. Sayre, School Inspectors.

James W. Coll and Calvin Angier, Poor Masters.

Seymour Curtis, J. F. Brush, Henry Stone, E. H. Coll, Sewall Cutting, Constables.

James Walker Eddy, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Appollos Williams, Jr., Otis Sheldon, Samuel Root, Tillinghast Cole, Cyrus Richards, Harvey Pierce, Barnabas Myrick Diodorus Holcomb, Eleazer H. Ranney, James Marshall, George W. Sturtevant, Eli Wood, Jason Dunster, Joel K. French, George Skinner, Nathan Slaughter, Ephraim Bull, Jr., E. B. Nichols, John Chandler,

William Stacy, William Perkins, Solomon Stockwell, John Lewis, Jr., Moses Felt, Joseph Farnam, Joshua Slaughter, B. P. Douglass, Erastus Loveland, Jonathan Cady, John Stone, James Bartlett.

In December of this year Charles B. Hatch was appointed Town Clerk in place of F. H. Cutting, who had resigned.

In the summer of 1839 the Baptist church was moved from the top of the hill on Washington street to the lot upon Main street upon which stands the present edifice. This lot had been owned by the church since 1836, and it is evident that there had been from that time an intention to move the building upon it, since the house had never been finished where it first stood. After it rested upon its new foundations, close upon the street, new floors were put in, with sixty-four pews, which according to the custom then prevailing, were rented for a fixed sum each. The building was painted white, with green blinds, and as it was a large square house, with a large square belfry at one end of the roof, it was gazed upon with intense satisfaction by every one who had had a hand in its construction, as a perfect example of the most recent and approved ideas of ecclesiastical architecture. The pulpit stood on a high platform at the western end, and the choir sang in an alcove opposite. No doubt at first the custom of the audience facing about with faces to the choir and backs to the minister while the hymn was being sung, may have been followed, but was given up in the next generation. There was a large basement for prayer meetings and Sunday school, and the new church was at once the center of a busy social life. Two hundred

and twenty-seven members were reported this year to the Association, a number which has never since been exceeded. The pastor at this time was the Rev. Cyrus W. Hodges, the church clerk William J. Cutting, and the trustees elected since 1830 were Caleb P. Cole, Norris McKinney, Calvin and Elijah Angier, Evander W. Ranney, William J. Cutting, Alexander Young and Aaron B. Mack. That the M. E. church was also in a prosperous condition is shown by the fact that this year the first stationed preacher was assigned to the place, the Rev. John W. Belknapp. Measures were taken for building a parsonage, which were consummated somewhat later.

Just coming into use was a new invention, that of made envelopes into which letters were put before they were sent. Up to this time a part of the education of every child in an educated family was the intricate folding of a written letter so that a blank space should be presented on the outside upon which to write the address. Postage was still so high that letters were a luxury, unless an absolute necessity, and with the new-fashioned envelopes, sealing wax was used for closing them. Steel pens had been invented about ten years before this, but were by no means in common use.

This year Cyrenus Rockwell Payne came to Wadham's Mills from Brockfield where his father, Joseph Payne, had settled in 1807. He opened a shoe shop and afterward built the brick house which is still owned in the family. His first wife was Eliza French, daughter of Joel French, and their children were : Orrin, who

died at the age of sixteen. Delia, married Judd Sayre, now of Iowa. Joel Osborne, who lived in Wheeling, West Virginia, and amassed a large fortune, dying in 1890. Seward Quincy, now living in South Dakota. Daniel Safford French Payne has always lived at Wadham's Mills, carrying on the mills and forge for many years, and doing a large business in iron and lumber. The second wife of Cyrenus R. Payne was Mrs. Lucinda (Boutwell) Stone, and their children were twin daughters, Lucinda and Cornelia.

1840.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person.

Barnabas Myrick, Supervisor.

James W. Eddy, Clerk.

Ira Henderson, Justice.

Joseph R. Delano, Aaron B. Mack, Levi Frisbie, Assessors

Guy Stevens, Collector.

Samuel Storrs, Otis Sheldon, William Viall, Road Commissioners.

Asabel Havens, David H. Sayre, Albert P. Cole, School Commissioners.

A. M. Olds, Joel K. French, D. S. Holcomb, School Inspectors.

James W. Coll and Stephen Sayre, Poor Masters.

Guy Stevens, Jared Goodell, Seymour Curtis, L. W. Pollard, Constables.

Charles Hatch, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Joseph Bigalow, E. H. Coll, James W. Coll, John Ferris, David Rogers, Charles Hatch, Barnabas Myrick, Asa Loveland, Smith Moore, Henry Royce, George W. Sturtevant, Horace Holcomb, Benjamin Hardy, Joel B. Phinney, Jason Braman, Charles Cady, Johnson Hill, Leonard Avery, Luther B. Hammond, Charles Stacy, Alvin Burt, Solomon Stockwell, Lee Prouty, Abram Sherman.

Calvin C. Angier, William P. West, B. P. Douglass, George Vaughan, John Lewis, Jr., John Stone, James Bartlett.

This year Platt R. Halstead surveyed "a private road for William Guy Hunter." from corner lot No. 1, Taylor and Kemble, "to the cleared fields."

Another road began "on the lake road south of the Ore Bed House, running fifty links easterly of the north point of a ledge of rocks there, due north to Joseph Ormsbee's south line," to "an east and west road." Abraham Stone, Surveyor. There was an alteration of a road "leading from the Congregational meeting house at Wadham's Mills to the road leading from North West Bay to Pleasant Valley." Joel K. French, Surveyor.

The name of Abram Sherman among the pathmasters recalls the fact that this family had not been long in Westport. Humphrey Sherman, father of Abram, was born in White Creek, Washington county, in 1780, and probably came into Essex county early in the nineteenth century. His brother Nathan, progenitor of the Moriah Shermans so closely connected with the history of the Moriah iron mines, was elected the first town clerk of Moriah in 1808, and it is likely that Humphrey Sherman came into Brookfield at nearly the same time. He married Anne Reynolds, born in Dutchess county, a sister of Abraham Reynolds, "the patriarch of Brookfield." Their children were :

1. Morris, married Louise Dunster; children, Ellery and Carroll.
2. Humphrey, married Mary Hardy; children, Harvey and Hardy, Walter.
3. Abram, married Eliza Smith; children, Abram, George, Frank, Alfred, Eliza, Emma.
4. Charlotte married a Pomeroy.
5. Christiann married Morrill Gibbs.

6. Titus George, married Parthenia, daughter of Thomas Sheldon of Essex. He was commissioned Ensign in 1840, Lieutenant in 1842, and Captain in 1843, of the 37th regiment, N. Y. S. M., Col. John L. Merriam; 40th Brigade, Gen. William S. Merriam. A son of Captain Titus Sherman, Henry Douw, married Sally Maria Whitney, daughter of Lucius Whitney of Essex. Their daughter Cora, born in Essex, Aug. 15, 1869, married at Essex, Nov. 15, 1870, Henry Harmon Noble, born 1861, son of Harmon Noble of Essex. Their children, all born in Essex, are: 1. John Harmon, born Sept. 6, 1888. 2. Laura Anne, born October 25, 1889. 3. Katherine Ruth, born Oct. 2, 1892. Mr. Henry Harmon Noble has been employed in the office of the State Historian at Albany since Sept. 4, 1895; Chief Clerk since March 1, 1900. Another son of Capt. Titus Sherman is Adelbert, married Susan Coll.

There were other Shermans in Westport, living in the south part of the town, much earlier than this family of Humphry Sherman, but I have not been so fortunate as to find any one who could name unto me their generations. In 1815 our Stacy brook is called in the town records "the Sherman brook," doubtless after a man who lived near it, and afterward we find Elijah, Hollis and Stephen Sherman named.

This year Archibald Pattison came from Washington county and settled on the lake road, on Bessboro, removing in later life to the village. His wife was Melitable Pratt, and they had four sons.

Israel married Eleanor Coll, daughter of James W.

Coll. George married Catherine, daughter of Andrew Frisbie. Charles married Jane, daughter of Col. Samuel Root. Warren married Hattie, daughter of Frederick Kinney. Sarah, an adopted daughter, married Hosea Howard.

The "hard cider" campaign of Harrison this fall was characterized by so many excesses that a strong reaction set in in favor of the temperance reform movement, which from this time forward gained steadily in strength.

In a history of navigation on the lake published in the Vermont Historical Magazine, the term of service of Phineas Durfee as steamboat pilot is given as from 1825 to 1840, therefore he probably retired to his home in Westport this year. He was one of the best pilots on the lake, serving with Captains Sherman and Lathrop, and it was said that no eye was so keen as his in darkness or fog. A story is told of one foggy night when the regular pilot became bewildered, and confessed that he did not know which way to steer. Captain Lathrop knew that Phin Durfee was on board, asleep in his berth, and had him called. Durfee instantly took the wheel, turned the steamer half way around and rung the bell to go ahead with the most perfect confidence, saying that they were only a little way out of the channel near Isle la Motte, which proved to be the case. He died in the house of James A. Allen, and his watchers still remember that after his death his eyes refused to close in spite of all their efforts, seeming to the last still fixed in an effort to pierce that darkness which covers the waves of eternity.

Sylvester Young first came in 1840. His ancestry is most unusual and interesting. Nine Dutch brothers came from Holland to the Hudson river before the Revolution. When unmistakable signs of the times indicated the near approach of that conflict, they, having no decided sympathies with either side of the quarrel, removed into Canada, and settled at Noyan, province of Quebec, on Mississquoi Bay. The father of Sylvester was Jacob. After Sylvester Young came into town he engaged in clearing wood from the land of William Guy Hunter on North Shore. In 1842 he married Eliza Angier, eldest daughter of Calvin and returned to Noyan, P. Q., remaining there a year, living in Essex six, and returning to Westport in 1849. Sylvester Young was long a prominent member of the Congregational church at Wadhams. His daughter Mary married Henry Eastman, and their children are Lizzie, now Mrs. Adams, Sylvester, Mary and George. Miss Martha Young has been of the greatest assistance in giving information about the families of Young and Angier.

Another family coming in from Canada, though somewhat previous to this year, was that of Warren Gibbs. His wife was Abigail C. Morrill. They settled in the north-eastern part of the town, in the neighborhood known as "Angier Hill," on the Vine place, in the house which was burned in 1900. In the census taken this year, (1840,) the family of Warren Gibbs, consisting of himself, his wife, fourteen children, and an aged parent, bore the distinction of being the largest in the county. He and his sons were skilled masons, and much of the

finest work in town was done by their hands. These are the family names :

1. Lucy, married Artemas S. Hartwell.
2. Morrill, married Christiann Sherman.
3. Hiram, married Melissa Lock.
4. Milo, married Mary Estey.
5. Lorenzo, married Mary Ann Angier.
6. Abigail, married Orson Bennett.
7. Orange, married Mahala Morrill.
8. Emmons, drowned in California when a young man.
9. Jane, married Merlin Angier.
10. Ann, married, 1st, S. K. Wells, 2nd, Samuel Huntington of Burlington.
11. Mary, married A. J. Howard of Burlington.
12. Eliza, married B. D. Stevens.
13. Nelson J., (born 1840,) married, 1st, Theresa Clark; 2nd, Jennie Richards.

(One child died as an infant, making the full number fourteen.)

1841.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Person.

Joseph R. Delano, Supervisor.

Dan H. Kent, Clerk.

Joel K. French, Justice.

Henry Stone, Collector.

Alanson Barber, Aaron B. Mack, William Viall, Assessors.

Jason Braman, Samuel Storrs. James W. Coll, Road Commissioners.

C. F. Cady, Samuel Root, D. S. McLeod, School Commissioners.

A. M. Olds, John H. Low, Evander W. Ranney, School Inspectors.

John Greeley, Jr., and Albert P. Cole, Poor Masters

Harry N. Cole, John Lock, Henry Stone, Constables.

William McIntyre, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Joseph Bigelow, Alpheus Stone, A. Patison, Hezekiah Barber, Caleb P. Cole, William J. Cutting, William McIntyre, John Mitchell, William G. Hunter, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, W. L. Wadhams, Edward Colburn, Elijah Wright, George Skinner, Willard Hartwell, Justus Harriss, Henry Draper, Platt Sheldon, Charles H. Stacy, Thomas B. Lock, Rufus Barr, Giles Shurtliff, Moses Felt, Morrill Gibbs, W. C. West, Reuben Brown, Erastus Loveland, John Ferris, Samuel Anderson, Jhabod Bartlett.

Voted that fifty dollars be raised for map or Town Plot.

Now we come to something truly interesting—Westport's first newspaper. The first number was published August 4, 1841, by Anson H. Allen,* south of H. J. Person's hotel," and its name was "*The Essex County Times and Westport Herald*." The first part of the name seems to be a perpetuation of that of the Elizabethtown paper published for a short time by R. W. Livingston, but the second part is all our own. It was

*Anson H. Allen was born in Palatine, N. Y. in 1806, learned the printer's trade in Middlebury, Vt., and was in the *Herald* office in Keeseville in 1827. In 1840 he took the census of Essex county, and some experience of his in the wild back country gave rise to the popular doggerel called "Allen's Bear Fight," two lines of which are,—

"O God, he cried in deep despair,
If you don't help me, don't help the bear!"

From 1841 to 1844 he published the *Essex County Times* in Westport; afterward in Keeseville and Saratoga, he published a monthly called "*The Old Settler*," devoted to early stories of this region, of which it is a pity that so few now remain. When the Hunter house was burned, one loss which Mrs. Hunter deeply lamented was that of barrels of old papers, with a complete file of Allen's "*Old Settler*."

Although no name but that of Anson H. Allen is given upon the paper, we know that David Turner was associated with him from the first, from the latter's own statement in a letter published in the *Elizabethtown Post* a few years before

a very respectable four-page sheet, as may be seen by the four or five copies which have not gone long ago to kindle fires. There have been preserved, and are now in Westport, four copies, from the years 1841-42-43 and 1844, and the writer has examined another printed in 1843, owned by Mr. Henry McLaughlin of Moriah. The earliest number still preserved is dated Wednesday, Oct. 13, 1841.

The literary portion, made up of selected articles, the foreign news, brought across the ocean on the steamship *Acaulia*, and the notes of national events, as the concluding scenes of the "Patriot War" in Canada, are not so interesting as the home advertisements. We notice in the Democratic nominations the name of James Walker Eddy for Coroner. The editor is indebted to Capt. R. W. Sherman of the steamer *Burlington* for late copies of Boston, New York and Montreal papers. We find "ads" of five different business firms in the village of Westport. William and Cyrus Richards "would most respectfully inform the public and their friends that they still continue in business at their old

his death: "In 1841 I left Keeseville for Westport to assist Anson H. Allen in the publication of that illustrious literary production, *The Westport Times*. Here I remain eight years, then removed family and printing office to the county seat." David Turner was born in Hull, England, in 1819, and first came into Essex county in 1837, working in the printing office at Keeseville. From 1841 to 1849, as he says, he lived in Westport, then in Elizabethtown for ten years or more, moving about 1860 to Washington, where he died in 1900. He had an especial fondness for the history and the legends of Essex county, often writing articles upon such topics for the local press. His wife was Eliza J. Cameron, of Scotch descent. His son, Ross Sterling Turner, the Boston artist, was born in Westport June 27, 1847. Three other sons are Byron Pond Turner, of the Civil Service Commission at Washington, Jasper C. Turner of Cleveland, and Louis M. Turner of New York,

stand, the Douglass store." They keep on hand "a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Oils, Paints, &c." William J. & Franklin H. Cutting announce that they "will hereafter sell upon the Cash and Short Credit System, and have fixed upon the following prices," which are chiefly interesting from the fact that they are expressed in shillings and pence, as two shillings and sixpence a gallon for molasses. They also offer cash for "smooth, flat and square Bar Iron." Harvey Pierce "feels grateful for past favors, and for so liberal a share of the public patronage, and would inform the citizens of Westport and its vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of Choice Goods, which he will sell a little Cheaper than his neighbors!" Eddy & Kent "are constantly receiving a general assortment of Fancy & Staple Goods," among which are stone churns and "sad irons," and will take "all kinds of country produce at the highest prices." Another firm, Kent & Felt, "continue to carry on the Hatting business at their old stand near the Bridge, and keep on hand a good assortment of well-made Hats, of the latest Fashion, which they would like to exchange for Sheep Pelts, Sheared and Pulled Lamb's Wool, Hatting and Shipping Furs, and most kinds of Produce." All show the prevalence of barter in trade, and the very editor himself advertises patent medicines for sale!

At Wadhams Mills, H. & J. Braman have a good selection of Dry Goods for the country trade, and a good assortment of Straw Bonnets, of different qualities;

also, Variegated Cotey Hats and Hoods," which shows that in those days the women were not provided with a milliner to sell them head-gear, but went to the general store and asked to see the finery that the store-keeper brought home with him the last time he went south. It would seem that Wadham's was then the centre of fashion, for one Michael O'Sullivan declares that he can do Tailoring and Cutting "on the shortest notice and in the most satisfactory manner."

That Charles B. Hatch was then Postmaster is shown by a long list of unclaimed letters then lying in the post office—a list longer than it would have been if postage had not been so high and chargeable to the recipient of the letter. Daniel Rowley advertises that he has lost a small bay mare, strayed from the enclosure of William Olds, and Frederick B. Howard that he has a quantity of farm property for sale, "cheap for Cash, or at from six to twelve months for good endorsed paper payable at a southern bank. *The purchaser's eyes to be his chap.*" Daniel M'Eachron says that five spring calves have strayed into his pasture in the north part of the town. There is an Administrator's Notice of the estate of Levi Frisbie, deceased, signed by Sally Frisbie, Willard Frisbie and Aaron B. Mack.

The most delightful picture is suggested by the "ad" which sets forth the advantages of the Ferry from Westport to Basin Harbor, "the superior Horse-Boat EAGLE, Capt. Asahel Havens," which has been running three trips a day, starting out at 7 A. M., 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., but will from the 15th of September make

but two trips. "The peculiar situation of this Ferry, protected as it is by mountains, renders crossing safe and certain, even in the most boisterous times." Signed by C. B. Hatch and A. Havens. These horse-boats were common on the Hudson, and were propelled by side wheels, worked by a kind of treadmill in which two horses stood, continually walking nowhere, like the horse-powers which are now seen in connection with our threshing machines.

It was in November, the 16th, in a gale of wind, that the steam tug *McDonough* was wrecked in Button Bay. A canal boat had broken loose from the tow, and in the endeavor to pick her up the *McDonough* ran on the reef and never floated again. The engine was taken out and the hull abandoned where it lay. It is a little remarkable that the only two wrecks in the history of navigation on Lake Champlain (so far as I know) which were caused by steamers running aground occurred within sight of Westport,—the *McDonough* in 1841 and the *Champlain* in 1875.

The oldest surviving book of the records of the Congregational church at Wadhams begins with the date Oct. 8, 1841, and ends Oct. 16, 1864. One of the first entries is that of the sacrament administered by the Rev. Cyrus Comstock, to whose labors, fifteen years before, the existence of the church was mainly due. This year the pastor was the Rev. Charles Spooner, who remained thirteen years. The deacons were George W. Sturtevant and William L. Wadhams, and the church clerk, William L. Wadhams. Deacon Wadhams was

church clerk continuously until 1864, with the exception of two or three years spent in California. The first babies whose baptisms are recorded in this book are George Harvey, son of Levi and Elisa Pierce, and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John R. and Elmina Whitney. The membership at this time was one hundred and twenty-two.

1842.

Town Meeting at H. J. Persons.

William Guy Hunter, Supervisor.

Harvey Pierce, Clerk.

Diodorus Holcomb, Justice.

Newton Hays, Collector.

Platt R. Halstead, Calvin Angier, Alexander Stevenson, Assessors.

Hezekiah Barber, Abram E. Wadhams, William Richards, Road Commissioners.

William VanVleck, Miles M.F. Sawyer, William L. Wadhams, School Commissioner.

Orson Kellogg and Asahel Lyon, School Inspectors.

Tillinghast Cole and Horace Holcomb, Poor Masters.

Newton Hays, Jared Goodell, James Peets, Henry Stone, Constables.

Horace Barnes, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Apollon Williams, Otis Sheldon, Samuel Root, Andrew Frisbie, Lorrin Cole, Aaron B. Mack, Cyrus Richards, Horace Barnes, James Marshall, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant, George Kilmore, Stephen Sayre, Augustus Hill, David R. Woodruff, Charles T. Cady, Ephraim J. Bull, Alan Slaughter, Leonard Avery, Daniel M. Howard, Dennis Stacy, Frederick T. Howard, Ezekiel Pangbourn, Julius Ferris, Moses Felt, Calvin C. Angier, Orrin Skinner, B. P. Douglass, Lester Wallace, Joseph Duntley, John Stone, Ichabod Bartlett.

Voted to raise ten dollars to refund to Asahel Havens for counterfeit money taken by him as school commissioner.

This is a pertinent example of the injury and inconvenience suffered by the people from counterfeit money

and notes from unsound banks. From 1836 to 1863 there were no banks but State banks, and the laws, especially in the earlier part of this period, were inadequate to prevent adventurers from pretending to establish banks, and putting in circulation notes which were entirely worthless. No wonder the people preferred to barter in iron and farm produce.

Now we have another of our stories of adventure on the lake. If you seek for the romance of our history, you will ever find it upon the water. Talk with one of our old boatmen—there are no young ones, and soon there will be no old ones either—and see their love for a sailor's life, just the same fervor found in an "old salt" of the sea shore, even though our waters are fresh and land always in sight. "I liked it better than I did to eat," said Mr. James A. Allen to me, telling me of the twenty-two years which he sailed the lake, as man and boy, in the years from 1832 to 1854, when you might see fifteen or twenty sail in the bay at any time. And then he told me a story of one of his first trips in his own boat, when he was twenty-three years old. He started out from St. John's with his cargo, bound for New York, and carrying in his cabin a box containing five hundred Mexican dollars. His employers liked their money in Mexican dollars, upon which they obtained a premium in New York. Ralph Loveland, a young man of his own age, was sailing his own boat too, as his father had done for years, the children growing up half on ship-board, and knowing the lake as you know your own back yard. "One smutty night" as

Mr. Allen said, he ran ashore on Schuyler's island, and Loveland ran out from Burlington and helped him off, lightening his boat by taking on his deck load. Then she floated again and they sailed away, getting into Northwest Bay before morning, and when the sun rose they were tied up safe and sound at Hatch's wharf, and had turned in for a wink of sleep. Waking, they began transferring the deck load from Loveland's boat to Allen's again, and while busily at work looked up to the top of the hill and saw all the village people passing by, dressed in their Sunday garb. Then it burst upon them that it was Sunday morning, a fact that their night of toil and peril had driven from their minds, and that they were "breaking covenant obligations" by performing unnecessary labor upon the Sabbath. As Loveland was then a faithful member of the Baptist church, and Allen afterward a pillar in the same, they took the situation seriously, and hastened to set themselves right in the eyes of the community.

It is true that in those days the churches were extremely watchful in regard to the daily conduct of their members. It was the time of numerous "church trials" for offences ranging in magnitude from a prolonged absence from the Sunday services to profanity, lying and drunkenness. These were in no sense "heresy trials," and the church never properly claimed jurisdiction over offences against the common law, but it was considered a plain though painful duty to take action upon every suspicion of unchristian conduct or inconsistency. It will not require much reflection to con-

vince any person with a moderate knowledge of human nature that the strict enforcement of this principle often led to most unholy warfare, to the perplexity and despair of well-meaning and conscientious people. Another generation has learned more wisdom, and the ancient church trials are things of the past. They make tedious and profitless reading, with sometimes a revelation of situations unspeakably humorous. For instance, one of the Baptist deacons was so unfortunate as to find great difficulty in living in peace with his wife. Now we leave it to any married man if this was not a dispensation sufficiently afflictive in itself, without having a solemn church committee of three or five long-faced brethren filing in at his front door with the intention of inquiring into the particulars. We of this generation should give thanks that, among other blessings, the New England conscience has become ameliorated by the development of a keen and wholesome sense of humor. One word in our vernacular to I am inclined to trace directly to this period. Any person who had been obliged to undergo the examination of the church in regard to his or her conduct in any matter was said to have been "church-mauled." It will be perceived that the very formation of the compound word betrays a sympathy with the supposed offender and a turning of popular opinion against the church tribunal.

This summer there was a camp-meeting at Barber's Point, in the woods near the lake, and again in two years it was held in the same place. This was as con-

venient and accessible a spot as could be found, since preachers and people always came from the Vermont shore as well as from this side of the lake, and the ferry boat was in great demand. The line steamer also stopped at the Point regularly for several years after this.

The great English novelist, Charles Dickens, visited America this year, and recorded his impressions of the country in "American Notes." His passage through Lake Champlain is thus touched upon.

"There is one American boat—the vessel which carried us on Lake Champlain, from St. John's to Whitehall—which I praise very highly, but no more than it deserves, when I say that it is superior even to that in which we went from Queenston to Toronto, or to that in which we travelled from the latter place to Kingston, or I have no doubt I may add, to any other in the world. This steamboat, which is called the *Burlington*, is a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance, and order. The decks are drawing-rooms; the cabins are boudoirs, choicely furnished and adorned with prints, pictures and musical instruments; every nook and corner in the vessel is a perfect curiosity of graceful comfort and beautiful contrivance. Captain Sherman, her commander, to whose ingenuity and excellent taste these results are solely attributable, has bravely and worthily distinguished himself on more than one trying occasion; not least among them, in having the moral courage to carry British troops, at a time (during the Canadian rebellion) when no other

conveyance was open to them. He and his vessel are held in universal respect, both by his own countrymen and ours; and no man ever enjoyed the popular esteem, who, in his sphere of action, won and wore it better than this gentleman. * * * By means of this floating palace we were soon in the United States again, and called that evening at Burlington; a pretty town, where we lay an hour or so. We reached Whitehall, where we were to disembark, at six next morning; and might have done so earlier, but that these steamboats lie for some hours in the night, in consequence of the lake becoming very narrow at that part of the journey, and difficult of navigation in the dark. Its width is so contracted at one point, indeed, that they are obliged to warp round by means of a rope. * * * After breakfasting at Whitehall we took the stagecoach for Albany, a large and busy town, where we arrived between five and six o'clock that afternoon."

We have a copy of the Essex County Times for Oct. 5, 1842. On the editorial page we find an account of a Democratic convention which met at Elizabethtown Sept. 28, in preparation for the coming election. Van Buren, Democratic, had just gone out, and William Henry Harrison, Whig, was now in. The delegates from Westport were Anson H. Allen, Harry J. Person, Orson Kellogg, Miles M.F. Sawyer, Platt R. Halstead, Frederick B. Howard and Alpheus Stone. The delegate to the Congressional Convention was Platt R. Halstead.

The resolutions of the Elizabethtown convention,

drafted by Hon. A. C. Hand, are expressive of the political situation. There is condemnation of "all attempts to sell Uncle Sam's wood lot to the Dutch, English or Jews," a reference to "the short and confused ascendancy of Whigism," and a prophecy "that we shall be troubled no more with Bankism, hard cider and coons for the next quarter of a century." "The Whig party have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The people are saying to them, 'who deceives us once, 'tis his fault; if he deceive me twice, 'tis mine.'" Our town committee appointed was Platt R. Halstead, Harry J. Person, James W. Eddy.

We are informed that the Westport Young People's Temperance Society will hold a meeting this evening in the Methodist church, and there will be an address by William Aiken, Esquire. Also that the next Quarterly meeting of the Essex County Temperance Society will be held in the Congregational church at Lewis, in October, and that Orson Kellogg is the secretary. The Eastern New York Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention for the county of Essex at East Moriah, October 13 and 14. Addresses by Elder Abel Brown of Albany and Elder D. W. Burroughs.

Charles B. Hatch is still postmaster, and he gives a list of about twenty letters lying unclaimed. The oddest among these names is that of Dovalthy Hickok, and we notice an Antoine which shows that before this time the French Canadian names had come to be known in the village.

Harvey Pierce "has just returned from New York

with a splendid assortment of Fall Goods. Black, Blue-Black, Invisible Green and Brown Broad-cloths, Sattinetts, Cassimeres, Pilot Cloths, Vestings, Alpacca Cloths, Bombazines and Silks. Heavy stock of Groceries, Liquors Excepted."

Kent and Felt advertise the Hatting Business exactly as before, and Eddy and Kent will sell Bonnet Silks, Ribbons, Flowers, and also Cauldron Kettles, but in another column we are warned of the dissolution of the firm of James W. Eddy and Dan H. Kent, Aug. 30, 1842. The Cuttings and the Richardses advertise as before, and John H. Low announces "that he is determined not to be undersold by any one, at his store two doors south of H. J. Person's Hotel." Hinkley Coll furnishes Lime at his Lime Kiln in the south part of the town. "Notes of most of the suspended Safety Fund and Red Back Bank Notes bought by William J. Cutting." Inquire of Barnabas Myrick if you wish to buy the farm of James Marshall on the road to Essex. Geo. B. Reynolds is agent for E. Jewett of Vergennes for receiving Wool to Card or Manufacture. \$50 Reward will be given for information which will insure conviction of persons who have committed various trespasses in the yard and grounds now occupied by Sewall Cutting. (This was the old Dr. Holcomb place, at the forks of the road, the place now occupied by Joseph Lord.)

Abiathar Pollard is about leaving town, and "would inform the inhabitants of Keeseville that he will hold himself in readiness promptly to attend all who, in af-

fictive Providence, may require his aid." And there is an Executor's Notice for the estate of John Chandler, deceased.

It was in the summer of 1842 that Francis Parkman, the great historian, made his first trip through Lake George and Lake Champlain, accompanied by Henry Orne White, examining the scenes of the events of the early wars of America, and obtaining that thorough knowledge of the country which is so evident in all his works upon the history of this region. The next year he went again this way to Canada, collecting historical material at Quebec and other places, and passed through on a similar journey once more in 1877. When the Westport Library was opened, in 1888, he presented it with a complete set of his historical works, which now stands upon the shelves, one of the most valued possessions of the Library. His interest in this institution had been awakened by an account given him by Mrs. F. L. Lee of its history and its needs.

1843.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Persons.

William Guy Hunter, Supervisor.

Cyrus W. Richards, Clerk.

Anson H. Allen and Miles M'F. Sawyer, Justices.

Benajah P. Douglass, Collector.

E. H. Coll, Luther Angier, Asahel Lyon, Assessors.

Alvin Burt, Lorrin Cole, Elijah Angier, Road Commissioners.

Ira Henderson, William L. Wadhams, William Van Vleck, School Commissioners.

William Higby and Orson Kellogg, School Inspectors.

Tillinghast Cole and Horace Holcomb, Poor Masters.

Barnabas Myrick. Alexander Stevenson. Alanson Barber. Inspectors of Election.

B. P. Douglass. Erastus Loveland. Jared Goodale. James Peets. Horace Barnes. Constables.

William Van Vleck, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—William Brooks, E. H. Coll. James Peets. Levi Frisbie, Albert P. Cole. Aaron B. Mack, William McIntyre, Horace Barnes. James McKenney. Luther Augier, George W. Sturtevant. Titus M. Mitchell, David H. Sayre. Augustus Hill. David R. Woodruff. Charles T. Cady, Johnson Hill, D. M. Nichols. Albert Stringham, Luther B. Hammond, Henry Stone, John Ormiston, Forest M. Goodspeed. Julius Ferris. Humphrey Sherman. Warren Gibbs, Leonard Taylor, B. P. Douglass. Leonard Ware. Jonathan Cady. James Fortune. Truman Bartlett.

At a meeting of the board of Town Auditors convened at the Town Clerk's office in the town of Westport, on the first day of April, 1843, present: William G. Hunter, Supervisor, Cyrus W. Richards, Town Clerk, John H. Low, Ira Henderson and Anson H. Allen, Justices of the Peace, it was unanimously resolved that the Supervisor of said town pay over to Platt R. Halstead the sum of fifty dollars heretofore raised to furnish a map of said town, whenever he shall have completed the map by making the allotments and the subdivisions of the different patents of said town, more especially the Bettsborough and P. Skeins Patent, to the satisfaction of said supervisor.

Recorded this 3rd day of April, 1843. Cyrus Richards, Town Clerk.

Was this map ever made? If so, what became of it? The present writer can find no trace of it except this entry in the old Town Book.

This year was the one set by William Miller for the End of the World. Mr. David Turner writes as follows in regard to this remarkable delusion:

“The Millerite fanaticism, that extended from 1839 to 1843, the day fixed for the grand ascension of the saints to the realms above. At that time every man, woman and child in Panton, Vt., was a firm believer in

Miller's doctrine. Every Sunday, and almost every week day, a camp-meeting was held in the woods on the lake shore, and on a still night, with an easterly wind, you could hear the loud singing from across the lake —

“O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan !
O Canaan it is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan !
If you get there before I do,
Just tell them I am coming too,
For I'm bound for the land of Canaan !”

I have been told that William Miller once preached his wild doctrine in the Baptist church in Westport, when it stood upon the hill where it was first built, but as the church was moved in 1839, and Miller had then but just begun his propaganda, I do not think it at all likely. He seems to have had very few followers here. Mr. Aaron Clark once told me that he knew of some people in town who were convinced by Miller's arguments, (drawn chiefly from the mystical figures in the Book of Daniel,) but he would not give their names because he said they were all enlightened as to their errors before now, from which I guessed that they had all gone to another world, though not precisely according to the predictions of Miller.

A copy of the *Times* for June 14 gives the card of Asa Aikens, Attorney-at-Law, and a notice of the formation of a partnership between Charles Hatch and Harvey Pierce. John H. Low “has just received fashionable summer goods.” The call for a meeting of school teachers at the Academy for the formation of a

Teachers' Association in Westport, signed by Orson Kellogg as Town Superintendent, shows that he is still principal of the Academy.

In the *Times* for June 28 there is a long description of the recent celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, with an address by Daniel Webster, listened to by the largest crowd ever seen in this country,"—150,000! In the procession were two hundred Revolutionary soldiers and twelve survivors of the battle of Lexington. As for our business men, the most important advertisement seems to be that of William J. and Franklin H. Cutting, who have purchased "store and wharf recently owned by C. B. Hatch, Esq." The copartnership between William and Cyrus Richards is dissolved, and the business is continued by William Richards alone, while on the other hand, a new partnership is just formed by Charles Hatch and Harvey Pierce. "W. D. and B. F. Holcomb have opened a new tailoring establishment one door north of Hatch and Pierce's store." Asa Aikens, "being a solicitor in Chancery, and Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law in all the courts of law in Vermont, will attend to legal business confided to him in the counties bordering on Lake Champlain." Kent has just received 328 palm leaf hats, and will sell "sawed Eave Troughs," and "Wash Tubs, Angier's make," as well as a variety of stoves. Edmund J. Smith* has just opened a blacksmith shop "one door south of his carriage shop."

*We have five old resident families, claiming no relation-ship with one another of the honorable but frequent name of Smith. The oldest of these is undoubtedly

The next meeting of the Teachers' Association for the town of Westport will be held at the Academy. Several short addresses will be delivered on the subject of education. William Higby, Pres. A. C. Rogers, Sec. Meetings of the Essex County Temperance Society are still held, Dr. Samuel Shumway of Essex, President, Orson Kellogg, Secretary. The Annual Meeting of the Champlain Baptist Convention, with leave of Providence, will be held in Essex, July 5. C. W. Hodges, Sec. N. B. The Board of the Convention are requested to meet at Deacon Reuel Arnold's.

Anson H. Allen, as Justice, allows himself a sly joke in advertising "Hymenial knots tied in good style in short order." Under "Marriages" we find two interesting events: "In this village, on the evening of the 22nd inst., by Rev. J. Thomson, Mr. Alonzo M. Knapp of Crown Point, to Miss Lucy A. Clark, daughter of David Clark, Esq. Also, on the 27th inst., by Rev. Mr.

the Smith family at Wadhams, known to have been there before the war of 1812.

Edmund J. Smith, of the well-known family of Smith street, Shoreham, Vt., came about 1840 and opened a carriage and blacksmith shop near his house on Washington street. His wife was Emma Larrabee, sister of Mrs. Dr. Shattuck, and his children are Frank E. Smith, of the firm of Smith & Richards, and Mrs. C. A. Pattison.

James A. Smith came from Brooklyn in 1859, and made clay pipes at Coll's Bay. His wife was Marietta Munerette, and his children now living are Gabriel, Peter and Sarah, now Mrs. John Farnsworth.

John E. Smith came from Canada and settled on the Iron Ore Tract, on the road to Seventy-five. He was the father of William Smith, of John Smith the undertaker, and of Mrs. James Patten.

Ira Smith was a shoemaker, and kept the toll-gate for a long time. His son Arthur is a graduate of Cornell. Leslie Smith, brother of Ira, is a carpenter, now living on Pleasant street.

Hodges, Gilbert A. Grant, Esq., of New Market, N.H., to Miss Helen St. John Aikens of this place."

On the eleventh of September was held the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Plattsburgh, at Plattsburgh. The President of the day was Col. David B. McNeil, formerly of Westport, and that part of the exercises most interesting from the point of view of this history was introduced as follows: "To our esteemed fellow citizen, Platt R. Halstead, Esq., late a Lieutenant in the United States Army, I assign the honor of placing monuments at the graves of Capt. Alexander Anderson, of the British marines; Lieut. William Paul, midshipman; William Gunn and Boatswain Charles Jackson of the British navy, and Joseph Barron, pilot on board Commodore Macdonough's ship—all of whom fell in the naval engagement in Cumberland Bay, off Plattsburgh, Sept. 11, 1814. Joseph Barron, pilot, was personally known to Lieut. Halstead and myself, and was a man held in high estimation, for his intelligence and patriotism, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance." The account of the exercises goes on to say that "Lieut. Halstead in the discharge of the duties assigned him, erected the monuments at the head of the graves of the three lieutenants of the British navy, and proceeded to the grave of Joseph Barron, and as near as we could catch his remarks, spoke as follows: 'I take a melancholy pleasure in erecting this monument at the grave of Joseph Barron, Commodore Macdonough's confidential pilot. I knew him well—he was about my own

age—we were school-boys together—a warmer hearted or a braver man never trod the deck of a ship.' ”

It was about 1833 that Freeborn H. Page first came to Westport, from Hyde Park, Vt., where he was born in 1824. His parents were Lorenzo and Polly (Matthews) Page. He opened a tin shop, and afterward a store for general merchandise, was for a time a partner of C. H. Eddy in this place and carried on a wholesale grocery business in Troy for a number of years. His first wife was Phebe Ann Viall, daughter of William Viall, and their children were Evelyn, now Mrs. Dan Holcomb, and Walter, who died at Bay City, Mich., in 1883. His second wife was Mrs. Mary Hitchcock, daughter of William J. Cutting. Mr. Page's sister Clara married D. L. Allen.

Another arrival from Vermont was Judge Asa Aikens, with his family, from Windsor, as is apparent from the notice of Judge Aikens' law business in the *Times*, and the announcement of his daughter's marriage, in June. One reason for their coming to Westport was the residence here of Mrs. Aikens' brother, William Guy Hunter, and of the family of her sister, Mrs. Sewall Cutting, who had died three years before.

Asa Aikens was born in Barnard, Vt., Jan. 13, 1788, the son of Solomon and Betsey (Smith) Aikens. He entered West Point Nov. 30, 1807, and in the war of 1812 was a captain in the 31st regiment, U. S. A. He graduated from Middlebury College, class of 1808, and practiced law in Windsor until his removal to Westport. From 1818 to 1820 he was in the Vermont Legislature.

from 1823 to 1825 Judge of the supreme Court of Vermont, and in 1827 President of the Council of Censors. In 1827 and 1828 he edited the Supreme Court Reports. He published two law-books, "Practical Forms" in 1836, and "Tables," in 1846, after he had settled in Westport. The latter is doubtless the first book ever published by any one living in our town. He married his first wife, Nancy Ann Spencer, Jan. 24, 1809, and her children were Emma Jeromine and Julienne Gertrude. His second wife was Sarah Hunter, married Dec. 4, 1814. Children: Villeroy Spencer; Mary Elizabeth; Helen St. Johns (Mrs. Grant); Augusta (Mrs. Dudley); William Hunter; Edwin Edgerton; Charles Eugene; Sarah Hunter (Mrs. Jacobson); Guy Hunter; Franklin Hunter. Judge Aikens died in Hackensack, N. J., while on a visit, July 12, 1863, and his wife died seven years later.

1844.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Person.

Franklin H. Cutting, Supervisor.

William Van Vleck, Clerk.

John H. Low, Justice.

Asabel Lyon, Town Superintendent of Common Schools. This is the first election of such an officer, and probably marks the date of the first election of trustees in the different districts. We do not find the three "school commissioners" and the three "school inspectors" again elected as town officers.

Diodorus Holcomb, Luther Angier, Alexander Stevenson, Assessors.

Elijah Angier, Hinkley Coll, Abram E. Wadhams, Road Commissioners.

James W. Eddy, William L. Wadhams, Joseph R. Delano, Inspectors of Election.

This is the first election of such officers.

Hezekiah Barber and Horace Holcomb, Overseers of the Poor.

Benajah P. Douglass, Collector.

B. P. Douglass, Erastus Loveland, Jared Goodale, Horace Barnes, Constables.

Henry H. Holcomb, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Joseph Bigalow, Elihu H. Coll. James Peets, Tillinghast Cole, Charles Fisher, Willard Frisbie, William Viall, James Marshall, Henry Royce, George W. Sturtevant, Abram E. Wadhams, John R. Whitney, Joel R. Whitney, Joel B. Finney, Curtis Pierce, Leonard Fisher, Jonas Vanderhoff, Alonzo Slaughter, Joshua Smith, Jacob Decker, Daniel Nichols, Jesse Sherman, Solomon Stockwell, Lee Prouty, William P. Merriam, William Martin, Lyman F. Hubbard, John Flinn, Artemas Hartwell, Joseph Duntley, John Stone, Truman Bartlett.

Voted to raise ten dollars "to purchase a set of Weights and Measures for the use of the Town."

Asahel Lyon failing to serve as Superintendent of Common Schools Asa P. Hammond was appointed in his place.

In consequence of the resignation of William Van Vleck,* Samuel C. Dwyer was appointed Town Clerk by three Justices, Miles M^cF. Sawyer, Anson H. Allen and Ira Henderson.

By this time the old militia training day had passed away, and its place had been taken by the mass meetings of the people called political conventions. This year saw the last campaign of the brilliant Whig leader, Henry Clay, and a grand Whig Convention was held

*William Henry Van Vleck was the son of Mrs. Cathaline Post Van Vleck, a widow who resided in Westport from some time before 1830 to her death in 1867. He married Elizabeth Whallon, daughter of James M. Whallon, owner of the mills at Whallonsburgh, and they lived in the large brick house on the river bank (since used as a hotel) which is still sometimes called "the Van Vleck House," although the Van Vlecks moved to Washington more than a generation ago. Upon the death of Elizabeth his wife, William Van Vleck, married her sister Emeline Whallon. Elizabeth Van Vleck, sister of William, married the Rev. Thomas Brandt, a Baptist minister who preached in Westport from 1843 to 1849, and who is said to have been a descendant of Joseph Brandt, the famous Mohawk chief who fought for the British in the Revolution.

at the county seat in September, at which every town in the county was represented by a pictorial delegation. The display made by Westport is still remembered as a triumph. In a large car rode "twenty-six ladies, young and beautiful," as an eye witness reports, representing the number of states then in the Union, and each carrying a flag with her state name upon it. The car was drawn by thirteen yoke of oxen, each with its own teamster, and with horns decorated with red, white and blue ribbons, while behind the car rose deafening music from fife and drum. The head teamster of all was Elijah Wright, a famous driver of oxen, then more commonly used than horses for farm work. To-day thirteen yoke of oxen cannot be found in the township. The car was a rude affair, and the roads very bad, even for that period, and the whole delegation took turns in walking part of the way, with the single exception of Joseph R. Delano, who was lame at the time, and rode in state in a rocking chair. Of the twenty-six young girls who took part in this ardent display of political enthusiasm three are still living in 1903. One was Mary Hardy, afterward Mrs. Humphrey Sherman, another was Louise Dunster, afterward Mrs. Maurice Sherman, and the third was a daughter of Alexander Whitney who went in disregard of her father's allegiance to the opposing party, the Locofocos, and who married George F. Stanton.

Westport still has a newspaper, but its editor has changed. Its name is simply "*The Essex County Times*," it is published Thursdays, and its editor is David Tur-

ner. In politics it represents the Anti-Whig party whose name is still in process of formation, as is well shown by this phrase from the resolutions of a recent convention—"every republican who desires the prosperity of the good old democratic cause." This convention had nominated Augustus C. Hand for Senator.

It is announced that "the Democrats of Wadhams' Mills will erect a Hickory at that place on Friday, Oct. 4. The friends of Polk and Dallas, Wright and Gardner, everywhere, are invited to attend," and there are to be distinguished speakers from abroad. There is also a call for three delegates from each town to meet at Elizabethtown "to nominate a candidate for Member of Assembly in the place of William G. Hunter, who declines." We know that the man who actually went to the Assembly from our district this year was Gideon Hammond.

There is a note about the "Whitehall,"—"this spacious and magnificent Steamer has again taken her place in the Line," Capt. G. Lathrop. And "it is said that the new Steamer building at Whitehall is to be called the *Francis Saltus*, in honor of a New York Merchant." Our postmaster is still C. B. Hatch. D. H. Kent has not yet changed the May advertisement which announced that he had just returned from the south with a full and complete assortment of Goods, "which range from "Balzarines, Parisiennes, Muslin de Laines and kid gloves" to plough points, wash tubs and wagon tires with a supply of Parlor, Cook and Box Stoves, "cast from the first quality Pig Iron, and warranted

against cracks for six months with good usage." There were still people who cooked over the primitive fire-places, though they were becoming very unfashionable, and all the stylish folks had theirs bricked up before this time, with an ugly iron stove set in the middle of the dear old hearth-stone which had been warm to the feet of so many babies as they sat before the open fire and toasted themselves before going to bed. *Apropos* of the subjects of stoves and cookery, it must have been about 1848 when Phebe Sawyer, presented by her uncle with a new gold dollar, chose to invest it in the most approved cook-book then known, that of Miss Catharine Beecher, in which full directions are given for cooking before an open fire, with crane and bake kettle and spider-legged frying-pan to be set in a bed of glowing coals. Cake was to be raised with eggs only, though directions are given for the use of "pearlash," which was usually made at home by burning a little pile of clean cobs on a newly washed hearth, and then gathering up the pearly little heap of ashes.

Returning to the columns of the *Times*, we find that Kent still makes Hats of the Latest Fashion, and that William J. and Franklin H. Cutting are in business as before. Horace and Jason Braman have "assigned their book accounts, notes and other effects to Platt Sheldon," and Horace Braman wishes to let "the well-known Tavern Stand at Wadhams Mills." The firm of W. D. and B. F. Holcomb has dissolved partnership, but W. D. Holcomb will "continue to carry on the Tailoring Business." John H. Low is selling dry goods,

from Broadcloths to "Ladies' Cravats, Fringes, Dress Silks, Hat and Cap Ribbons, with groceries, among which we notice "Lamp Oil," showing that the tallow candle was in a way to be left behind like the fire-place. The Port Henry Iron Works call for 3000 cords good hard wood and 50,000 bushels charcoal made from hard wood, at \$1.75 per cord and 6 cts. a bushel. Signed F. H. Jackson, Treasurer Port Henry Iron Co. This may serve to explain what became of our forest primeval. Solomon Stockwell has lost a red two year old heifer with a slit in the left ear, but the most remarkable loss is that of Jacob Allen of Elizabethtown, who announces indignantly that "on Sunday last an indented apprentice named Thomas Halfpenny" ran away from the subscriber. It seems that Thomas Halfpenny was an Irishman and "wore away a dark blue coat considerably worn, light coloured vest, blue cotton drilling pantaloons, a new fur hat and black velvet stock."

There are two very interesting obituaries.

"Died, at his residence in this village, after a long and painful illness, on the 30th ult., the Hon. Barnabas Myrick, aged 49 years. Mr. Myrick's loss is a public calamity. He was one of our wealthiest, most enterprising and useful citizens. For many years he has been identified with the prosperity of our flourishing village, and been foremost in its advancement, having filled many offices of trust with honor and ability, among which was the representation of this county in the State Legislature. But he is cut down in the midst

of his days, leaving a lovely family and a large circle of acquaintances.

"Also, on the same day, William Hunter Aikens, late of the University of Vermont, second son of the Hon. Asa Aikens, aged 20 years. This talented, amiable and interesting young man has been cut down in the midst of his collegiate course. It is about a year since the insidious disease which was destined to prostrate in the dust the buoyant aspirations of the youth and the fond hopes of parents and friends, began to manifest itself in the decline of his health. Although he had been placed under the special care of eminent medical gentlemen of the city of New York, no exertions could save him, and his friends are left with no other consolation than that his elevated spirit shrunk not at the prospect of death."

This year also died two of the pioneers, Enos Loveland, aged seventy-eight, and John Halstead, aged seventy-four. Both born under the reign of a British king, they had lived to see the young republic come to that stage of development in which an American had just perfected the electric telegraph. Coming into the wooded wilderness of this region in 1800, they had seen, in the passage of a half-century, the growth of a busy little village, with comfortable homes scattered over all the tillable land of the township.

1845.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Person.

Asa Aikens, Supervisor.

William D. Holcomb, Clerk.

Daniel S. French was elected Justice of the Peace, and David S. McLeod was appointed to fill vacancy.

Leverett Pardy, Collector.

David P. Holton, Town Superintendent of Schools.

Moses Felt, Aaron B. Mack, Archibald Patterson, Assessors.

George Skinner, William J. Cutting, Samuel Root, Highway Commissioners.

James W. Eddy, David H. Sayre, William J. Cutting, Inspectors of Election.

Albert P. Cole and Stephen Sayre, Poor Masters.

Leverett Pardy, Horace P. Carpenter, Ira Downey, Ralph A. Loveland, Constables.

John H. Low, Town Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Walton, E. H. Cole, Samuel Root, Peter Ferris, Charles Fisher, Asa Loveland, William Viall, James Marshall, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Elijah Wright, Joseph Hardy, Anson Braman, D. R. Woodruff, Leonard Fisher, Harvey Smith, Marcus J. Hoisington, John Daniels, Barton Hammond, Edward Harper, F. T. Howard, Solomon Stockwell, Lee Prouty, Moses Felt, William Martin, Leonard Taylor, Benajah P. Douglass, William Hartwell, Orrin Skinner, James Fortune, Ziba Howard.

Voted to raise \$15.00 for Weights and Measures.

This year we have no old newspaper to refer to, and so far as the knowledge of the present writer extends, no more of the Westport papers are in existence. Nothing is more ephemeral than a newspaper, and it is only by accident that our few treasures have been kept for us. Even now, as I write, some housewife may be going through some inherited garret like a destroying angel, piling up rubbish in the chip-yard, and applying a match to the last one of the old Turner papers. They were not published for more than three or four years after this, and if we had a copy of each number it would not take a very large place to pile them. Old letters

and diaries contain much that is of interest, but are not, of course, generally accessible to the public.

In January Platt R. Halstead made one of his winter journeys to the south, to escape the chilling winds of the climate which had already set its seal upon all his father's family. This was probably his first winter spent in the south, and after this he went every winter until his death, stopping in New York for a short visit to Dr. Evander Ranney, and then going on to Jacksonville, Florida. He kept a diary of these trips, portions of which were printed in the *New York Evening Post*. He was personally acquainted with the editor, William Cullen Bryant, a man of exactly his own age. There are a few leaves of the manuscript of this diary left, in which he gives a description of Savannah, and says: "We arrived at Savannah about eleven o'clock, A. M. I took a walk through the town, and took quarters at the City Hotel. In the course of the day I came across Rensselaer Ross, son of Theodorus Ross, formerly of Elizabethtown. He is an old acquaintance, and we were much pleased to meet each other." His eye for military matters is thus shown: "Passed by the barracks of the U. S. troops, about one hundred left. Went on the parade ground and saw them inspected. Should think them mostly recruits." The first of February he concludes to go further south. "Made a few purchases, as I had been advised by a Mr. Hancock, a gentleman from Virginia who had just returned from Jacksonville, sent some papers home, packed up my baggage, paid my bill, took a friendly shake of the hand

with some acquaintance which I had made while in Savannah, and was accompanied to the boat by mine host of the hotel, who kindly introduced me to some gentlemen who were journeying south. The scenery this evening as we passed through it was very interesting to a Northern man. Some of the inlets appeared to me like our creeks, or the lake ten or twelve miles below Whitehall, excepting the marshes, smooth and even, extending in some places, as far as the eye can reach, with numerous bluffs or islands covered with live oak, with its long grey hair-moss hanging from the limbs, with their beautiful green leaves. The yellow or long-leaved pitch-pine, stately and tall, with but few limbs until you approach the top of the tree,—the palmetto, which you frequently see along the banks or edges of the marshes, with its round top composed of long shining green leaves,—all, all is new to me, and highly picturesque. We passed several islands, with large plantations, with venerable mansions, surrounded by their numerous out-buildings and negro houses, all white and neat in appearance. You occasionally get a view of the ocean, and see its huge billows bursting in foam on the sandy points of the islands, or the numerous bars between them.” This fragment of the diary stops with the boat running aground near Jacksonville.

Lieutenant Halstead had given up his own house at the top of the hill not long after his sister's marriage, and had bought and remodeled the long white house which was built by Charles B. Hatch almost on the site of “the Gables” of the Westport Inn, but standing close

upon the road. Here he occupied a bedroom and sitting room up stairs, in the north end, while Mrs. Van Vleck and her family occupied the rest of the house. Mrs. Van Vleck was an old and dear friend, and he took his meals with her, this arrangement lasting until his health failed so fast that he went to his sister's house and there died in 1849. This uncle was the fairy godfather of his sister's growing family of children, always coming back from the south with trunks full of gifts, and when he died he left them all his property.

In 1845 was built a plank road to Elizabethtown with two toll gates, one standing near where the railway now crosses the road, and the other near the village of Elizabethtown. This road to the Valley had up to this time been invariably bad, running through low land which could only be crossed by miles of agonizing corduroy. It was made a turnpike. This plank road greatly facilitated the carriage of ore from boats lying at our wharves, which had been loaded at Port Henry, to the forges at Elizabethtown and Lewis, and the return of their manufactured iron. This year a new forge was erected, on the Boquet, by W. P. & P. D. Merriam. It contained three fires, one hammer and two wheels. It consumed charcoal, burned in kilns on the Iron Ore tract owned by the company, and also in many a solitary kiln in the forest, tended by some farmer or woodsman willing to make a few dollars in this way. Twenty-one years after the opening of Merriam's Forge, in 1866, according to Watson, it was burning eighty thousand bushels of charcoal, and making

six hundred and thirty tons of ore into four hundred and fifty tons of iron, in one year. This was no doubt the maximum out-put. These works remained in operation until about 1870, but since then have been shut down.

This year D. L. Allen bought the Douglass wharf and store. For six years he had been at Wadhams, in partnership with J. R. DeLano. For thirty-three years he did a flourishing business in the Douglass store, and in 1878 moved into the large new store on North street, where his son, Frank W. Allen, has succeeded him. This makes a continuous business in town for sixty-three years, the longest in our history. David Lewis Allen was a son of Nathaniel Allen, who came in from Panton in 1821. The other sons of Nathaniel Allen were Almond and James A., and his daughters Alma and Susan, now Mrs. Farnsworth.

In 1845 the first steam propeller on the lake was built at Whitehall and called the *James H. Hooker*, afterwards doing a large towing business. The *Hooker*, when first built, carried sails and had a center-board.

In the trustees' book of the Baptist church is a list of the pew-holders of this year, which it is believed will be of interest. First comes the minister's pew, just south of the pulpit, occupied by the family of the Rev. Thomas Brandt. The nine other pews in the front of the church are owned by Joel Finney, Miles M.F. Sawyer, H. Bostwick, Alexander Young, Albert P. Cole, William Stacy, Ira Henderson, Norris McKinney, and William J. Cutting. Then in the body of the church

Barnabas Myrick, Enos Loveland, Gideon Hammond, Edmund J. Smith, Calvin Angier, George B. Reynolds, Jonathan Nichols, Tillinghast Cole, Platt Rogers Halstead, Abner Slaughter, Newton Hays, Darius Merriam, Calvin Hammond, William Olds, Dependence Nichols, Elijah Angier, Alonzo Slaughter, A. Barber, Hammond & McLeod, Ralph Loveland, E. Angier & Sons, Dan H. Kent, Joel B. Finney, Caleb P. Cole, James McKinney, Aaron B. Mack, Douglass & Allen, Mr. Hubbard, Charles B. Hatch, Dr. Ranney, Charles Hatch, William Viall, Jabez Frisbie, Luther Angier, E. B. Nichols. Each pew was considered the property of the person who bought it, and the prices varied according to the desirability of the situation, the highest being two at \$90 each, owned by Norris McKinney and William J. Cutting, to half a dozen, mostly marked "Baptist Church," valued at \$30. The sum total of value of all the pews was \$4000. These names are not all those of members of the Baptist church. For instance, the Hatches all belonged to the Methodist church, but bought pews in the other church because they were willing to help both societies. Neither were all these men living at the time, since we know Dan Kent, Enos Loveland and Barnabas Myrick were dead, but the pews were still held in their names. A similar list of pew-holders in the other churches at this time would be of great interest, but I have not been able to obtain them.

This year the M. E. church built a new parsonage, directly north of the church, which was in use until the present one was built in 1889. The old parsonage now

stands at the western end of the bridge, and is owned by Mrs. John Touhey. The committee upon building the parsonage, which had been appointed four years before this, consisted of William McIntyre, Andrew Frisbie, E. Holcomb, John Greely and Aaron Clark.

In connection with the subject of travel it is interesting to note a table of prices for this period, from which it appears that one could go from New York to Albany on a first-class steamer for fifty cents; from Albany to Whitehall, seventy-seven miles, on steamer and packet, for one dollar and thirteen cents; from Whitehall to St. John's, one hundred miles by steamer, twenty-five cents; from St. John's to LaPrairie, fifteen miles, by railway, fifty cents, and from LaPrairie to Montreal, nine miles by steamer, fifty cents.

1846.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person.

Benajah P. Douglass, Supervisor.

William D. Holcomb, Clerk.

Thomas Walton, Justice.

Asa P. Hammond, Town Superintendent of Common Schools.

Ira Downey, Collector.

Aaron B. Mack was elected Assessor for three years, M. Mitchell for two years and Andrew Frisbie for one year. This is the first time that the board of Assessors was so formed that one member should be changed every year.

Jason Braman was elected Highway Commissioner for three years, William McIntyre for two years and Hinkley Coll for one year.

David H. Sayre, David S. McLeod, Roderick R. Rising, Inspectors of Election.

Albert P. Cole and Benjamin Hardy, Poor Masters.

Ira Downey, James B. McLan, Charles H. Eddy, Horace Fish, Constables.

Dan S. Cutting, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Walton, Alexander Stevenson, James W. Coll, Levi Frisbie, Albert P. Cole, Elijah Newell, William McIntyre, Eleazar H. Ranney, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Francis Hardy, Edward Colburn, Joel K. French, Dyer S. Hill, Ephraim Bull, Jr., Harvey Smith, Abram Slaughter, Asa Smith, D. M. Howard, Stukely B. Stacy, Dorr M. Howard, Ezekiel Pangburn, F. Mason, Umphrey Sherman, Abram Greeley, L. Hubbard, Sewell Cutting, Willard Hartwell, Orrin Skinner, John Stone, Rufus Barr, Ziba Howard.

In December a new road was laid out near Brainard's Forge "through lands of Deliverance Nichols, Dyer S. Hill and Nelson Lewis."

Road district No. 10 was changed to run from "town line at M. P. Whallon's north-east corner to the line of Luther Angier's farm."

This year the three men who were elected County Superintendents of the Poor were H. J. Persons and William L. Merriam of Westport, and Eli W. Rogers of Whallonsburgh.

In May there was a special Town Meeting to vote upon the question of giving licenses to liquor sellers. This was apparently the first time that the point had arisen. There were cast 265 votes, of which 149 were for "No License," and 116 for "License." This shows a great change in public opinion in the last fifteen years.

This and the next occurred the Mexican War, but it seems not to have stirred a ripple on the calm waters of Westport society. I have heard that Mr. Walter Root served in that war, but do not know whether he was a citizen of Westport at that time.

There was a new school house built at Wadhams, which is still in use, and it was of future importance to us that this year the first sewing machine was perfected, although it was ten or fifteen years before the first one

was brought into this town. This was also the time when three-cent postage was adopted, a change immediately affecting every individual.

1847.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person.

John Hatch Low, Supervisor.

William D. Holcomb, Clerk.

Samuel Root and David S. McLeod, Justices.

Ira Downey, Collector.

Abram M. Olds, Town Superintendent of Schools.

Andrew Frisbie, Assessor.

Archibald Patterson, Highway Commissioner.

Daniel W. Braman, Joseph R. Delano, David R. Woodruff, Inspectors of Election.

Albert P. Cole and Joel F. Whitney, Poor Masters.

Ira Downey, Loyal A. Baxter, Charles H. Eddy, Hosea Howard and Anson C. Rogers, Constables.

Samuel H. Farnsworth, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Walton, Alexander Stevenson, James W. Coll, Archibald Patterson, Albert P. Cole, Willard Frisbie, William H. McIntyre, James Marshall, Henry Royce, George W. Sturtevant, Daniel French, Joel R. Whitney, A. Finney, George Skinner, Samuel Storrs, Justin Harris, Marcus J. Hoisington, Albert Stringham, Luther B. Hammond, Dennis B. Stacy, Dorr W. Howard, Orlain Stockwell, Julius W. Ferris, Moses Felt, Abram Greeley, Leonard Taylor, Sewall Cutting, Julius Vaughan, Orrin Skinner, John Stone, Levi Atwood, Ziba Howard.

In April there was a special election, held at the same house, to decide again upon the liquor question. This time there were 316 votes, of which 191 were for "License" and 125 for "No License." This reversal of the decision of the preceding year shows intense agitation of the question.

Mr. S. Wheaton Cole writes me thus about this year: "I was teaching fifty-two years ago the past winter on

the north side of the bridge. The brick school house stood near the residence of Mr. William Olds, the blacksmith. Rev. Thomas Brandt was pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. Pomeroy of the M. E. church. The merchants were B. P. Douglass on the north side, John H. Low, C. B. Hatch and Son, Walker Eddy, William Richards and Harvey Pierce on the south side. Lake Champlain was covered with sailing vessels and steamers then; there is scarcely one seen to-day. The entire country is cleared of its forests. The lake had good docks and warehouses in every town, to-day there are but few. Change is written on everything in the east, yet I love to visit it."

Miss Augusta Kent was also teaching at this time, a primary school in one room of the Academy.

The Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy was not stationed here as preacher until the years 1849 and 1850. In 1847 Rev. William W. Pierce was pastor of the M. E. church, and in 1848 Rev. D. P. Hulburd. At this time the pastor of the Congregational church was the Rev. Charles Spooner, who remained thirteen years, from 1841 to 1854.

1848.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person's.

William J. Cutting, Supervisor.

Samuel H. Farnsworth, Clerk.

John H. Low and William D. Holcomb, Justices.

Daniel W. Braman, Town Superintendent of Schools.

Ira Downey, Collector.

Geo. Skinner, Assessor.

John Greely, Highway Commissioner.

Joel F. Whitney and Albert P. Cole, Poor Masters.

William P. Merriam and Edmund J. Smith, Inspectors of Election.

Ira Downey, Nathan Slaughter, Harry N. Cole, Dorr W. Howard, Anson C. Rogers, Constables.

Freeborn H. Page, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Diodorus Holcomb appointed Inspector of Election by the Town Board.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Walton, Hinkley Goll, James W. Coll, Noel Merrill, Samuel W. Cole, Willard Frisbie, John Greely, William P. Merriam, James Marshall, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Jason Braman, Joseph R. Delano, Joel K. Freneb, R. Woodruff, Alvin Burt, Johnson Hill, J. Nichols, Jr., David Smith, Dorr M. Howard, Hiram Stacy, Robert Doty, Horace Goodspeed, Julius W. Ferris, Orrin Cronk, Lorenzo Gibbs, George Bennett, D. L. Allen, J. B. Finney, Orrin Skinner, James Fortune, W. Tunsdall, H. Howard.

George Skinner appointed assessor.

Miles M. F. Sawyer appointed Inspector of Election in place of Diodorus Holcomb, who refused to accept.

At this town meeting the voters all protested against a reported petition which was to be presented to the Legislature by the town of Essex, praying that "one mile wide of Westport" should be set off into Essex. This protesting vote seems to have been sufficient for the purpose intended, as the Supervisor was instructed to send a copy of the protest to our Representative at Albany.

A highway was laid out, upon application of Franklin H. Cutting and others, "through lands of the late Barnabas Myrick and of Franklin H. Cutting, beginning eighty three links north of the building formerly occupied for a Hat Shop by Dan H. Kent, (who died two years before,) running thence east nearly to the old stone mill, thence south until it intersects the highway leading from Franklin H. Cutting's store easterly to the lake."

A road was applied for by Jonathan Nichols, to be laid out "through lands of the late John Chandler, Calvin Hammond, Charles Hammond, and Dennis and Joseph Stacy." Mention is made of "the late Gideon Hammond," and of a "house being built by Dennis Stacy."

Town Meeting adjourned "to the Hotel of Ira Henderson," which was kept by his son-in-law, William Richards.

This year came Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Lee, from

Boston and built the house which they called "Stony Sides" on a hill north of the village, overlooking the lake. Mr. Lee was accustomed to give as his reason for building here that he had traveled through all parts of the habitable globe, and had never found a spot with a finer prospect nor with more natural advantages for a home. His taste for landscape gardening was fully indulged in the care which he bestowed upon the surroundings of his house, and many a garden and doorway in the village was also improved by his advice, and by the gift of bulbs and flowering shrubs which still blossom every year to his memory. Henceforth the family spent their summers here, and the winters in Boston, or in travel. There were three sons and three daughters, Francis W., Thomas, Robert, who died when a child, Mary, afterward Mrs. Matthew Hale of Albany, Alice and Anne. There are now ten grandchildren: Mrs. Hale's children are Ellen, Matthew, Mary, Robert and Dorothy, and Mr. Francis W. Lee's are Mary, Guy Hunter, Isabella, Alice and Susan.

A year or so before this time Mr. Francis H. Jackson of Boston, already connected with the Port Henry Iron Company, had bought the Sisco farm, on the shore of the bay, about a mile north of Hatch's wharf. This was a beautiful spot, with a wooded point enclosing a tiny bay, and commanding a wide view of the lake to the southward. Here on the point he built his house, and in 1848 completed one of the finest iron furnaces ever seen upon the lake. It is said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars, and with the well-known ingratitude

so often found in costly buildings, never returned to its builders one-tenth of the price. Mr. Jackson called it the Sisco furnace, after the name of the people who had lived so long on the place, and the little bay has always been called the Sisco bay. A dozen workmen's houses, a large house for the book-keeper, offices, a store and a long row of giant coal kilns, with a wharf for the boats of the company, made up a village of perhaps a hundred souls, and it was soon given the popular name of "Jacksonville." There was never a post-office there, but the place had a mail-bag of its own. The writer came upon a bit of humor in a recent Boston story called "A Family Affair" which will be quite as well appreciated in Westport as it could be in Boston: "There are Jacksons and Jacksons. As everybody knows, many, possibly most of those who bear that title might as well have been called Jones or Robinson; on the other hand I am told that certain Massachusetts families of that name will, on solicitation, admit it to be their belief that Eve was a Cabot and Adam a Jackson." We may pride ourselves that it was not an ordinary Jackson, but one of the last named Garden-of-Eden Jacksons, of the first families of Boston, who gave the name to Jacksonville-in-Northwest-Bay.

Watson says: "The motive power of the Sisco furnace was steam, and its products pig iron. The ore used was chiefly from the Cheever bed, and in part from a bed two or three miles west of the village of Westport, and owned by the proprietors of the furnace." This means the Ledge Hill mine, in the mount-

ain just west of the Mountain Spring road, back of the McMahon place. This ore bed was opened soon after that at Nichols Pond called the Campbell bed. The ore was soon found to be titaniferous, and therefore not available for use in the furnace, but large quantities of the Moriah ore were manufactured. Says Watson: "In 1847 Lee & Sherman effected a sale of twenty thousand tons to F. H. Jackson of the Sisco furnace at Westport. This was the first sale made of ore to be used in furnaces." Charles Hatch, writing at about this time, says proudly, "We now find ourselves situated in a pleasant Village of about one thousand inhabitants, plentifully supplied with all the necessities of life and many luxuries, having now a variety of factories, among others a furnace which makes from six to nine tons of iron per day." This must have been its maximum production, and one not steadily maintained for the eight or nine years in which the furnace remained in the possession of Mr. Jackson. In 1857 the property passed out of his hands, but I believe that the family had returned to Boston before that time, the house being occupied for several years by Mr. Ralph A. Loveland, who had charge of the business. Before this, Mr. Silas H. Witherbee of Port Henry was manager and Mr. Victor C. Spencer book-keeper. Afterward the property was owned by George W. Goff, who resided in the village.

It was at this period, not long after the opening of the Sisco furnace, that the old forge site on the upper Black river was again built upon. This had been the

scene of the first operations of Jonas Morgan, between the time of his receiving the larger patent from the state in 1799, and the year 1807. He built his forge on the Elizabethtown side of the river, "nearly opposite the Ira Daniels farm house," as I am told by an old resident of the Black river country. Later he sold the forge to Jacob Southwell, and not long after the conclusion of the war of 1812 the property was owned by Captain John Lobdell. Barnabas Myrick had also an interest here, probably in partnership with Captain Lobdell, and I think ran a saw mill at this place. The freshet of 1830 wrought great damage, and it is not certain that there was any business done here at all from that time until Guy Meigs* came not long previous to 1850. He rebuilt the forge on the old site, with a saw mill and his own dwelling house on the opposite or Westport side of the river, and here for a time he gave employment to a number of men, but in one of the frequent depressions in the iron business he suffered considerable loss, and concluded to try his fortunes once more in the west. He left town in 1855, and since then there has been no iron made at the place

*Guy Meigs came of that old and honorable Meigs family which has supplied officers to every war of the United States. Major Return Jonathan Meigs went with Arnold to Quebec in 1775, and there joining Montgomery, participated in the attack upon Quebec, and was taken prisoner in the failure of the assault. Guy Meigs (born 1817, died 1885) was the oldest son of Captain Luther Meigs, a soldier of the war of 1812, and grandson of Benjamin Stone Meigs, one of the pioneers of northern Vermont. Eight towns and one county, besides at least two forts, have been named after members of this Meigs family, and the mountain hamlet on the lonely course of the Black river may well keep its title for the sake of these associations.

that has been called for fifty years "Meigsville." The saw mill has been in operation of late years, owned by James E. Patten.

1849.

Town Meeting at the Inn of William Richards.

William H. Cutting, Supervisor.

Freeborn H. Page, Clerk.

Jason Braman, Justice.

Barton B. Hammond, Collector.

Aaron B. Mack, Assessor.

D. H. Sayre, Highway Commissioner.

Aaron Clark and D. Mansfield Howard, Poor Masters.

Miles M^r. Sawyer, Benjamin F. Holcomb, H. E. Smith, Inspectors of Election.

Ira Downey, Nathan Slaughter, Harry N. Cole, Barton B. Hammond, A. C. Rogers, Constables.

Alvin Davis, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Thomas Walton, Hinkley Coll, Samuel Root, Noel Merrill, William Joiner, Asa Loveland, William Richards, Darius Merriam, James Marshall, Montgomery Pike Whallon, Henry Betts, Titus M. Mitchell Benjamin Hardy, Asa Finney, David R. Woodruff, William Lawrence, Harvey Smith, Marcus J. Hoisington, Alonzo Slaughter, Platt Sheldon, Jonathan Nichols, John Ormiston, Horace Goodspeed, Francis Mason, Orrin B. Cronk, Abram Greeley, William C. West, Reuben Brown, Leonard Wares, D. M. Nichols, John Stone, Edwin Truesdall, Myron Chappell.

For the first time we find it recorded that voters were challenged and obliged to swear that they were legal voters in Westport. Six men were challenged and took the required oath: Electo Dupree, John Miller, William Wilson, James Branard, Chandler Dutton, H. N. Tabor.

Town Meeting adjourned to H. J. Person's.

Noel Merrill was afterward appointed Collector in place of B. B. Hammond, who had moved away.

This reminds us that this year and the next saw the departure of all the family of the Hammonds. Deacon Gideon Hammond had died in 1846, and his widow and

children soon decided to emigrate to the west. Neighbors of theirs in the western part of the town, the Nichols, Slughters and Stacy's, with some others, took part in the general exodus, and they all settled in or near Camanche, Iowa, on the Mississippi river. This made a little Baptist colony, and there a new church was formed, containing between twenty and thirty original members from the Westport Baptist church.

Notwithstanding the attraction of the new lands of the west, which drew away a large number of our best citizens, young men were coming in from all directions to take up business enterprises. John C. Osborne, a young Englishman, opened a harness shop, J. Nelson Barton,* coming from Crown Point, was a carriage maker, Peter P. Bacon, from St. Pierre, P. Q., soon opened a shoe shop, and William Douglass a blacksmith shop. Mr. Osborne afterward built the large house just north of the Armory. His children were George, who has continued his father's business after the death of the latter, Maria, who married John Gregory, and John, afterward Governor of Wyoming, and owner of

*One interesting fact about the Essex County Bartons is that they are descended from one of the Salem witches—that is, from one of the unfortunate women who were accused, of witchcraft at Salem in 1798. Sarah Cloyse was accused, tried and sentenced to be hung, but escaped from prison and was hidden by her friends. She had two sisters who were hung for the crime of witchcraft. Her daughter by her first husband, Hannah Bridges, married Samuel Barton, and the line comes down through Joshua, Timothy and Timothy Stow to Simon, who came to Moriah in 1812. Simon Barton's wife was Olive Cary, daughter of John, and sixth in direct descent from the original immigrant John Cary, who came of the line of Sir Robert Cary. Brave stories are told of Sir Robert, but we do not love him as we love gentle Goodwife Cloyse, who suffered such bitter persecutions at the hands of the Salem witch hunters.

large cattle ranches in that state. Mr. Edward Osborne, brother of John Osborne, Senior, came to Westport later, after the war.

Mr. Bacon married Louise Joubert, and their children were: 1. Eliza, married Cornelius Remington. 2. Ida, married John McCormick of Ticonderoga. 3. Emma, married Dr. Charles Holt, son of Augustus P. Holt. 4. Marie, married Harry P. Smith, now manager of the Westport Inn. 5. Osite, married John H. Low, son of Edwin B. Low.

Mr. Douglass, (not, I think, related to the family of Ebenezer Douglass,) married Marion Havens, daughter of Asabel Havens. Their family record is a mournful one of early deaths. Clarence died as a child, James and Walter in their teens. Alice married Orcelius Olds, Clara married Will Cross, and Lottie married Will Carey, and all died young. Three sons, Carlos, Will and Ben, are still living in the west, with their families.

This year and the next Mr. George W. Goff was Member of Assembly. To Mr. Goff is given the credit of effecting the new division between Westport and Moriah, by which the southern boundary of Gilliland's Bessboro was made the southern boundary of the town. This change gave the Cheever ore bed, then just developing in importance, to Moriah. Aaron B. Mack was sheriff of the county for this and the two following years.

In 1849 were built the first Vermont railroads, running north and south through the state, on each side

of the Green mountains. Thus the Champlain valley first echoed to the shriek of the iron horse, and the dwellers on the western shore first saw the white puff of steam against the mountains as they looked across the lake. Not for twenty-seven years did we have a railroad on this side of the lake which went through from Albany to Montreal.

In 1849 was organized the first Essex County Agricultural Society, in Keeseville, where the first fair was held. From 1850 to 1865 the annual fair was held in Elizabethtown, and since then it has been held in Westport. This is also the year in which a most remarkable figure appeared in Essex county, and was frequently seen at the county fair for the next five or six years, driving all the way from the high mountain plateau of North Elba fine blooded cattle for exhibition. The report of the Society for 1850 refers to "a number of very choice and beautiful Devons from the herds of Mr. John Brown, residing in one of our most remote and secluded towns." This was none other than "John Brown of Ossawatomie," who died ten years afterward at Harper's Ferry. He was often seen in Westport, going and coming on his many journeys, and was looked upon as an eccentric person with an absurd idea of establishing a colony of free negroes in the freezing climate of North Elba.

1850.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Person's.

Ralph A. Loveland, Supervisor.

Barton B. Richards, Clerk.

David S. McLeod, Justice.

Andrew Frisbie, John H. Low and John L. Merriam,
Assessors.

Noel Merrill, Collector.

S. W. Cole, Superintendent of Common Schools.

Samuel Root, Highway Commissioner.

D. M. Howard, L. W. Pollard, Poor Masters.

Aaron Clark, D. H. Sayre, David R. Woodruff, Inspectors of Election.

Noel Merrill, J. F. Whitney, Ira Downey, D. M. Howard,
D. B. Stacy, Constables.

Alvin Davis, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Road district No. 1 dropped, since its territory now belongs to Moriah.

Pathmasters.—Hinkley Coll. Benjamin Warren, Andrew Frisbie, Lorrin Cole, Asa Loveland, William Viall, Darius Merriam, James Marshall, Cyrus Royce, Henry Betts, A. E. Wadhams, Benjamin Warren, Sylvester Young, Jared Goodall, William Laurence, Johnson Hill, Marcus J. Hoisington, Alonzo Slaughter, Dennis Person, Edward Harper, John Ormiston, Orson Stockwell, Lee Prouty, Abram Sherman, William Bennett, Joel B. Finney, Dependance Nichols, John Stone, Edwin Trusdall, John Miller.

Aaron B. Mack having been elected Sheriff of the County resigned his office as Assessor.

In 1850 the township numbered 2,352 in population, a number never since equaled. The furnace at Jacksonville employed many men in every capacity, and all through the back country wood cutters had come in to cut and draw the wood for its use. All kinds of business prospered. D. L. Allen extended his wharf a hundred feet farther into the lake to accommodate the increased shipping, and the chances are that if the place had been to name again at this time it would have been Something-or-other-opolis.

Now Jenny Lind was singing in New York, and her fame drew a number of Westport people to the city to hear her. I know the name of but one who went through lake, canal and river, on a packet boat, to the metropolis, and that one was Mrs. Miles M^F. Sawyer, who visited at Dr. Ranney's and came back with many a traveler's tale and notes upon the latest fashions. Then women wore great hoops, overspread with voluminous gathered skirts, tight bodices with belts, large flowing sleeves, often with lace or embroidery under-sleeves, and wide flat collars of lace or needle-work which lay flat upon their shoulders, encircling the base of the neck. The shoulder seams of the bodices were unconscionably long, and the hair was worn combed smoothly down over the ears and coiled in a knot at the back, the ideal of perfection being a satin-smooth surface, without a stray hair floating. The bonnets were not so large as those worn in the thirties, but were still often "poke" in shape, of the kind called "cottage bonnet." And very nice our grandmothers looked in hoops and mantilla, with black mitts covering all but the fingers of their hands, as they sailed up the church aisle of a Sunday. It took both grace and genius to manage a hoop well, and get it gracefully through narrow doors, but surely nothing displayed a rich dress fabric to better advantage. At this time changeable silks were much in favor, and the shimmering breadths, billowing out from a slender waist, were very pretty. When Margaret Angier married Harvey Pierce she had a red and green changeable silk for a wedding dress, and it was

carefully laid away to be shown to the generations following. My grandmother used to wear a wide-flowing dress made of what they called "Mexican grenadine," a soft gray ground with green and purple flowers, and over this she spread a mantilla of changeable blue and green silk, trimmed with "milliner's folds" of the same, laid on with the most exquisite stitches. The earliest daguerreotypes show many of these costumes.

1851.

Town Meeting at the Inn of H. J. Person's.
Benjamin Warren, Supervisor.
Barton B. Richards, Clerk.
William D. Holcomb, Justice.
John L. Merriam, Assessor.
Aaron Clark, Collector.
Jared Goodale, Highway Commissioner.
D. M. Howard and L. W. Pollard, Overseers of the Poor.
Benjamin F. Holcomb, David S. McLeod, Cyrus W. Richards, Inspectors of Election.
Ira Downey, Perrin J. Ainger, Richard Brown, Aaron Clark, Dennis B. Stacy, Constables.
Alvin Davis, Sealer of Weights and Measures.
Pathmasters.—Hinkley Coll, B. I. Warren, Henry Frisbie, A. P. Cole, Asa Loveland, William McIntyre, Joseph James, Samuel Anderson, Henry Royce, Henry Betts, Elijah Wright, Benjamin Hardy, Sylvester Young, Russell Woodruff, Royal Storrs, Johnson Hill, Jonathan Nichols, Leonard Avery, Eli Wood, Warren Pooler, Alvin Burt, Orson Stockwell, Luman Hubbard, Titus Sherman, Steven Jackworth, Leonard Taylor, Charles Vaughan, Orrin Skinner, James Fortune, Edward Trusdaie, John Miller.
Two men challenged, Lorenzo B. Nichols and Erastus Huntley.

Voted to raise \$150.00 for support of the poor.

It is hard to tell from the meagre accounts left of the existence of the Essex County Academy, how long it

remained the leading school in the county, but we are inclined to think that its first days were perhaps its best, at least so far as the education of the older class of academic students is concerned. About 1850 or 1851 there were young people sent away to private boarding schools in Vermont, as Phebe and Platt Sawyer were sent to Bakersfield, and a little later their brother Irving was sent to the school in Fairfax, Vt. Miss Willard's famous school for girls in Troy was no longer open, Miss Willard, I think, being engaged in visiting other female seminaries, both north and south, and lecturing upon education. Some of the Westport youth were sent to the Academy at Keeseville, and there Alonzo Alden studied from 1851 to 1853. It was not uncommon for the girls to be sent to the convent schools in Montreal, in spite of the rigid Protestantism which prevailed, for a certain dainty finish and demureness of manner which was acquired there, together with the incomparable needle-work which was taught.

Looking over a sheaf of old letters, I find one from Elias Sturtevant to his son John in Gasport, dated Westport, April 7, 1851, in which he gives this, with other bits of news: "Mr. Hunter has built a steam saw-mill at Rock Harbour and sold it to Moses Felt for \$5000 with 300 acres of land." It was this mill which ate away all the magnificent first-growth pine of North Shore, which was rafted away by water. The forest which now covers it is, I am told, all a second growth.

1852.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person's.

Daniel W. Braman, Supervisor.

Barton B. Richards, Clerk.

Phineas N. Hartwell, Superintendent of Common Schools.

Asa Aikens and Cyrus W. Richards, Justices.

Harry J. Person, Assessor.

William Richards, Highway Commissioner.

Dennis B. Stacy, Collector.

Peter Ferris and Benjamin F. Holcomb, Poor Masters.

Miles M. F. Sawyer, David B. Woodruff and Freeborn

H. Page, Inspectors.

Dennis B. Stacy, Ira Downey, Aaron Clark, Richard Brown, Lew W. Pollard, Constables.

Henry H. Holcomb, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Pathmasters.—Hinkley Coll. Israel Pattison, Archibald Pattison, Augustus Holt, Asa Loveland, William McIntyre, Darius Merriam, James Marshall, Elijah Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Jason Braman, Joel Whitney, Arza Finney, Artemas Hartwell, Joshua Slaughter, Johnson Hill, John R. Nichols, Asa Smith, Platt Sheldon, Horace Atwood, John Ormiston, Joseph Atwood, Julius Ferris, Orren Cronk, Steven Jackworth, Orren Taylor, Leonard Wares, D. M. Nichols, John Stone, Edward Truesdale, John Miller.

Adjourned to the Inn of William Richards.

Whatever the early history of Free Masonry in Westport, it is certain that the present lodge was established in 1852, by recommendation of Morning Sun Lodge, No. 142, which had been established in Port Henry four years before. At this time Westport was in the high tide of prosperity, the centre and source of which was the iron business and the fine new Sisco furnace, therefore it seemed appropriate to recognize this in the name of the new lodge, and it was called Sisco Lodge, No. 259. The first officers were George H. Blinn, W. M.; John Bowers, S. W.; Charles B. Hatch, J. W. George H. Blinn had been one of the

first officers of the Port Henry lodge, being J. W. in 1848 and W. M. in 1849, therefore it would seem that he had moved into Westport not long before this time. The lodge meetings were held here only four years after organization, declining with the decline and fall of the Sisco furnace after which it had been named, since Jackson's failure occurred in 1857, and the lodge meetings were held in Whallonsburgh from 1856 to 1870. Up to that time the Masters had been George H. Blinn, Asa P. Hammond of Wadhams Mills, Lewis Cady of Whallonsburgh, John Burt, Jr., of Essex, Willett E. Rogers of Whallonsburgh, Eli W. Rogers of Whallonsburgh, and Philetus D. Merriam, Westport. In 1870 the meetings began to be held in Westport again, where they have been held ever since, the successive Masters being in every case Westport men. John J. Greeley has held the office, not continuously, for over fifteen years, varied by occasional terms of service from George C. Osborne, Henry I. Stone and Nelson J. Gibbs.

The Mason's hall was in the second story of the building on the corner of Washington and Main, (formerly occupied as the printing office of the Westport newspaper,) until the burning of the whole block, Aug. 15th, 1876. When the block was rebuilt, the Masons owned the northern third, renting the lower floor and occupying the second floor as a hall. A new charter was granted June 27th, 1877, and on September 26th the new hall was dedicated. About five hundred Masons were present on that occasion, from lodges on both sides of the lake, with the De Soto Commandery

Knights Templar of Plattsburgh, the Knights Templar of Burlington, accompanied by the Queen City band. The wives of the Masons of Sisco Lodge provided refreshments, and the social occasion was a great success. Afterward, when the Westport Inn was opened, this block was sold, and the lodge moved once more, to the rooms in the flat over the post office, which it still occupies. Lodge meetings are held on the first and third Saturdays of the month.

The name of Augustus Holt in the town records reminds us that Alva Holt had now come from Keene, and was living in the stone house at the forks of the road south of the village, formerly occupied by the Rogers family. Alva Holt had four sons, Charles Holt of Keene, Smith Holt of Willsboro, Henry Holt of Boquet, and Augustus, who is still living in Westport, having been supervisor of the town. His daughter Carrie is now Mrs. Shelley, of New York, and his son, Charles, has practiced dentistry in his native place for several years. Mrs. Reuben J. Ingalls is a daughter of Alva Holt.

1853.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person's.

Ralph A. Loveland, Supervisor.

Hiram H. Downey, Clerk.

Jason Braman, Justice.

Archibald Pattison, Assessor.

Samuel Root, Highway Commissioner.

Peter Ferris and Luther Angier, Poor Masters.

William McIntyre, William Douglass, William P. Merriam, Inspectors of Election.

Dennis B. Stacy, Ira Downey, Richard Brown, Harry N. Cole. Constables.

Pathmasters.—Alpheus Stone, Israel Pattison, Hiram Cole, S. Wheaton Cole, Jeremiah Flinn, John Greeley, Joseph James, Merlin Angier, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, J. R. Whitney, Joel Whitney, B. F. Sprague, D. R. Woodruff, Samuel Storrs, Harvey Smith, Barney Boyle, William Downey, Eli Wood, Eleazer Welch, Jesse Sherman, Solomon Stockwell, Julius Ferris, Moses Felt, Franklin Bennett, Leonard Ware, D. N. Nichols, James Fortune, Edward Truesdale, Hiram Howard.

Town Meeting adjourned to the Inn of William Richards.

This year was built the steamboat Canada, the largest yet built on the lake, 260 feet long, 30 feet wide and 10½ feet deep, with a speed of 17 miles an hour. Capt. S. R. Foster stood on her deck, and as she ran until 1870, many of us can remember her right well as she came grandly to the wharf every day in summer, the delight of all the youthful population to whom the arrival of the line boats, and their discharge of freight and passengers, will always be a most interesting event.

1854.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of William Richards.

Ralph A. Loveland, Supervisor.

Freeborn H. Page, Clerk.

John Hatch Low, Justice.

Guy Stevens, Collector.

D. L. Allen and Calvin Fisher, Assessors.

Elijah Wright, Highway Commissioner.

Abram M. Olds, Superintendent of Common Schools.

Titus M. Mitchell and William McIntyre, Poor Masters.

Harry N. Cole, Joel F. Whitney, Harvey Pierce, Inspectors of Election.

Guy Stevens, B. F. Holcomb, J. F. Whitney, Ira Downey, John Mitchell, Constables.

Edwin R. Person, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

The Highway Commissioner reports that it will be necessary to raise \$200.00 the present year.

Pathmasters.—Alpheus Stone, Henry E. Warren, Archibald Patterson, Harry N. Cole, John Mitchell, William McIntyre, P. D. Merriam, James Marshall, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Levi Cross, Cicero Sayre, B. T. Sprague, David R. Woodruff, Calvin Pratt, Harvey Smith, Asahel Havens, Leonard Avery, Eli Wood, Eleazar Welch, John Ormiston, Ira Allen, Lee Prouty, Titus Sherman, George Bennett, Willard Hartwell, George Vaughan, James Fortune, Edward Truesdale, Edwin Thompson.

Adjourned to the Inn of H. J. Person.

Phineas N. Hartwell resigned the office of Superintendent of Common Schools and Abram Marshall Olds was appointed in his place.

Survey of road to Young's Bay. "Beginning on the eastern boundary of the highway leading from Westport to Archibald Patterson's thirty-eight links northerly from the south corner of Andrew Frisbie's farm, to the lake shore." J. K. French, Surveyor.

This year James A. Allen bought the southern or Hatch wharf, and for about twenty-five years either of our principal wharves might be spoken of as "Allen's wharf," since D. L. Allen had owned the northern or Douglass wharf since 1845. The Hatch wharf was sold to Capt. Samuel Price in 1879, and then to David Clark, who now owns it. The Douglass wharf was sold to Daniel F. Payne in 1880, and is still in his possession.

1855.

Town Meeting at the Inn of H. J. Person's.

Cephas Bradley, Supervisor.

Benjamin F. Holcomb, Clerk.

Miles M. F. Sawyer, Justice.

William L. Wadhams, Assessor.

Daniel M. Howard, Highway Commissioner.

William McIntyre and Artemas Hartwell, Poor Masters.

Lorenzo Gibbs, Hinkley Coll, Dan W. Braman, Inspectors of Election.

Ira Henderson, Collector.

Horace Barnes, Joel F. Whitney, Ira Henderson, Alvin Davis, Richard Brown, Constables.

Pathmasters.—Alpheus Stone, Henry E. Warren, Levi Frisbie, Isaac D. Lyon, Jonathan Holcomb, D. L. Allen. Joseph James, James Marshall, Newell Knowlton, George W. Sturtevant, Elijah Wright, Joseph E. Smith, Sylvester Young, Austin Bigelow, Howard H. Farnsworth, Harvey Smith, Asahel Havens, Asa Smith, Albert Carpenter, Alvin Peasley, F. B. Howard, John McConley, Lee Prouty, Cyrus Royce, Leonard Taylor, William Pierce, George Vaughan, James Fortune, Edward Truesdell, Edwin Thompson.

Alva S. Holt was appointed Pathmaster in the place of Isaac D. Lyon.

Road district No. 26 was newly formed, and began "at the west line of the lot of Eleazer Welch, and running west to the west line of the land of William P. and Philetus D. Merriam." P. D. Merriam was pathmaster of the district.

This means a new road district in the Iron Ore Tract, on the road to Seventy-five, where W. P. & P. D. Merriam had their coal kilns, and where the trail went in to the ore bed at Nichols Pond, just now beginning to be worked. The owners of the ore bed had need of a good road out to the highway, as an outlet for their ore and an inlet for their mining supplies and machinery.

Another tragedy upon the water. Four young men came up the lake from Montreal in a pleasure yacht. Two of them were brothers named Webster, relatives of the Ferrises, and of the third wife of Judge Charles Hatch. One day, in November, John Ferris and his son Peter joined the party in the yacht, and they sailed southward. Near Crown Point the boat was upset, and the six men clung to the boat sides and rigging and floated about, calling for help, until completely chilled

and exhausted. One by one the four young men from Montreal lost each his hold and sunk from sight. John Ferris was an older man and a hardier, and his strength held out until help arrived.* Peter Ferris was rescued in an unconscious condition, only saved by the singular fact that the fingers of one of his hands were stiffened, from the effects of a scalding in infancy, so that he had no power to straighten them. This hand was hooked over a rope or some part of the boat and held him there after he became insensible.

After Mr. Peter Ferris died I was permitted to look over some of his papers, and among them there was such a pathetic letter from the father of the two young Websters who were drowned, written to John Ferris immediately after. In it he says, "I sincerely thank God that he has spared you your only son, although we have lost all of ours,"—a resignation, it seemed to me, more piteous than the most clamorous grief.

It would seem from the fact there had been no camp meeting held in town for eleven years that these outdoor gatherings for religious exercises had fallen somewhat into disfavor. Luxury and refinement of living had greatly increased since the early days of immense

*One not accustomed to our waters will find it hard to realize the chill of the icy waves of November. Fresh water has not the buoyancy of salt water, and it is more difficult to swim or to float in it on that account. Its effect is also more enervating. A few summers ago a young lady at Rock Harbor swam across the lake from Basin Harbor to Calamity Point, a distance of one mile and twenty rods. This was a much more difficult feat than may appear to a person accustomed only to salt water. It was accomplished in safety, but followed by alarming chills and exhaustion. If we have not the dangers of the surf and the undertow, neither have we the exhilaration of the ocean waves.

attendance at camp meetings, and doubtless a generation had arisen which would not brave the discomfort of primitive camp life, in all weathers, for the sake of preaching which might as well be heard, perhaps, inside their commodious churches. Nevertheless, this year a camp meeting was held, not as before near the lake shore, but in the northern part of the town, on land of Frank Bennett's, west of Wadhams Mills. And these meetings were no longer representative of all denominations, as in the early days, but now belonged almost entirely to the M. E. church.

In Joseph Cook's history of Ticonderoga we find that the first mower in that town, which was also the first in the Champlain valley, was used in June of 1855. I am inclined to think that none were used in Westport until two years later.

1856.

Town Meeting at the Inn of H. J. Person's.

Cephas Bradley, Supervisor.

Dan S. Cutting, Clerk.

William F. Chatterton, and Richard C. Gardner, Justices.

David L. Allen, Assessor.

Victor C. Spencer, Superintendent of Schools.

Guy Stevens, Collector.

Moses Coll, Highway Commissioner.

Artemas Hartwell and Orrin B. Howard, Overseers of the Poor.

Orange Gibbs, Philetus D. Merriam, James W. Eddy, Inspectors of Election.

Guy Stevens, Horace Barnes, Hinkley Coll, Aaron Peasley, Thomas Dickerson, Constables.

These entries in the town book are certified to by three Justices, John H. Low, Miles M'F. Sawyer and Jason Braman.

Pathmasters.—William Stevenson, Samuel Root, Peter Ferris, Asa Kinney, Charles W. Holcomb, William Melu-

tyre, Darius Merriam, James Marshall, Cyrus Royce, George W. Sturtevant, Dorr W. Howard, Joseph E. Smith, Augustus Hill, David R. Woodruff, Calvin Fisher, Mont-ravill Hill, Marcus Hoisington, Asa Smith, Daniel M. Howard, Aaron Peasley, Alvin Burt, John McConley, Jr., Luman Hubbard, Jonathan Braisted, John E. Smith, Franklin Bennett, William Pierce, Samuel Pierce, James Fortune, Edward Truesdale, Edwin Thompson.

Asa Kinney had just come in from Jay. His father was Josiah Kinney, a Revolutionary soldier in Connecticut, and Asa Kinney had fought in the battle of Plattsburgh, spending some time in hospital at Burlington while down with camp fever. He was buried in Westport, and his grave should be remembered as that of one of the soldiers of the war of 1812. His son Frederick and his grandson Warren still reside here.

Not until 1856 did Charles Hatch die, at the age of eighty-eight, having lived in the town for fifty-four years. Born a subject of King George he saw two wars with Great Britain, and lived to see John Brown, perhaps, stepping off some boat upon his wharf with a little party of negroes bound for the colony in North Elba—the first warnings of the Civil War. No one had done more than he—perhaps no one had done so much—to change the little clearing at the head of Northwest Bay which he found here in 1802, to the busy and prosperous village which he saw the last year of his life. Were the old Squire's life written, exactly as it ran, it would make a volume as varied and romantic, with as interesting situations, as the last new novel of the school of realism.

The autumn rains of this year caused unusually de-

structive floods, especially upon the upper course of the Boquet, in Elizabethtown. There the tale will always be told that October 1 was the wedding night of Matthew Hale and Ellen Hand, but the day before the river rose and carried away the bridge by which the groom must cross to the wedding. By great exertions a temporary foot bridge was thrown across the river, but one so frail and unsteady that the groom and one of the wedding guests slipped off in attempting to cross and were carried down the swollen stream. Rescued, with much danger and difficulty, the wedding came off just the same, and if it had happened in the Scottish highlands, what a ballad would have been sung by some ancient bard to his harp that night!

Some of our old people remember that in September of '56 they went to the County Fair at E'town and heard Horace Greeley speak. They usually add, perhaps partly to show their own superiority, that they did not consider him a very effective orator.

1857.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person's.
David L. Allen, Supervisor.
Charles H. Eddy, Clerk.
Jason Braman, Justice.
Jonathan Holcomb, Collector.
Elijah Wright, Highway Commissioner.
Peter Ferris and Jesse Sanders, Overseers of the Poor.
Joseph E. Smith, Freeborn H. Page and James M. Bowman, Inspectors.
Noel Merrill, Assessor.
Jonathan Holcomb, Oscar Taylor, Joel F. Whitney, Jeremiah Flinn, Augustus Holt, Constables.
Pathmasters.—Alexander Stevenson, Reuel W. Arnold,

Noel Merrill, Orrin B. Howard, Nathaniel Allen, Willard Ingalls, William P. Merriam, Merlin Angier, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Cyrenus R. Payne, Cicero Sayre, Joel K. French, D. R. Woodruff, Norman Storrs, Montravill Hill, Patrick Boyle, Justin Prouty, Albert Carpenter, Warren Pooler, F. B. Howard, Apollos Goodspeed, Lee Prouty, Martin Pierce, James Fortune, Franklin Bennett, Curtis Bennet, Martin Pierce, James Fortune, Edward Truesdale, Edwin Thompson.

This year Ralph A. Loveland was State Senator and John L. Merriam County Treasurer. Soon after this Mr. Loveland was conducting a large lumber business in Albany, with partners, under the firm name of White, Loveland & Co. After some years he removed to Janesville, Wis., then to Chicago in 1869, and then to Saginaw, Michigan, where he died in 1899.

It was in this year that Dr. George T. Stevens began practicing medicine at Wadhams Mills. In 1861 he married Harriet, daughter of William L. Wadhams. During the Civil War he was Surgeon of the 77th regiment, N. Y. V. He afterward removed to Brooklyn, where he became well-known as a specialist in diseases of the eye. He has written a number of books upon scientific subjects.

Joseph Cook, then only a promising young man from Ti, delivered a lecture here upon "Alcohol and the Human Brain."

Of all our stories of shipwreck, I know of but one which occurred upon the ocean. After the discovery of gold in California in 1849, there was a great rush from all the eastern states to the Pacific coast, and one of the men who went from Westport to seek his for-

tunes in the gold mines was Benjamin Mayhew Sheldon. He had married Harriet Barber, daughter of Hezekiah, and they had four little children, Silas, Rose, Edith and Emma. He went to California by water. Arrived at the mines, he succeeded in getting quite a small fortune for those days, about five thousand dollars, it was believed. Receiving a letter from his wife in which she spoke of being ill, the desire to see his family again overcame the desire for riches, and he went to San Francisco and there took the same steamer upon which he came out, the *Central America*, Captain Herndon. The ship made the greater part of the return trip in safety, touching at Aspinwall, rounding Cape Horn, and arriving at Havana, which she left September 8th, 1857. Three days afterward a great gale came up, and the ship sprung a leak. The pumps were kept going, the passengers taking their turn with the crew, but the water rose so rapidly that it put out the fires under the boilers, and the ship lay at the mercy of the waves. At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a brig was sighted, the *Marine*, and signaled for help. Five boat-loads of passengers were taken from the steamer to the brig, the women and children being taken first. Then the waves rolled so high, and the two vessels had drifted so far apart that the steamer was abandoned to her fate, and was thought to have gone down at about eight o'clock that evening. Captain Herndon went down with his ship. In the mails there was over a million dollars in specie, besides large quantities of gold carried by indi-

vidual passengers. Of the 163 men who went down with the ship, Benjamin Sheldon was one.

Another life sacrificed to the search for California gold was that of Abraham Wadhams. He lived to see his home again, but contracted ship-fever on the voyage, and died immediately upon his return. Others who went, and brought back more or less of a burden of wealth were Reuben Ingalls, Orrin Howard, Jonathan Braisted, and the sons of Elijah Newell. The latter did not return to Westport, but made their homes in the south.

1858.

Town Meeting held at the Inn of H. J. Persons

David L. Allen, Supervisor.

Charles H. Eddy, Clerk.

John H. Low, Justice.

David R. Woodruff, Assessor.

Daniel M. Howard, Highway Commissioner.

Peter Ferris and Levi H. Cross, Poor Masters.

Joseph E. Smith, Ruel W. Arnold and Henry J. Estey, Inspectors of Election.

James M. Bowman, Collector.

Henry H. Holcomb, Cyrenus R. Payne, Willard Ingalls, Jonathan Holcomb, Dan S. Cutting, Constables.

Voted to allow A. M. Olds \$12.00 for an error in school money.

Pathmasters.—Granville Stone, R. W. Arnold, Archibald Patterson, Harvey Pierce, Josiah Pierce, John Greeley, William P. Merriam, Samuel Anderson, M. P. Whalton, George W. Sturtevant, Elijah Wright, Orrin F. Hardy, Arza Phinney, D. R. Woodruff, William Laurence, Harvey Smith, A. M. Olds, Leonard Avery, Platt Sheldon, Abram Greeley, Alvin Burt, Solomon Stockwell, Luman Hubbard, Abram Sherman, Franklin Bosley, Franklin Bennett, Julius Vaughan, George Vaughan, James Fortune.

This year there was plenty of business for the "Fence Viewers." The name of this old office had been long

dropped, but its duties were performed by the Highway Commissioners. Moses Cell and Elijah Wright were obliged to settle a dispute about a line fence between land of James W. Coll's and James Peets', and then another, in the same neighborhood, about a line fence between Archibald Pattison and Reuel Arnold.

It is interesting to compare the census of 1858 with that taken thirty years before. Then about one-fifth the land was reported as improved, now it is more than half under cultivation. Real estate has risen in value from \$86,423 to \$375,537, and personal property from \$1,590 to \$16,250. In Joseph Cook's history of Ticonderoga, he remarks upon the fact that the real estate of Westport increased in value more than four times in 30 years. Population has increased from 1322 to 2041. Then 424 children were taught in the schools during the year, now there are 814. In one thing there is an immense reduction. From 9985 yards of cloth of domestic manufacture in 1829, the record falls to 285 in 1858.

This year there were 396 dwellings in town, 408 families, 207 free-holders and 12 school districts. 498 horses, against 237 thirty years before, and 5,231 sheep against 3,801. Now there were also 1022 working oxen and calves, 623 cows, and 506 swine. The town produced 31,500 bushels of grain, 3000 tons of hay, 12,999 barrels of potatoes, 6,815 barrels of apples, 45,713 pounds of butter, and 8,377 pounds of cheese.

The New York Gazetteer of 1860, using the statistics of this year, reports as our chief characteristics, "iron, leather and | lumber largely manufactured. Westport

contains the Essex County Academy and 456 inhabitants. Wadhams Mills has twenty-five houses."

1859.

Town Meeting held at H. J. Person's.

David L. Allen, Supervisor.

Hiram H. Downey, Clerk.

David S. McLeod, Justice.

Harry N. Cole, Assessor.

Israel Patterson, Highway Commissioner.

James A. Allen, Collector.

Philetus D. Merriam and Peter Ferris, Poor Masters.

Hinkley Coll, Orlando Sayre and Barton B. Richards.

Inspectors of Elections.

James A. Allen, John R. Stacy, Cyrenus R. Payne, Jonathan Holcomb, Hinkley Coll. Constables.

Voted that the money in the hands of the Supervisor should be used to purchase the Revised Statutes.

Pathmasters.—District No. 1 for the first time since 1849. Orrin Howard, Alexander Stevenson, R. W. Arnold, George Patterson, Harvey Pierce, Elijah Newell, William Richards, W. P. Merriam, Merlin Angier, Cyrus B. Royce, G. W. Sturtevant, Elijah Wright, O. F. Hardy, Sylvester Young, F. Johnson, A. F. Sherman, Harvey Smith, Patrick Boyle, Harriman Daniels, E. J. Smith, Warren Pooler, John Ormston, John McConley, Julius Ferris, Henry B. Royce, John E. Smith, Franklin Bennett, William Pierce, Samuel Pierce, James Fortune.

In the highway districts we find mentioned "along the plank road to the wharf of Hatch and Allen, thence up the hill to the corner of F. H. Page's store."

This year came in a quaint and unusual industry, that of making clay pipes by hand. At the mouth of the Raymond brook, on Bessboro, near the island of Father Jogues, stands an old house, on the site, it is believed, of one of the dwellings of the ancient settlement of Raymond's Mills. Here, in one end of the house, was the shop, communicating at the back with

a brick kiln, built for burning the pipes to snowy whiteness after they were moulded. The soft black clay, brought from New Jersey, was ground to the proper fineness in a vat outside, where a patient horse plodded round and round at the end of a long sweep. An Englishman named James A. Smith, (always distinguished among us by the title of "Pipemaker Smith,") with his sons Gabriel and Peter, made the pipes, using many a mould of curious shape, brought from England, with the English rose and thistle printed on the side of the bowl. Whatever fantastic shapes were given the pipes, there was always the little knob at the bottom of the bowl, thoughtfully provided that the smoker might rest his pipe upon it for a moment while he took a drink of beer, or joined in the jolly songs of an English inn. This business was carried on by the sons of James A. Smith for some years after the death of the latter, but some time in the eighties the factory-made pipes drove out the more expensive handicraft, and it was given up.

It was to this house that, twenty years later, in 1879, came a fearful visitation of malignant diphtheria, in which five or six of the family died within a few weeks' time. The house was quarantined, and such was the fear of contagion that it was impossible to obtain a nurse to perform the necessary work. Then a young minister and his wife, not long married, and just settled in Westport, went to the afflicted house and stayed until the disease had run its course, caring for the dying and the dead. Such precautions were taken that no other cases of diphtheria occurred, and the brave volun-

teen nurses escaped without harm. It was this act that so stirred Colonel Lee's enthusiasm, always ready to respond to the note of courage and self-sacrifice. "That is what I call heroism," said he, as he grasped the young minister by the hand.

This year 1859, must have buried the last of our pioneers, Dr. Diadorus Holcomb, aged seventy-nine, who had seen so much, and done so much, in the life of the little town since he first cast in his fortunes with it. Dying in September, he never heard the news of the capture and execution, in Virginia, of John Brown, a man whom he must have often seen upon our streets, or at the county fair.

The connection of John Brown with Westport history is but incidental, only that of a place through which he and his family often passed, in the strange variety of their strange lives. Nevertheless, the man was well known here, from the time that he came off the ferry boat, one day in the summer of 1849, driving a herd of Devon cattle, of a breed finer than any thing seen in Essex county up to that time. It was known that he was taking them over thirty miles into the interior, where he had settled on some of Gerrit Smith's land in North Elba, surrounded by a little colony of freed negroes whom he was trying to teach the grim secret of wresting a livelihood from that granite soil. Almost universal sympathy with this attempt seems to have been felt at this time, together with shrewd Yankee head-shakings over the probable, (and actual,) failure of the enterprise. The writer has failed to find

traces of anything corresponding to a "station on the underground railroad" in Westport, for forwarding escaped slaves to Canada, and is inclined to believe that this is rather because secrecy was little needed. Any negro might be one of the North Elba freedmen, and his passage through the town might be safely winked at so long as there was no question of a United States marshal on the road with a warrant—an extremity which never occurred. This refers entirely to the first five years of John Brown's residence in Essex county, before his departure for Kansas, during which time most if not all of the freed negroes accepted land in North Elba. During these five years anti-slavery sentiment ran high in Westport, as it did in all the North, and anti-slavery meetings, with the usual speeches and resolutions, were often held. After the Kansas troubles there was a change, the North beginning to hold her breath before the rising flame of sectional feeling so easily fanned into a mighty conflagration. Irresponsible speech began to be restrained. Wise and good men, who would have given their lives to prevent the civil war which followed, who often gave them afterward to help to bring it to a close, strove to modify popular passion by counselling moderation. Remembering this will help us to understand the significance of events, and to realize that although anti-slavery meetings were not so frequent in the four or five years directly preceding the war, it was from no lack of conviction or courage on the part of our people.

But for the years from 1849 to 1855, there is no

doubt that John Brown was a popular man in Westport, and one willingly listened to as often as he came. He never made public speeches, but when it was known that he was at the inn, to stay a single night on his way in or out of the mountains the men would gather in the bar room and discuss politics and slavery with him. Men who have thus conversed with him say that he was noticeably quiet in his manner, never showing the least trace of excitement, and far more patient with contradiction than the average participant in political discussion. He talked in a low, steady voice, and his expression was pleasing and winning. It is told that a frequent opponent of his was the landlord of the inn, whose views were not at all those of John Brown, but that he always gave in at last without anger to the quiet persistence of Brown's arguments.

At this time John Brown was a man something past fifty, tall, erect, with a smooth shaven face and a stern mouth, not at all like the wild eyed fanatic, with long gray beard and bushy hair, who is seen in so many of his pictures. No doubt these represent him at a later stage, after the scenes of bloodshed in Kansas; but the John Brown remembered in Westport, who talked so courteously and so freely with the village men, was like the portrait reproduced by Katharine Elizabeth McClellan in her excellent little book, "A Hero's Grave." After his return from Kansas in 1856 I cannot find trace of so many evenings of argument at the village inn. Perhaps he was tired of talking since he had come to believe more in the force of pikes and

guns, perhaps the men were shy of him, or perhaps I have not yet struck the right vein of reminiscence. Most of the men who knew him here are dead, but Mr. James A. Allen owned and managed the steamboat wharf from 1854 until after the war, and thus saw, with keen, observant eyes, all the comings and goings of the travellers of that time. He remembers John Brown with much personal admiration, as a pleasant man to meet, and one who knew a great deal about sheep and cattle. He remembers perfectly the time when the tombstone of John Brown's grandfather came to the wharf, and lay for a time in the freight room, before it was carried to North Elba. It came from Vergennes, by the steam ferry, a boat upon whose sides was painted the name "*Nonpareil*," but which commonly went by the name of "the Dodger."

The story of this tombstone is a strange one, and contains much revelation of the character of John Brown. It is a thin marble slab, which stood at the head of his grandfather's grave in Torrington, Conn., the place where John Brown himself was born, and where all his people lay buried. When it first came into Westport it bore but one inscription,—“In Memory of Capt. John Brown Who Died At New York Sept. ye 3, 1776, in the 48 year of his Age.” This grandfather, whose name and title were the same as John Brown's of North Elba, had died as a soldier of the Revolution, a prisoner in the hands of the British. His grandson had always felt the greatest admiration and reverence for him, feeling that he had died in the

cause of liberty, and he had conceived the idea of having his tombstone stand at the head of his own grave, which he had decided should be made on his farm.

It must have been in the summer of 1857 that the stone was brought from Connecticut, and though I am not quite sure of this, I think that John Brown himself took it to Wadhams Mills and there had the name of his son Frederick, "murdered at Osawatamie for his adherence to the cause of freedom," as he dictated to the marble-cutter, cut on the reverse side, then carried it to North Elba. There he did not set it in the ground—why should he, since no grave had yet been dug?—but put it on the porch at the side of the door, leaning up against the house, and there it stood for two years, the family going in and out beside it all that time. Marked already with the name of a son and brother who had died a violent death, standing avowedly waiting for the name of the father to be cut upon it,—there are people who would not like to brush past such a stone every time they went in and out of the door, twenty times a day, but the Brown family did not cultivate nerves. John Brown indicated the spot where his grave should be dug by cutting with his own hands, before he left the last time for the south, in the side of the great boulder near which he had built his house, the letters "J. B." Think of his wife and daughters looking out of the window at him as he knelt there on the ground, chipping away at the side of the flinty rock with his unskilled hands, marking the place where they should bury him when all was over!

It was the 16th of October, 1859, when John Brown began his attempt at the forcible liberation of the slaves of the south by the seizure of the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va. He was captured, taken to Charlestown, and there hung, December 2. In the mean time, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had seen John Brown in Boston and become his earnest friend, came up to North Elba and took Mrs. Brown to Virginia with him, that she might see her husband before he died. They went from North Elba to Keeseville on a buckboard, taking the steamboat at Port Kent. After Brown's execution Governor Wise delivered the body to Mrs. Brown, and she came with it to New York, up the Hudson, then on the Vermont railroad to Vergennes. So late in the season as this no line boats ran on Lake Champlain. They obtained teams in Vergennes to carry them to the lake at Adams' ferry, and there they crossed over to Barber's Point, coming into the village late on Monday, December 5th. They went to Person's Hotel, the central inn of the place, and stayed there over night. I have recently heard foolish tales to the effect that John Brown's body was not allowed a resting place in Westport for even one night, but men living at the time, who were in the hotel parlor and bar-room that evening, assure me that these are the facts in the case. The body was received with all the respect and reverence due to a man well-known among them, who had given his life for a cause the righteousness of which they had often heard upheld by his own voice.

The party consisted of the widow, Mrs. Mary A. Brown, Mr. Wendell Phillips, the famous Boston orator, Frank B. Sanborn, the historian and some others. The next day it rained, a steady, icy down-pour, and the party did not set out until late in the day, arriving in Elizabethtown at about six o'clock Tuesday evening. Westport conveyances carried the whole party all the way, I believe, to North Elba, one of the men who went with his horses being Albert P. Cole, and another, I am told, Mr. Asa Viall. From Wadhams, Mr. Daniel Braman, then one of the principal merchants, and the young physician, Dr. George T. Stevens, went out through the storm to stand by the grave the next day. I have heard that the hearse which was owned by the town, (after an old New England custom, then almost obsolete,) was refused to Mrs. Brown for carrying her husband's body to North Elba, but it is extremely doubtful that Mrs. Brown ever made such a request, and if it was refused it was no evidence of disrespect, as the hearse was old and out of repair, seldom or never used, and not considered a fit conveyance for any respectable funeral. It is true that the bells of the churches were not tolled as the funeral train passed through, but neither can I find that they were tolled in Elizabethtown, where a deputation of the principal citizens met Mr. Phillips at the Mansion House, while a guard of four young men watched beside the body in the Court House that night.

The storm in which the cortege went from Westport to Elizabethtown delayed upon the lake the Rev. Joshua

Young of Burlington, so that he did not reach the John Brown farm until December 8, the morning of the burial. He was the only clergyman present, and conducted the service, while Wendell Phillips spoke to the assembled people. Upon Mr. Phillips' return to Westport, he was urged by some of the principal citizens to deliver an address here, but he answered that he had promised to speak in Vergennes, and felt that he could spend no more time. He spoke there the next night, and a large number from Westport went over to hear him, crossing at Barber's Point in a south-east gale, the wind blowing the boat far out of her course to the north, so that they were obliged to land somewhere in the fields. The names of Dr. William H. Richardson, Ralph A. Loveland, Albert and Harry Cole, James A. Allen, Asa Viall and F. H. Page have been given me as belonging to this party, but there were others whose names have been forgotten. They stayed over night in Vergennes, and the speech of Wendell Phillips, as well as the recent terrible events, had tremendous force in moulding public opinion in this region. On the day of John Brown's execution in Virginia, Victor Hugo was writing in France, "Politically speaking, the execution of Brown will be an irrevocable mistake. It will deal the union a concealed wound which will finally sunder the States. Let America consider that there is one thing more shocking than Cain killing Abel—it is Washington killing Spartacus."

These things Westport people thoroughly believed, and excitement ran higher and higher. About a month

after John Brown's body passed through the town, a large mass meeting was held at Wadhams Mills for the expression of abolition sentiment. Mrs. Brown came out from North Elba, having been invited to attend a supper given at the hotel for her benefit, and was entertained at the home of Mr. Cyrenus Payne. At this time she went to the marble cutter there, Mr. Benjamin Albert Barrett, and engaged him to go to North Elba and cut her husband's name on the old tombstone which had stood there waiting for it for two years and more. Mr. Barrett went, and the stone was taken from the porch into the warm kitchen of the farm-house, where he cut the name of John Brown under that of his grandfather, and below that the name of his son Oliver, while the name of Watson Brown was cut under that of Frederick on the other side. Watson and Oliver had been killed at Harper's Ferry. Thus John Brown's own plans for his epitaph in stone were carried out, while his soul went marching on. The marble slab was set in the ground as soon as the frost was out in the spring, and there it stands yet, visited by thousands.

The inscription,—“John Brown, 1859,”—so deeply cut on the upper face of the immense granite boulder at the foot of which John Brown lies buried, was cut there after the war, in the summer of 1866. Col. Francis L. Lee, who had served in the war as colonel of the 44th Massachusetts Volunteers, accompanied by his wife, his son, Francis W. Lee, his daughter Alice, the Hon. George S. Hale of Boston, and Mr. Andrew J. Daniels of Westport, went out and stayed a week at

"Scott's," (now the Mountain View House,) while Mr. Daniels cut the letters and figures deep into the rock. "The work took many days," says Mr. Francis W. Lee, in a letter published in the Essex County Republican in March of 1876, "owing to the extreme hardness of the rock in which the letters were cut. This same hardness will protect the mighty boulder from the hand of the vandal relic seeker for all time." It was the frailty of the ancient tablet, the edges of which were worn away before it was brought to Westport, which suggested this idea to Col. Lee.

In 1859 the Essex County Medical Society was re-organized. This society is known to have been established before 1814, since in that year Dr. Alexander Morse of Elizabethtown was sent as a delegate to the State Medical Society. In 1821 Dr. Diadorus Holcomb of Westport represented the county society. Westport physicians who have been presidents since 1859 are Abiathar Pollard, 1868; Conant Sawyer, 1876; Dr. Pollard again in 1882; and Pliny W. Barber in 1884. Other members from Westport have been Dr. Samuel F. Dickenson, 1881; Dr. Warren E. Pattison, 1881; Dr. Frank E. Sweatt, 1882; and doubtless the subsequent doctors who have sojourned among us—Dr. F. T. DeLano, Dr. Jesse Braman, Dr. J. W. M. Shattuck, Dr. Reuben Irish and Dr. Hennessey,—though we have not had access to the records of the society to substantiate this very probable statement.

1860.

Town Meeting at H. J. Person's.

Samuel Root, Supervisor.

Hiram H. Downey, Clerk.

William F. Chatterton, Justice.

Noel Merrill, Assessor.

Joseph E. Smith, Highway Commissioner.

Albert P. Cole and Philetus D. Merriam, Poor Masters.

Dan S. Cutting, Herbert L. Cady, Edwin R. Pierson, Inspectors of Election.

James A. Allen, Collector.

James A. Allen, Cyrenus R. Payne, Jeremiah Flinn, Albert P. Cole, George C. Smith, Constables.

Pathmasters. — Alfred Carpenter, Moses Coll, Israel Pattison, Peter Ferris, Augustus Holt, Jeremiah Flinn, Asa Viall, William P. Merriam, William Harris, Luther Angier, George W. Sturtevant, Daniel W. Braman, Jason Dunster, Sylvester Young, Artemas Hartwell, Abram G. Steel, Harvey Smith, Barney Boyle, Curtis Prouty, Harvey Howard, John G. Greeley, F. B. Howard, Solomon Stockwell, Luman Hubbard, Morrill Gibbs, John E. Smith, Franklin Bennett, William Pierce, Samuel Pierce, Horace Royce.

It was in the fall of 1860 that two little boys, about nine and ten years old, took a sled and went coasting down "the lake hill" above the steamboat wharf. This is very steep, and the danger of sliding off into the water has always made it a forbidden place to the children of careful parents. There was enough snow for good coasting, but the lake had not yet frozen over. The two children could not steer their sled, and at the foot of the hill it carried them off into the water, where both were drowned. One boy was named Frankie Cole, and the other belonged to a family named Turner. They were not missed for some time, but at last search revealed the treacherous sled floating on top of the water, and men dragged the water that night

until the little bodies were recovered. This incident has given the lake hill an ominous terror to all Westport children since then as a sliding place.

For some years the school facilities of the village had been seen to be quite inadequate to the rightful demands of the rising generation. The old Academy had long fallen short of the renown of its early days, and most of the primary work was done in the district schools of the village, district No. 3 lying on the south side of the bridge and district No. 2 on the north side. In 1860 these two districts were united, and a union school meeting was held December 7th, in the basement of the M. E. church, with John H. Low as moderator and Aaron B. Mack, Clerk. Three trustees were elected, William Frisbie for one year, Lorenzo Gibbs for two years and D. L. Allen for three years, and Jerry Flinn as clerk. The two school houses were sold, and both have been used as dwelling houses ever since. The stoves and benches were reserved, and the benches at least must have had some value by this time as registers of the autographs of the various boys who had tried the edge of their jack knives upon them. The school houses were expected to bring \$500, and the Barnabas Myrick house on North street, which had been in the hands of Marks & Hand of Elizabethtown since the settlement of the Myrick estate, was bought for a new school house, for the sum of \$1,200. A board of education was elected, consisting of Harry N. Cole, Aaron B. Mack, James Walker Eddy, Victor C. Spencer, the two clergymen, the Rev. Isaac C. Fenton of the

M. E. church and the Rev. F. P. Lang of the Baptist, and the two doctors, Dr. Landon and Dr. William H. Richardson. The Myrick house was remodeled, fitted up for four departments, and used until the building of the new school house in 1889. The first principal of the new union school was Luther Boardman Newell.* He was born in Jay, N. Y., in 1834, attended school in Keeseville and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1860. Coming to Westport the same year, he spent the remainder of his life in the place, with the exception of a few years' teaching in Crown Point. He was principal of the school about ten years. From

*This Newell family is not the same as that of Ebenezer Newell, although there is no doubt a distant relationship. Captain Daniel Newell was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1765. He moved to Timmouth, Vt., where he became a captain of artillery, and then to Burke, Vt., in 1800. In Burke he was one of the most prominent men, selectman and justice of the peace. The description of Capt. Daniel Newell in the town history of Burke reads as though it might have been written for his great grandson, L. B. Newell, as it represents him as tall and erect in his carriage, sociable and benevolent in his disposition, and an ardent Baptist, adding that no man was more respected and beloved in his own town. His wife was a Curtis, of the same family as that of George William Curtis, and this must account for the fact that L. B. Newell bore a likeness to the pictures of George William Curtis, strong enough to have sometimes been remarked by strangers. Capt. Daniel Newell died in 1824 in Burke. He had ten children, one of whom, Rufus, whose wife was a Beckwith, came into the town of Jay with his son Daniel about 1820. There Daniel the second married Mary Blish, and they had seven children.

Martha married Capt. John Stratton Boynton. Children: Electa, John, Lincoln, Mary, Newell and Beulah.

Lutner Boardman married Sarah Purmort.

Beulah married Benjamin S. Bull.

Isaac married Hattie Buttrick.

Electa died at the age of three.

Rosalie married Henry Chase and lives in Minneapolis.

Arthur Daniel married Lottie Van Ornam, and has made his home in Westport, having been a teacher for some years. His children are Isaac Harrison, Mary, Grace and Daniel. The two sons are the only descendants of Rufus Newell who bear the same surname.

1876 to 1882 he was School Commissioner for this district, and was afterward Institute Instructor. He was for several years agent of the Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company, buying large quantities of pulp wood all through northern New York and Canada. He was supervisor of the town at the time of his death, which occurred Jan. 23d, 1896. Westport has never had a more public-spirited citizen, and his natural benevolence is shown by the fact that, having no children of his own, he adopted three orphan girls, giving them all liberal educations.

In this old "Myrick house" school one whole generation received its education. Before Mr. Newell returned from Crown Point, one very successful teacher was Mr. Hyde, of Maine. In 1874 came Curtis Carlos Gove, just graduated from Middlebury College, and conducted an excellent school until 1879, when he went to Beeman Academy, New Haven, Vt., whither a number of his older pupils followed him. He afterward took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, being ordained in 1891, and is now Rector of St. Michael's Church and Head Master of Cary Collegiate Institute, Oakfield, N. Y.

Then came Edward Hooker Baxter, of Middlebury College, class of 1876, and taught one year. He is now a physician in Hyde Park, Mass. He was followed by Thomas A. Wasson of Mineville, now a physician in Elizabethtown. Then Edmund Conde Laue, University of Vermont, class of 1882, one year. He afterward practiced law in South Omaha, Neb., and died there

in 1898. Then Charles F. Chisholm of Plattsburgh, a graduate of Cornell, and Julius Valorous Sturtevant, Middlebury, 1885, whose year was finished by Miss Mary Farnsworth. Then Mr. John Lyon, who is now practicing law near Rockville Centre, L. I., and in 1886 Mr. Fred Varney Lester, a graduate of Colgate University. The new school house was built while he was principal, and the school raised to a high standard of efficiency. In 1895 he was elected School Commissioner, receiving a second election three years afterward. In 1899 he resigned his commissionership to accept the position of Principal of the Ticonderoga schools, and removed from Westport after a residence of thirteen years. Succeeding principals have been Mr. Kennedy, two years, Mr. George W. Campbell, of Toronto, one year, and Mr. Edgar Willey Ames, of Williams College, the present Principal.

The first teacher in the intermediate department of the "Myrick" school was Mrs. L. B. Newell, who taught there for a number of years. Other teachers in the lower departments were Almira Greeley, Cornelia Clark, Myra Small, Sarah Richards, Clara Ensign, Alice Douglass, Mary Farnsworth, Emma Sharp, Annie Sharp, Kate Newell, Minnie Newell, Ida Bacon, Lina Barton, Lyle Cross, John Hoffnagle, Kate Rogers and Mary E. Clark.

The new school house was built in 1889, as the figures on its slate roof attest, on a fine site near the shore of the lake. The architect was Cornelius Remington of Ticonderoga, and it has since received two additions, and the accommodations are still declared to be insuf-

ficient for the yearly increasing number of pupils. In the new school house, the assistants in the Academic department have been Miss Henrietta C. Royce, Miss Ella Feehan and Miss Daisy Bruffee. Teachers of the Training Class, Miss Mary K. Harrington and Miss Robson. In the intermediate department, Miss Electa Boynton, Mrs. Frances Ramsey and Miss Gertrude Stevens; in the primary, Miss Marian Ferris, Miss Elda Fish, Miss Susie Bruffee and Miss Florence Sheldon. The faculty now consists of Mr. Ames, Miss Bruffee, Miss Robson, Miss Stevens, Miss Torrance, Miss Sheldon. We are wont to claim that there is no better school in the county than the Westport High School.

This brings the account of the the school up to the present year, and we must now go back to 1860, and take a look at the town as it was before the war. Frankness demands the admission that it was then as dull a little place as could be found on all the lake, if measured by the standards of a busy and money-making world. The decline in lumber had come many years before, and now it had just been made plain that no one knew the secret of turning our iron into gold. The population of the town in 1860 was but 1,981, which showed a decrease of 371 in the last decade. This decrease also continued steadily for another ten years, until in 1870 the town numbered 775 less than it did in 1850.

The business centre of the place was then, as it is now, on Main Street, just north of Washington, in the

same locality where Charles Hatch had opened the first store fifty years before. Here, on the east side of the street, stood two business blocks, with a number of detached buildings on both side of the street. Opposite the stores, on the corner of the present Library lawn, stood Person's Hotel, advertised as "the Lake House," a large two-story building, painted white, with double piazzas and a long range of offices and stables behind it. A stone walk led across the road to the hotel, and at its eastern end stood the town pump. The well beneath it was covered by a mill stone taken from one of the old grist mills, and the stone lies there yet, although the town pump has been unknown for forty years. South of the hotel stood another block of stores, on the site of the "Over the Way" of the Westport Inn. Here was Hiram Downey's tin shop, and, (perhaps a little later,) the drug store kept by Dr. William H Richardson, his advertisement in the county paper covering also a large stock of furniture, with particular attention called to Magenta Dyes and Kerosene Lamps, both recent inventions at the time, and a postscript, added in 1863, saying that the doctor would examine applicants for invalid pensions. In the blocks across the road F. H. Page, in the brick store on the corner, kept a stock of general merchandise, his principal rivals being the firm of J. W. & C. H. Eddy, a little further to the north. Mr. Page and C. H. Eddy were afterward partners in business, and later still Mr. Page became a member of the firm of Groves, Page & Co., Troy, N. Y. The corner store was afterward owned by C. H. Eddy & Son, then

by F. H. Eddy alone, and after the death of Mr. F. H. Eddy in 1901, the business which had been continuous in the Eddy family for more than forty years, was sold to Smith & Richards, Mr. George Barton Richards being brother-in-law of Mr. Eddy.

Other business places in this part of the village in 1860 were the drug store of Charles B. Hatch, John C. Osborne's harness shop, Peter P. Bacon's shoe shop, Alvin Davis's hardware store, and William Richards, general merchandise, in the building now occupied by his son, Henry H. Richards. Up the hill, on the south side of Washington street, Edmund J. Smith had a carriage and blacksmith shop. William Douglass had a blacksmith shop on the site of the barns of the Westport Inn, and Wallace Olds another on Douglass street, on the north side of the bridge. G. W. Stranahan kept a tailor's shop, and there was a milliner in the flat over Hatch's drug store, Mrs. H. P. Potter, followed by Mrs. Harriett Todd, as we find by an advertisement of 1862. Aaron Clark was a carpenter and builder at this time, and had a shop near the large tenement house above the steamboat wharf, while the Joubert brothers had a marble shop on the bank of the brook west of the bridge. The principal business north of the bridge was done by D. L. Allen at the Douglass store and wharf, while his brother, James A. Allen, owned the southern wharf. The line boats which came in daily to the last named wharf were the *Canada* and the *United States*. The post master at this time, and for a long term of years, was John H. Low, and the post office was to be

found exactly where you now find it. There were two hotels, William Richards keeping the Richards House on the north side of the bridge, on the "Ira Henderson lot," on North street. The house was burned in 1893, and the place is now nearly covered by a block of new stores. The physicians were Dr. William H. Richardson and Dr. Abiathar Pollard, the latter returning to the place in 1861.

I believe the only milling industry at Wadhams at that time was the grist mill, operated by Deacon Wadhams. The store afterward occupied by Henry C. Avery was kept by Daniel W. Braman, and at some time not far from this period the brick store was known as the "Union Store," from the fact that fifty or sixty of the farmers of the neighborhood attempted a co-operative store in this building. The experiment was tried for a number of years, but at length the business became involved, and it passed into the hands of Hamilton Sanders.

Up to this time the old-fashioned Yankee peddler was a valuable institution throughout all this rural lake country. Even a pack peddler often carried fine dress goods in his pack, and was, more often than not, a respectable, native born citizen, willing to earn his honest penny by adapting himself to circumstances, and carrying the mountain to Mahomet by seeking out his customers at their own doors. Many of us can remember treasured pieces of our grandmothers' finery which we were told had been bought from such-and-such a peddler, who made his regular trips, perhaps up and down

both sides of the lake, recognized and trusted like any settled merchant. This is all changed now, and a pack peddler means nothing but a semi-tramp who speaks broken Italian, and excites any conscientious and observing dog to frenzy until he is sent off down the road. But forty years ago many a bright young fellow began as a pack peddler, then by industry and economy rose to the ownership of a cart and team of horses, and then invested his savings in some dry-goods store which he had observed upon his travels as furnishing a good opening for an enterprising young man, perhaps sending out peddlers' carts over the country in his turn. One of the dangers of the old-time peddler was that of being murdered for the contents of his pack, in some remote district where night overtook him before he could reach a respectable inn or farm-house, and there are tales of such incidents told by our oldest storytellers.

Then business reckonings were made in shillings much more commonly than they are now, and "six-pence" and "nine-pence" were terms often heard. The difference between the York shilling and the Vermont shillings still needed careful mention with the older merchants, and was the occasion of frequent jokes, to the bewilderment of youngsters in school who were learning only the decimal system.

As for the churches, it would seem that at this period they were quite as prosperous as they can be said to be now, with attendance and membership, as a whole, rather in advance of present conditions.

From 1841 to 1862 the Congregational church at Wadhams had four pastors. Rev. Charles E. Spooner remained thirteen years, from 1841 to 1854. He was followed by Rev. J. A. Woodhull, who resigned in 1858, and was followed by Rev. S. J. M. Lord, and he, in 1860, by Rev. Henry Lancashire. The church numbered in 1857 one hundred and three members, but soon afterward began a declension in membership, owing to unfortunate dissensions which arose in the church, chiefly attributable, it would seem, to the injudicious measures of an unwise pastor. Many left the church entirely, some joining other denominations, most of them never to return. A list of male members attending a church meeting in 1860 is given as follows :

Edmund O. Hodgkins, Henry Barton Royce, Francis Pierce, Samuel W. Pierce, Samuel Pierce, Levi Pierce, H. N. Reynolds, William S. Flack, Oscar M. Boutwell, Aaron B. Mack, George T. Stevens, Jesse Saunders, Joel F. Whitney, 2nd, Almond Clark, Egbert Braman, N. M. Clark, W. F. Chatterton, William Hardy, B. F. Whitney, John R. Whitney, Sylvester Young, William Barnard, Joel French, John S. Stanton, William L. Wadhams, Thomas Hadley, Platt Sheldon, Humphrey Sherman, George W. Sturtevant, Joseph Ordway. The deacons were G. W. Sturtevant and Wm. L. Wadhams.

The trustees of the Baptist church elected since 1839, (their names having been already given up to that time,) in order of their election, were as follows : Miles M^cF. Sawyer, Dan H. Kent, Albert P. Cole, Jonathan Nichols, Ralph A. Loveland, Luther Angier, Edmund J.

Smith, William D. Holcomb, James A. Allen, Henry D. Rauney, Reuel W. Arnold, Merlin Angier, Lorenzo Gibbs, Freeborn H. Page, Henry N. Cole, Harvey Pierce. The pastors from that time to this had been Rev. Cyrus W. Hodges, Rev. J. Birchard, Rev. S. W. Whitney, Rev. Thomas Brandt, (a descendant of the famous Joseph Brant, the chief of the Mohawks during the Revolution,) Rev. Thomas G. Wright, Rev. O. W. Moxley and Rev. F. P. Lang.

The preachers in the M. E. church since its first establishment as a station, in 1839, had been Rev. John W. Belknapp, 1839; Rev. William M. Chipp, 1841; Rev. John Thomson, 1842; Rev. Hiram Chase, 1844; Rev. Richard T. Wade, 1845; Rev. Valentine Brown, 1846; Rev. William W. Pierce, 1847; Rev. P. H. Hurlburt, 1848; Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, 1849; Rev. William H. Tiffany, 1851; Rev. Charles L. Hagar, 1852; Rev. I. F. Yates, 1854; Rev. Peter R. Storer, 1856; Rev. William W. Foster, 1857; Rev. Isaac C. Fenton, 1859; Rev. T. W. Harwood, 1861.

IX.

Civil War to 1875.

John Brown's body lay mouldering in the grave, beneath his grandfather's ancient tombstone, on the North Elba farm. Sixteen months after it had been borne through Westport, Fort Sumpter was fired upon, and the war began. This period formed in every sense a distinct era in the life of the town. Already declining so far as commerce and manufacture were concerned, the withdrawal of more than a hundred young men in the best years of their lives, some for one year, some for four years, some for ever, left the little town to a quiet nearly approaching stagnation. But underneath the outward quiet the most intense emotions prevailed. The principal events in life were the daily arrival of steamboat or stage, with the mail which contained news from the front, or with the arrival or departure of soldiers. In summer the boats came twice a day, a night boat and a day boat, and in winter the stages came in once a day if the weather permitted. There was no railroad, no telegraph, no express office until after the war was over. Hence there was a remoteness from the seat of war, and a delay in the reception of news, greater than that which was felt at the time of the Cuban war. Reliable news of battles came sometimes weeks after the event, in soldiers' letters or

in newspapers, although there were sure to be disquieting rumors immediately after every great battle, to make women's hair turn gray with suspense as they waited to learn the truth.

But still the town life, of course, went on with the same outward semblance. The men elected to office at the March town meeting before the actual outbreak of the war, were as follows:

1861.

Town Meeting held at H. J. Persons.

Samuel Root, Supervisor.

Barton B. Richards, Clerk.

Jason Braman, Justice.

Daniel W. Braman, Assessor.

William Frisbie, Highway Commissioner.

Jonathan F. Braisted, Reuel W. Arnold, Poor Masters.

Charles W. Holcomb, Cicero Sayre, Samuel W. Williams, Inspectors of Election.

James A. Allen, Collector.

James A. Allen, Cyrenus R. Payne, Jeremiah Flinn, Willard Ingalls, Edmond J. Smith, Constables.

Pathmasters.—Henry Wood, Dennis Persons, Israel Pattison, Charles Pattison, William Frisbie, Jeremiah Flinn, William P. Merriam, William Harris, James M. Whallon, Simeon Miller, William F. Chatterton, Charles Dunster, Sylvester Young, David R. Woodruff, Ephraim Hill, Johnson Hill, Marcus Hoisington, Joseph Tryon, Aaron B. Mack, Abram Greeley, Alvin Burt, Ira Allen, E. Westcott, Henry Sherman, Isaac Lampman, Orrin Taylor, James E. Barnes, Martin Pierce, Henry Royce.

Voted to have in future but one Road Commissioner.

Edwin R. Person appointed Inspector of Election in place of Samuel Williams, absent, perhaps on a boating trip.

Peter Ferris appointed Poor Master in place of Reuel Arnold, resigned.

Arnold opened a recruiting office that summer, raised a company and left for the front in September. The town records of the next four years will here be given as usual.

1862.

Town Meeting at H. J. Persons.

Samuel Root, Supervisor.

Barton B. Richards, Clerk.

Aaron Clark, Justice.

Harry J. Person, Assessor.

Philetus D. Merriam and James A. Allen, Poor Masters.

Hinkley Coll, Harvey P. Potter, Edwin B. Low, Inspectors of Election.

John Steele, Collector.

John Steele, James A. Allen, Harvey P. Potter, Kittedge Cross, Jeremiah Flinn, Constables.

Town Meeting adjourned to the Armory.

James A. Allen appointed Collector in place of John Steele, deceased.

Pathmasters.—Henry Sheldon, Granville Stone, Henry E. Warren, Henry Frisbie, Hiram H. Downey, Nathaniel Allen, William McIntyre, William P. Merriam, William T. Williams, M. P. Whallon, Simeon Miller, Eli Farnsworth, Joseph E. Smith, W. W. Finney, D. R. Woodruff, Calvin D. Pratt, Levi Harris, Barnard Boyle, Jr., Abner Slaughter, Matthew H. Mack, John J. Greeley, John Ormiston, Solomon Stockwell, Luman F. Hubbard, Abram Sherman, Zelotus Fuller, Austin Taylor, Cortez Bennett, George W. Vaughan, James Fortune.

Then comes a report of a mass meeting:

At a meeting of the citizens of the town of Westport, held in the basement of the Baptist church on the evening of August 2^d, 1862 pursuant to notice, George W. Goff was duly elected chairman and Barton B. Richards secretary. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Munsey, Rev. Mr. Harwood, Rev. Stephen Wright, Victor C. Spencer, Byron Pond and Rev. Mr. Sawyer. It was voted to raise a local bounty of \$10.00 for each volunteer, and that a Committee of Finance be appointed to solicit subscriptions to raise a fund to pay a local bounty to all volunteers in this town, and transact such other business as may be necessary in connection therewith.

This committee was thus constituted: Samuel Root, chairman, Daniel W. Braman, William H. Richardson, M. D., Harry J. Persons, Philetus D. Merriam, William L. Wadhams, Calvin D. Pratt, F. H. Page, D. M. Howard, B. B. Richards, Charles W. Holcomb, George W. Goff. Said

committee to met at the Inn of H. J. Person to report on the Tuesday evening next.

While preparations were thus making for the prosecution of the war which had already begun, another, probably the last, of our pioneers crossed the border land of that country whence no emigrant ever returns. Capt. Jesse Braman died in 1862, aged eighty-six years, having passed sixty years of his life in the spot which he had first seen in all the untamed wildness of nature. Bridge and dam and mills, the church, the school-house and the neighborhood dwellings, he had seen them all built, and for twenty years after his coming the place had been known by his name more generally than by any other. Himself a captain in the war of 1812, he had at least three grandsous in the conflict which was raging between North and South when he looked his last upon the strifes of earth.

This year we find the first mention of the Armory, which was undoubtedly built in the fall of 1861. It still stands in the southern part of the village, on Main street, a large brick building with long narrow windows, not far from the lake shore. It was one of a series of similar armories erected on the frontier that year. I have understood that the selection of Westport as the place for one of these storehouses of military supplies was due to the efforts of Mr. Ralph Loveland. It was never the scene of such activity as the arsenal at Elizabethtown during the war of 1812, and never contained military stores. Its history is but a tame and happy record of commonplace events. It was purchased by

the town in 1874 and used for town meetings and public gatherings of all kinds. Some enterprising young people fitted it up with a stage and seats and gave a series of private theatricals to the villagers, and it was often used by traveling shows and for school exhibitions after that. From 1865 to 1880 it formed the "Floral Hall" of the County Fair, and was decorated every fall with gay patchwork quilts, while the air was filled with the conflicting strains of a half dozen cottage organs. When the Fair grounds lay no longer upon the lake shore it was not so well worth while to keep it in repair, and as it was always exceedingly inconvenient as a public building, and difficult to warm, it was at last sold to Dr. Henry Hickok, about 1885, and has since then been private property. It has recently been used as a paint shop.

1863.

Town Meeting held in the Armory

Samuel Root, Supervisor.

William O. Nichols, Clerk.

Barton B. Richards, Justice.

Alexander Stevenson, Assessor.

Wallace W. Olds, Collector.

Eli Farnsworth and James A. Allen, Overseers of the Poor.

No Inspectors of Election were elected and it fell upon the Justices of the Peace to appoint. They appointed Hinkley Coll, Edwin B. Low and Joseph E. Smith. Then Hinkley Coll refused to act, and C. J. Sawyer was appointed in his place. The Justices were William F. Chatterton, David S. McLeod and Aaron Clark.

Voted to raise \$15.00 to purchase stove and pipe for the Arsenal.

Kittredge Cross, Edwin B. Low, A. P. Holt, James A. Allen, Benjamin Leahy, Constables.

Pathmasters — Henry Sheldon, Moses W. Coll, Henry E. Warren, Archibald Pattison, William Frisoie Nathaniel Allen, Laurens H. White, Joseph James, William T. Williams, Aaron Ainger, E. Sturtevant, Eli Farnsworth, Charles Dunster, W. W. Finney, William Lawrence, Cicero Sayre, Levi Harris, Julius Vaughan, Joseph Tryon, E. J. Smith, Eleazer Welch, Brainard Howard, Forrest Goodspeed, Julius W. Ferris, Morrill Gibbs, Zelotus Fuller, Austin Taylor, Albert Pierce, Isaac T. Johnson, James Fortune.

1864.

Town Meeting held in the Armory.

Daniel W. Braman, Supervisor.

Edwin B. Low, Clerk.

William L. Wadhams, Justice.

Joseph E. Smith, Assessor.

Harry N. Cole, Highway Commissioner.

William Wallace Olds, Collector.

Charles C. Dunster, James A. Allen, Poor Masters.

Luther B. Newell, Charles Patterson, Hinkley Coll, Inspectors of Election.

William W. Olds, Edwin B. Low, Jeremiah Flinn, James A. Allen, Charles Sweatt, Peter Joubert, Constables.

Pathmasters. — Albert Carpenter, Denis Persons, Israel Patterson, Archibald Patterson, Jeremiah Flinn, William Frisbie, William McIntyre, William P. Merriam, William T. Williams, Luther Augier, Levi H. Cross, Edmond Sturtevant, Charles Sweatt, Oscar Taylor, William Lawrence, Howard Farnsworth, Harvey Smith, Barney Boyle, Jr., Harriman Daniels, Aaron B. Mack, Abraham Greeley, Alvin Burt, Solomon Stockwell, Julius Ferris, Barton Royce, Alexander McGill, Orren Taylor, Cortez Bennett, Isaac T. Johnson, F. J. Clement.

Town Meeting adjourned to the Armory.

At a special meeting of the Town Auditors of Westport this 29th day of March, 1864, for the purpose of raising money to pay men as volunteers to fill our quota for the last call of Two Hundred Thousand, it was voted to raise Twelve Hundred Dollars to pay said men.

Signed by D. W. Braman, Supervisor, Edwin B. Low, Town Clerk, and William F. Chatterton, Jason Braman and Barton B. Richards, Justices.

A similar meeting April 20th, 1864, voted to raise \$1800, with which to pay bounty to six re-enlisted men, each to have \$300.00. These men were Charles H. Davis, James E. Barnes, Moses Tatro, Dennis Thomas, George Allen, and Hiram Burt.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Westport held pursuant to a call of the Supervisors of Essex county, at the Baptist church, August 30, 1864. Voted Samuel Root, Chairman, Barton B. Richards, Secretary.

The chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting to be for the purpose of raising a town bounty of \$50.00, to fill our quota with volunteers and draft, and to discuss the propriety of instructing our supervisor to request the Board of Supervisors to assess the town on the grand list an amount sufficient for that purpose. Voted that this meeting guarantee the sum of \$50.00 to all who may enlist to-night. After some discussion it was moved and voted that the chairman appoint a committee of eight, of which he should be chairman, to arrange a plan to present to our next meeting for raising a bounty. Whereupon the chair announced the following gentlemen as such committee:

D. L. Allen, B. B. Richards, D. W. Braman, George W. Goff, J. W. Eddy, F. H. Page, A. Pattison. At the request of D. W. Braman he was excused from said committee and W. L. Wadhams substituted. Voted that the chair add three to said committee, and Calvin D. Pratt, Joseph E. Smith and D. M. Howard were accordingly added. Voted that an expression of this meeting sanctions the plan of taxing the town to raise the bounty for volunteers. The vote was nearly unanimous in favor. Voted that Orlando Kellogg be invited to address our next meeting. Adjourned to next week Thursday eve.

Signed by Samuel Root, Chairman, Barton B. Richards, Secretary, and Edwin B. Low, Town Clerk.

This year and the two following—1864-5 6—Dr. William H. Richardson, one of our Westport physicians, was sent to the Assembly.

1865.

Town Meeting held in the Armory.

Daniel W. Braman, Supervisor.

Reuben J. Ingalls, Clerk.

Jason Braman, Justice.

David L. Allen and Jonathan F. Braisted, Assessors.

Noel Merrill, Highway Commissioner.

Hosea B. Howard, Collector.

Peter Ferris and Charles C. Dunster, Poor Masters.

Renel W. Arnold, Orange Gibbs, Albert Pierce, Inspectors of Election.

Peter Joubert, Hosea Howard, Charles H. Pattison, William Salls and Thomas Dickerson, constables.

Pathmasters.—O. B. Howard, Melvin Carpenter, R. W. Arnold, Henry Frisbie, Albert Cole, Charles Holcomb, Almon A. Allen, William P. Merriam, Merlin W. Angier, Cyrus B. Royce, Edmund Sturtevant, Elijah Wright, Orrin Hardy, Rents Hasted, A. P. Hartwell, Ephraim Hill, Harvey Smith, Abram Olds, Harriman Daniels, Albert Carpenter, Warren Pooler, Brainard B. Howard, Solomon Stockwell, Lee Prouty, Abram Sherman, John E. Smith, Orson Taylor, Martin Vaughan, Franklin Pierce, Webster Royce, Riley Palmer.

This year, I am told, the arched stone bridge in the village was built, although it is not mentioned in the Town Book. There had been a wooden bridge at this place since the time of the early settlers. In August of 1897 there was a flood which took out the eastern end of the bridge, destroying the smaller arch. This small arch was built to preserve an ancient right of way for the flume which ran to the Old Stone Mill, and when the bridge was rebuilt it was necessary still to respect this right of way, although nothing is less likely than that the water-power will ever be carried past the bridge again. In June of 1903 the upstream wall of the bridge gave way, but repairs were carried on with no interruption to traffic. In 1865, and again in 1897, a temporary bridge was built a little way up stream.

At an adjourned special Town Meeting held at the Armory in Westport, on the 14th day of January, 1865, pursuant to notice given December 29th, 1864, according

to law, for the purpose of raising money to pay bounties to volunteers, to fill the quota of the town of Westport under the last call of the President for 300,000 men. Voted Aaron Clark chairman and Barton B. Richards secretary of the meeting, and adjourned to Barton B. Richards' store. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, who briefly stated the object of the meeting, whereupon it was moved and seconded to raise the sum of \$8000 and place in the hands of the Board of Town Officers, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay bounties to volunteers to fill the quota of this town. An amendment was then offered and accepted to raise the sum of \$10,000, to be used in the same way and for the same purpose. Voted that a committee of five be appointed by this meeting, to be associated with the Board of Town Officers to assist in raising volunteers. This committee was Samuel Root, F. H. Page, Israel Patterson, Edmund J. Smith and Samuel Pierce. Adjourned. Signed by Aaron Clark, Chairman, B. B. Richards, Secretary and E. B. Low, Town Clerk.

This is the last record in the old Town Book which makes allusion to the war. I will tell the story of the men who went away to fight as I have been able to gather it from their own lips and those of their comrades and families. There ought to be a record of our enlisted men on file in the town clerk's office, but search has failed to reveal it, and I have been obliged to depend entirely upon the assistance mentioned; therefore it will be seen that some names may be omitted which ought to stand here, and other mistakes may be made which those who come after me will have the privilege of correcting.

The First Volunteers.

Fort Sumter was surrendered April 14, 1861, and the next day President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the Rebellion. Instantly

the North responded. Two young men from Westport enlisted before the end of the month, being not only the first to enlist from their own town, but also the first from the county.

One of these young men was Washington Irving Sawyer, who was attending school at Hampton Institute, Fairfax, Vt., when the call for troops came. He was then twenty-two, the son of Miles McFarland Sawyer, and great-grandson of Isaac Sawyer the Indian fighter, whose name is connected with the story of a daring escape from captivity during the Revolutionary war. He immediately left his studies and came home, declaring his intention of enlisting. He found another young man as eager as himself, with whom he had played in childhood,—Napoleon Joubert, brother of Mrs. P. P. Bacon. In vain they were urged to wait until a company was formed in town, of which there was a prospect. They left at once for Albany, and there Irving Sawyer enlisted in the 18th N. Y. V., which was attached to Newton's brigade, Porter's corps, Army of the Potomac. The next summer, June 27, 1862, he was killed at the battle of Gaines Mill, Va., and his widowed mother never saw his face again. His three brothers also went to the war afterward. Napoleon Joubert enlisted in the 4th U. S. Cavalry, and was a corporal in Company C. He was wounded by a shot which passed entirely through one lung, but recovered, and lived until 1901. His brother Cassius enlisted afterward, and died in hospital in Batou Rouge, La.

Company K of the Thirty-Eighth.

The next public event after the departure of young Sawyer and Joubert occurred upon a day early in June, when a company of Elizabethtown men came out and took the steamboat for the south at our wharf. This was Company K of the 38th New York Volunteers, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Dwyer, a young lawyer of Elizabethtown, who had spent a part of his school days in Westport and was well-known here. In this company were seven Westport boys, all from Wadhams and its vicinity, and two others who have since resided in town. The 38th regiment was mustered into service in New York, left the State June 19th and reached Washington June 21st. In these first days of the war soldiering was looked upon as a gay excursion into the great world, a picnic at the expense of Uncle Sam, with some agreeable drilling and marching thrown in. The greatest uncertainty was the fear lest they might be obliged to come back without seeing any fighting, and the crowd of merry young fellows who marched across the gang-plank on board the boat that June day went with bright eyes and laughing lips, proud that the whole town was there to look on and see what a fine show they made. A little over a month, and the 38th, in Wilcox's brigade, Heintzelmann's division, advanced with the rest of the army to the first battle of Bull Run. For four hours it was in close action. After the panic-stricken retreat it was found that the regiment had lost one hundred and twenty-

eight men in killed, wounded and missing. Pitt Edgar Wadhams, son of Abraham Wadhams, was severely wounded, and Orlando B. Whitney and George Boutwell were taken prisoners. Whitney died in prison, and Boutwell spent more than a year in different southern prisons, nearly starving to death, and returning after his exchange in a most pitiable condition of weakness. These were the realities of war, and after the first battle of Bull Run no one doubted the possibility of fighting and of death. Company K of the 38th was the only organization from Essex county at this first battle of the war. The next summer, in May of 1862, Captain Dwyer was mortally wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, dying a few days afterward at St. John's Hospital in Philadelphia. His body was sent home to Elizabethtown, and again the townspeople gathered at the wharf, this time to see the coffin carried by which contained all that was left of the gallant young captain who had stepped upon the deck so lightly only a year before. Others of our men in Company K were George French, who was a sergeant; C. Wesley Daniels, who was wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburgh, was promoted corporal of Company C, and served to June 22, 1863; George Avery and Moses Coyer. Martin Marshall and Stephen Hathaway are at present residents of Westport, the latter the oldest survivor of Company K.

Company A of the Seventy-Seventh.

The excitement attendant upon the departure of Company K of the 38th served to intensify the war spirit already awakened, and once more the centre of Main street was daily used for the drilling of squads of men, while the air was full of war talk and military terms. Then living in town was an old soldier, William Harris by name, who had been in the United States dragoons under Gen. Harney, fighting Indians on the Western plains. Exempt by age from military service, he threw himself into the work of drilling the young men who longed for a soldier's life. A recruiting office was opened in the village, Reuel W. Arnold having received authority to raise a company, and by the middle of the summer fifty young men had signed the roll, most of them boys entering the twenties, with a few married men a little older who expected to receive commissions, September 15 they were mustered into service, and two days later took the boat to go to Saratoga, where they been ordered to join a regiment that was being organized by the Hon. James B. McLean. There the company was soon recruited to its maximum strength of a hundred men from Jay, Keene and surrounding towns, and being the first on the ground, was called Company A. The regiment was called "the 77th," or "Bemis Heights Battalion," named, as Watson remarks, "by the suggestions of the spot," in allusion to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777. This was probably the only regiment in the service which was numbered purely for sentimental reasons. In actual num-

erical order it stood somewhere in the forties. The regimental flag emphasized the historical allusion. "The banner," says Dr. George T. Stevens, in "Three Years in the Sixth Corps," "was an exquisite piece of work, of the richest fabric; a blue ground with elegant designs in oil. On one side was represented an engagement in which the American soldiers, led by Washington, were fighting under the old flag,—thirteen stripes and the union jack. On the reverse was pictured the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga under the new flag,—the stars and stripes." The colonel of the regiment was the Hon. James B. McLean, M. C., succeeded after one year by Col. Winsor B. French.

A month in camp, then on November 23d they were mustered into the service of the United States, and on Thanksgiving Day started for Washington. The company had elected Renel W. Arnold Captain, William Douglass First Lieutenant and James H. Farnsworth Second Lieutenant, these three men being somewhat older than the majority of the company. The regiment received guns and equipments in New York, and upon arriving at Washington went into camp on Meridian Hill. There was much sickness in camp, and here the company met with its first loss, Hiram Persons dying in hospital. On January 5, 1862, Lieutenant Farnsworth resigned his commission and returned home, Charles Edson Stevens being promoted to the vacant office.

February 15th, 1862, the regiment received its first orders to march, being sent across the river into Vir-

ginia to join Gen. W. F. Smith's division, and assigned to the 3rd Brigade under Gen. Davidson. They marched all day in mud knee deep, with rain and sleet pouring down upon them, and pitched their tent at night upon ground covered with snow. Here they remained in camp till March 8th, doing their first picket duty in front of the enemy. "But on the 8th of March," says Major Stevens, in a sketch of the history of the 77th which the author has freely used in this account, "the question 'Why don't the army move?' was answered by orders to be ready to march at 4 o'clock in the morning, and the great army that had been so long drilling was to be launched at the Confederate force that held Manassas all winter." But the Confederate army retreated, and the 77th, with the rest of the division, went into camp at Fairfax Court House a few days, then marched for Alexandria where they camped on ground covered ankle deep with water, with rain which rendered it impossible to build fires. This is remembered as the worst night ever experienced by the 77th, and the spot is known by the name of "Camp Misery." From there they took transports for Fortress Monroe, and went into camp at Newport News, near the river. Here they saw the wreck of the U. S. frigate *Cumberland*, sunk by the *Merrimac* a few days before, and here the rebel gunboat *Teaser* came out and threw a few shells over the camp, the first which our men had ever seen coming from the enemy. Then came the campaign up the peninsula, with great hardships for new soldiers. The water from marshy ponds their only drinking supply, typhoid soon broke

out among them, and every day one or two were sent back to the hospital, "some to be sent north, and some to be buried under the pines." For a month they lay under the works at Yorktown doing picket duty and building forts, sometimes being called up two or three times in a night to form a line while there was severe firing upon their pickets. April 3rd, 1862, Captain Arnold resigned his commission, as did also Lieutenant Douglass a few days afterward, and they returned home.

May 6 occurred the battle of Williamsburg, the first serious engagement in which the 77th took part. Here they saw for the first time the boys of the 38th, whom they had cheered as they left Westport a year before, and here it was that Captain Dwyer was shot down. "At Williamsburg," says Major Stevens, "we saw the 38th march into the woods while we were laying in support at Gen. Sumner's headquarters, until we were ordered to join Gen. Hancock on the right, and there learned of the death of Captain Dwyer." After this came the siege of Richmond and the Seven Days retreat, when the men fought daytimes and marched nights, becoming so worn out that they would drop down in the road at every halt and fall asleep without stirring from their places, and even slept while marching. After the battle of Malvern Hill the 77th was transferred from the peninsula to join Gen. Pope near Washington, and took part in the second battle of Bull Run, August 29th. Then it was sent into Maryland with Burnside's column of McClellan's army to check the movements of Gen. Lee, a pleasant march into a

beautiful country, ending with the hard-fought battle of South Mountain, September 14th, followed immediately by the terrible conflict of Antietam, in which over 17,000 men were killed and wounded, the greatest loss in one day of the Union army during the war. The sixth corps, to which the 77th was attached, came up after a hard forced march, charged over ground which had been already fought over three times during the day, and held the position. Here Sergeant Hiram Barnes and Wesley Compton of Company A were wounded, and discharged for disability. After spending some time in hospital, Sergeant Barnes re-enlisted in the 96th, where he became one of a picked company of sharpshooters. He was afterward captured by the enemy, and was in Libby prison for five weeks, then transferred to the stockade at Salisbury, N. C., where he remained six months, nearly dying from starvation and exposure. With him there was Silas W. Flinn, son of Jerry Flinn, a boy who sunk beneath the hardships of the place, and died in the arms of Sergeant Barnes. Barnes sat and held him for three hours after the breath of life had left him, with a circle of the other prisoners standing around to hide them from observation, in order to make sure that the boy was dead before he was taken out upon the dead-cart and cast into the pit. This was one horror which a faithful friend might spare another, even in Salisbury stockade, and I would that Westport boys should always remember the story, long after the tall form and white beard of Sergeant Barnes shall be no longer seen upon our streets.

When we find in our own history such an instance of suffering and devotion, let us see to it that it shall not be forgotten.

About a month after the battle of Antietam the 77th was again marching into Virginia to participate in the disastrous battles of Fredericksburgh and Marye's Heights. In the latter engagement the 77th captured the 18th Mississippi, colonel, colors and all, or at least they did actually capture the colonel, (Col. Luce,) a large number of prisoners, a stand of colors and a quantity of small arms. This was one of the incidents which led Gen. Davidson to say affectionately of the 77th, "It is a little regiment, but it is always in the right place." They recrossed the river to spend the remainder of the winter in camp at White Oak Church, on the Rappahannock. Here some of the officers' wives visited them, among them the wife of the regimental surgeon, Dr. George T. Stevens. She was a Westport girl, Miss Harriet Wadhams. In December C. E. Stevens was promoted First Lieutenant, and William F. Lyon Second Lieutenant. In the spring the army again crossed the river, and this time the heights of Fredericksburgh were carried by Union troops, while Gen. Hooker was being beaten at Chancellorsville, May 1-4. The 77th was one of the regiments detailed to assist the engineer in laying pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock. This work was greatly impeded by constant firing from the rebel rifle pits on the other side of the river, and it was in the performance of this duty

that Rex Havens was killed. Pitt Wadhams was killed on the third day, being shot in the right temple.

Then the third of July, came the great battle of Gettysburg, in which the 77th was held in reserve upon Powers' Hill, near Gen. Slocum's headquarters, where the regimental monument now stands.

Other regiments in which Westport men had enlisted which were present at the battle of Gettysburg were the 2nd New York Cavalry, or the "Harris Light Brigade," the 5th New York Cavalry, the 12th and the 44th N. Y. Infantry.

After the battle, the 77th, (with the rest of the Sixth Corps,) was sent in pursuit of Lee toward the Potomac. He escaped, and when they came to Petersville, Md., on the Potomac, they were obliged to wait for orders to cross. While in camp at this point, some of the officers' wives who had been in Washington, waiting an opportunity to visit their husbands, made a short visit at the officers' quarters. It was at this time that the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Stevens, presented the regiment with a beautiful pair of guidons. The ground was blue, with the white Greek cross which was the badge of the division, and in the center of the cross the figures "77." These are the tattered guidons which may now be seen in the capitol at Albany, carried by the regiment through all the remaining battles of the war. It is pleasant to think, while gazing upon them, that they were made by a daughter of Westport.

The remainder of the year was spent by the 77th in Virginia, between Washington and the Rappahannock,

with a few skirmishes, and the advance to Mine Run. While in camp at Hart's Mills, Va., on the Rappahannock, the wife of Captain Davenport, of the Fifth Vermont, visited him. She had been Frances Wadhams, and was sister of Mrs. Stevens. Captain Davenport was killed in battle the next May.

In the spring the Army of the Potomac, under General Grant, entered upon the final campaign against Richmond. On the 5th of May, 1864, the 77th crossed the Rapidan with about five hundred guns. The 12th of May there were not more than a hundred men in line, the balance of the regiment having been killed or wounded. From the crossing of the river to the first of July there were but few days when the regiment was not under fire. The battles of the Wilderness and of Spottsylvania were among the most sanguinary and prolonged struggles of the war. On the 10th of May twelve regiments, one of them the 77th, were chosen to charge the enemy's works. There were three lines of defense. The first, the second, the third, were taken without halting. Then the enemy was re-enforced, and our men were driven back, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. One of those killed in the last line was Lieut. William F. Lyon, son of Isaac Lyon. George Allen, son of Nathaniel Allen, was also killed at Spottsylvania.

The 77th took part in the twelve days' fighting at Coal Harbor, Va., from June 1st to the 12th. Here they first met the boys of the 118th, who had left Westport a year after Company A. "The first time we met

the 118th regiment," says Major Stevens, "was at Coal Harbor after the disastrous charge on their works. Our regiment was moved out to the picket line in the night, and the morning found the right of our regiment joining the left of the 118th, and we lay in that hole until they were sent around to Petersburg by water, and we marched across the peninsula."

While the 77th lay in the works before Petersburg a singular incident occurred, which is thus related by Dr. George T. Stevens in the book already once referred to. "On the 22d (of June) Colonel Bidwell's brigade occupied the front line of rifle pits. The sun was shining brightly, and our men, unprotected by shelter, were striving to pass the time with as little discomfort as possible. A group of men of the 77th were behind the breastwork, stretched out upon the sand, resting upon their elbows and amusing each other with jokes, when a shell came shrieking into their midst. Its explosion threw them in every direction. One went high in the air and fell twenty feet from the spot where he was lying when the shell exploded. Strange to tell, not a man was killed, yet three had each a leg crushed to jelly, and two others were seriously wounded. The three whose legs were crushed were Sergeant James Barnes, James Lawrence, and James Allen, of Company A." Two of these men, James Barnes and James Lawrence, came from Westport, and another one of our men, Moses Tatro, was injured at the same time, being wounded in the hand by a fragment of the shell. Dr. Stevens tells how in thirty minutes' time from the be-

ginning of the operation each of these Jameses had a leg amputated just above the knee, had the stumps dressed, and were loaded in to an ambulance and taken to the hospital at City Point. From there they were removed to Washington, where they received much attention from visitors who had heard the strange story. All lived to return to Essex county, and were often alluded to as "the three one-legged Jims."

When Gen. Early threatened Washington the Sixth Corps, to which the 77th was attached, was sent to oppose him. "On the 12th of July our brigade made a charge on the enemy at Fort Stevens, in which every commanding officer of regiments was either killed or wounded. President Lincoln from the ramparts of Fort Stevens (one of the defensive works of Washington) witnessed the charge, it being the only battle of the war which was fought under his eye. The battle decided Gen. Early that the time to capture Washington had passed, and he retreated to the Shenandoah valley, where we followed him under the command of Gen. Sheridan, there to clear him out of the valley by the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek."

At the battle of Winchester, the 77th occupied ground near the ruins of an old church which was surrounded by graves. One of these graves, covered with a plain marble tablet, broken across, was that of Gen. Daniel Morgan, the dashing Revolutionary commander who led his company of Virginia sharp-shooters to Boston to offer their services to Washington, and who took such a brilliant part in the battles of Saratoga. Could

he have sat up and looked around him, and seen the banner of the 77th, with its painted picture of the surrender of Burgoyne, what would he have thought of the Bemis Heights Battalion !

It was the battle of Cedar Creek which was begun by an attack from the Confederates with "Sheridan twenty miles away," as is told in the stirring poem by Read, so often declaimed by school boys, beginning.

"Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,"

but when Sheridan arrived upon the field, the Second Division, to which the 77th belonged, was the only one in the whole army which retained its perfect formation. It lay at the extreme left of the infantry line of battle. So when a Westport boy comes to the lines,—

"The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, then the retreating troops,"—

he may think to himself that although the men of the 77th were there at that crucial moment, they were not retreating, and that when the black horse covered "with foam and with dust," came galloping up, bringing Sheridan

"all the way
From Winchester down to save the day,"—

the Westport men did not need to be rallied, for they had not scattered.

In the engagement which followed the arrival of Sheridan upon the battle-field, Brigadier-General Bidwell was killed, and the captain of our Company A, Captain George S. Orr, (who had taken the place of Captain Arnold upon the resignation of the latter,) lost an arm

from the explosion of the same shell which killed the General. Hiram Burt was killed at this time. The death of General Bidwell left Colonel French of the 77th in command of the brigade.

The Fifth New York Cavalry, with some Westport men in Company H, fought at the left of the 77th in the Shenandoah valley.

On the 9th of December the Sixth Corps left the valley, and returned to the works before Petersburg. There they lay all winter. On the 2nd of April, 1865, the corps made a brilliant charge and captured the works in front of them, the 49th N. Y. and the 77th N. Y. forming the point of the wedge that broke the Confederate line, and compelled the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg by Gen. Lee. In this charge the senior officers of the battalion were wounded, and Major C. E. Stevens left in command. For the remainder of the campaign, which lasted only a few weeks longer, he was in command of his battalion.

Both General Grant and General Meade spoke in the highest terms of praise of the charge of the Sixth Corps at Petersburg, when the flag of the 77th was the first on the enemy's works. After this came the pursuit of Lee, with the fight at Sailor's Creek, where the corps captured Gen. Ewell, and enabled Gen. Custer with his cavalry to capture between thirty and forty rebel flags. "Then on to Appomattox to see the surrender of Gen. Lee. Then the return to Washington and the grand review by President Johnson, after which the regiment was mustered out of the service of

the United States. Returning to Albany, we delivered our torn battle flags to the governor of the state in the presence of General Grant, July 4th, 1865, and they may be seen in the Capitol." Major Stevens adds: "This is only a part of the history of the battles of the regiment. According to the compiler of the "History of New York in the Rebellion," the 77th was engaged in fifty-two battles and skirmishes, and the skirmishes were equal to any of the battles of the Cuban or Philippine wars."

Of the original fifty members of Company A who first left Westport, only three returned with the company at the expiration of nearly four years of service. These three went out as privates and returned with commissions—Major C. E. Stevens, Captain Charles A. Davis and Lieutenant Sorel Fountain. Nearly all the rest had been killed in action, had died in prison or hospital, or had been discharged on account of disability. Twenty-two of the company now sleep in southern soil, eight who were killed in battle, and fourteen who died of disease and starvation.

The names of the Westport men who belonged to Company A were as follows:

Major Charles Edson Stevens. Went out as a sergeant, and upon the resignation of Lt. Farnsworth, Jan. 5, 1862, was promoted 2nd Lieutenant. In December following he was appointed 1st Lieutenant of Company A, and Oct. 15, 1864, Captain of Company E. In November the three years' term of service for which the men of the 77th had enlisted expired, and the regiment was accordingly mustered out of service, but enough of the veterans re-enlisted to form a battalion of five companies which was called the 77th Battalion New York State Volunteers, with C. E.

Stevens captain of Company C, and soon afterward (Jan. 1, 1865) appointed Major of the battalion. From April 2 to May 1, 1865, Major Stevens was in command of the battalion. Major Stevens was born in Westport April 26, 1839, the son of Guy and Mabel (Stoddard) Stevens. Married Jan. 10, 1864, to Eliza M. Lyon, daughter of Isaac and Lucinda (Holcomb) Lyon, and had one son, Harold. His second wife was Carrie Richards, daughter of James and Sarah (Thomson) Richards, and they have two daughters, Gertrude and Elizabeth. Major Stevens is now keeper of the lighthouse at Barber's Point.

Surgeon George Thomas Stevens. Commissioned Surgeon of the 77th Oct. 8, 1861 and mustered out Dec. 15, 1864. Operating surgeon for the division two and a half years, and for a time medical inspector of the Sixth Army Corps. In 1866 he published a book called "Three Years in the Sixth Army Corps." Dr. Stevens was born in Jay, N. Y. in 1832, son of the Rev. Chauncey and Lucinda (Hoadley) Stevens. For five years he was Professor of physiology and diseases of the eye in Union College, and since then has risen high in his profession, writing many standard medical works in both French and English, and belonging to the highest foreign scientific societies. He is now a specialist in diseases of the eye in New York. His wife was Harriet Wadhams, grand-daughter of Gen. Luman Wadhams.

Captain Reuel W. Arnold. In the service from September, 1861, to April 3, 1862.

Captain Charles A. Davis. Went out as a corporal, although only seventeen, and was promoted 2nd Lieutenant Oct. 16, 1864. 1st Lieutenant of Company E, Nov. 15, 1864, and Captain April 25, 1865. He is the son of Alvin Davis.

Lt. William Douglass. In the service from September, 1861 to April, 1862.

Lt. William F. Lyon. In December of 1862 promoted from Orderly Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant. Killed in the enemy's works at Spottsylvania, May 10, 1864. Son of Isaac D. Lyon, and brother-in-law of Major Stevens.

2nd Lt. James H. Farnsworth. In the service from September, 1861, to Jan. 5, 1862.

Lt. Sorel Fountain. 2nd Lieutenant in the 77th Battalion. Served throughout the war.

Sergeant James E. Barnes. Mustered in as a musician;

postmaster for the company; lost a leg at Petersburg, June 21, 1864. Half brother of Major Stevens, and first keeper of the lighthouse at Barber's Point.

Sergeant Hiram Barnes. Wounded at Antietam, discharged, re-enlisted in the 96th N. Y. Taken prisoner, he was in Libby prison five weeks, and in the stockade at Salisbury, N. C. six months. Cousin of James E. Barnes. Has a son in the U. S. Navy.

Sergeant Rex A. Havens. Killed May 3, 1864, in the battle of Chancellorsville, at the crossing of the river. Son of Asahel Havens, and brother of Mrs. William Douglass.

Sergeant Hiram Burt. Died of wounds received at the battle of Cedar Creek, October, 1864. Son of Alvin Burt.

Corporal George G. Allen. Killed at Spottsylvania, May, 1864; son of Nathaniel Allen.

Hiram Persons. Died Dec. 25, 1861, at Meridian Hill.

William Coll. Died at Fortress Monroe, April 19, 1862; son of Hinkley Coll.

George W. Bigelow. Died in field hospital, Youngs' Mills, Va., April 30, 1862.

John Ormsby. Died in field hospital in Youngs' Mills, April 23, 1862.

Richard Fleury. Died in hospital in New York, May 5, 1862.

Frank Hoisington. Died in Douglass Hospital, Washington, May 21, 1862.

Dan W. Sheidon. Died at Liberty Hall hospital, May 30, 1862. When McClellan took possession of the country along the Chickahominy, near Richmond, the mansion called Liberty Hall, which had been the birthplace of Patrick Henry, was turned into a hospital by the Union troops. Son of Platt R. Sheldon and grandson of Capt. Jesse Braman.

Charles Palmer. Died of an accidental wound in camp at Patrick Station, Va., March 19, 1865.

Corporal James A. Lawrence. Lost a leg at Petersburg, June 21, 1864.

John Cross. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

Henry James. Wounded at Fredericksburg, May, 1863.

Charles Pierce. Wounded in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

William I. Gregory. Wounded in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Dennis Thomas. Wounded in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Eber N. Allen, son of Nathaniel.

Corporal Chauncey A. Ballou.

Thomas Benson.

Corporal James R. Bignall. Transferred to U. S. Navy, April, 1864.

Corporal Francis Maroin Bull.

Lorin Cole, son of Tillinghast.

Michael Conley.

Roswell B. Dickenson.

George W. Doty.

Charles Goodspeed.

Rodolphus Goodspeed.

Henry H. Merrill.

Ezra Miner.

Lewis Odell.

Henry H. Richards.

Obed Ringer.

John H. Sawyer. Took small-pox in camp, and was sent home convalescent; discharged at Albany, October 8, 1862.

Jacob V. Stevenson.

Corporal David Stringham.

James Van Ornum.

The One Hundred and Eighteenth.

Some single enlistments took place in the year following, and then, August 4, 1862, came the call of the president for three hundred thousand additional troops. Another company was at once raised in Elizabethtown, with Robert W. Livingston as captain. This was company F. of the 118th N. Y. V., and in it were seventeen Westport men. The 118th was called "the Adirondack" and contained three companies from Essex county. It was mustered into the service Aug. 29, and

left Plattsburgh for the front early in September. The second lieutenant of Company F. (promoted first lieutenant the following year) was William Henry Stevenson, son of Thomas Stevenson, a farmer who lived in the south part of the township, so near the line that Watson makes the mistake of saying that Lt. Stevenson came from Moriah. A brother and three cousins were also in the service, all going out from the same neighborhood.

The 118th was attached to the Army of the James, and saw its first service in the defense of Suffolk, Va. In June of 1864 the brigade to which the regiment belonged was ordered to destroy parts of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, and had a sharp skirmish with the enemy near the South Anna river. It was at this time that Lt. Stevenson captured a slight breastwork which was obstinately maintained in the centre of the skirmish line of the Confederates. He called for volunteers, took the first five men who offered, made a rapid flank movement behind some bushes on the right, and carried the breastwork with a rush. One of the Confederates was killed, one wounded, and thirteen others brought into the Federal lines as prisoners. This dashing exploit made Stevenson a hero at once, and throughout his short career he was the pride of the regiment.

In the spring of 1864 Gen. B. F. Butler took command of the Army of the James and co-operated with Grant in his advance upon Richmond. The 118th was in the 2nd brigade, 1st division, 18th corps. Early in

May Gen. Beauregard held Fort Darling on the James, and Butler spent about six days, from the tenth to the sixteenth, in an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge him. At three o'clock Monday morning, May 16, Beauregard attacked Butler and drove him from the outer works which he had captured. The 118th fell back fighting, taking shelter as they could behind redoubts and traverses. The firing from the advancing Confederates was severe, and Capt. Livingston crossing an open space between two redoubts, was struck by a bullet in the shoulder, and his men saw him fall. Lt. Stevenson sprang from the cover of an embankment and ran to his assistance, followed by four men of the same company. In the very act of stooping to lift Livingston from the ground, Stevenson was struck dead by a shot from the enemy, who were already upon them. Two of the men who followed him were captured, and afterward died in prison. The other two succeeded in rescuing their captain, and carried him with them in the rest of the retreat, although he was struck by another shot after they had reached his side. The fate of Stevenson, so gallant a sacrifice to loyalty and to duty, endeared him to his comrades, and has made him conspicuous among the military heroes of Westport. A monument to his memory stands in the little cemetery at Mullett brook, and upon the formation of the G. A. R. Post at Port Henry, after the close of the war, his name was given to it in commemoration of his bravery.

Butler's army fell back to Bermuda Hundred and fortified. Soon afterward the 18th corps was taken in

transports down the James river and up the Pamunky, and landed at the White House, to join the Army of the Potomac in the campaign of Grant against Richmond. Here the men of the 118th met those of the 77th for the first time since the 77th had left the wharf at Westport, two years and eight months before. From the first of June to the twelfth there was constant fighting, with two unsuccessful assaults upon the Confederate works. For eight days the two armies lay within the range of each others' fire, the sharpshooters picking off many men,—an ordeal as severe as anything experienced by the 118th during the whole war. This was the engagement at Coal Harbor, where the troops were forced to lie flat on the ground to escape the incessant fire of the enemy and the dead could not be removed or buried, but were thrown upon the breastworks, soon to form a more dreadful menace to friend than to foe. Trees in therear of the troops were stripped of their bark and often cut entirely through by the musketry fire from the Confederate ranks. On the 15th of June the regiment took part in an assault upon Petersburg in which it suffered severely. For two months it lay before Petersburg, almost constantly under fire, and July 29 it stood drawn up in line waiting for the explosion of the great mine which the Union troops had been so long preparing for the destruction of the Confederate works. The mine was sprung with terrible effect, but the Confederate defense was still so determined that the 118th was not ordered to the charge.

From August 27 to September 27 the regiment was

in camp upon the south bank of the James, and at this time the 96th, to which some Westport men belonged, was attached to the same brigade—the second. Then came the assault and capture of Fort Harrison, or Battery Harrison, on the north side of the James, one of the outer works of the city of Richmond. At three o'clock on the morning of September 29 the division crossed the James on a pontoon bridge, with the second brigade in the advance. The fort which they were to attack lay about three miles up the river. Two miles of this distance lay through woods which were full of the enemy's pickets, and then they came to an open space which was commanded by the guns of the Confederate batteries. The attacking column was formed by the 96th New York and the 8th Connecticut, supported by the First and Third brigades of the division. The 118th New York and the 10th New Hampshire were thrown out as skirmishers on either flank, the 10th New Hampshire on the left and the 118th on the right. Both of these flanking regiments had just been armed with the new Spencer rifle, at that time the most perfect fire-arm known, and one which required skillful and resolute marksmen to bring out its best work. While the central column advanced to the attack, carrying the enemy's works in one grand rush, in the face of a furious fire of bullet, shot and shell, the 118th on the right put in their work demoralizing the defense, picking off the gunners at their posts, and pouring in a discriminating fire upon the Confederate troops under which they faltered and ran. The Union

men swarmed over the embankment and into the fort, the two regiments in the centre planting their colors at the same time, and turning the guns of the batteries upon the fleeing foe. At the same time the 118th came in on the right, and the first two men who leaped into the redoubt and trained the guns to fire upon the retreat were Nelson J. Gibbs, one of our own men, born under the shadow of Coon mountain, and Henry J. Adams, an Elizabethtown man. In Gen. Butler's address to the army of the James, a few weeks later, the name of Lieutenant Gibbs is mentioned first in the official commendation which the incident received.

Mr. Gibbs at this time held the rank of 2nd Lieutenant of Company I, soon afterward made first Lieutenant. The words of the address of Major-General Butler, dated at "Headquarters,, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Army of the James, before Richmond, Oct. 11, 1864," are these :

"Lieuts. N. J. Gibbs and H. J. Adams of the same regiment, the first men in the redoubts, are commended for their presence of mind in turning the enemy's guns to bear upon them. They are respectfully recommended to His Excellency the Governor of New York for promotion." This recommendation, in the case of Lt. Gibbs, resulted in his receiving a brevet commission as Captain, "for gallant conduct at the attack on Fort Harrison, Sept. 29, 1864," signed by Reuben E. Fenton, Governor. That is the kind of a commission which it is very gratifying to receive, and the native town of the recipient immediately took the honor to itself. When

the account of the taking of Fort Harrison came out in the newspapers, a number of our principal citizens started a subscription paper which bore the signatures of about twenty men, the first being that of the Hon. George W. Goff, then the owner of the Jacksonville property, who had a son in the service himself. A handsome silver-mounted revolver was purchased and presented to Captain Gibbs upon his return, as an acknowledgment from his fellowtownsmen of the distinction which had been conferred upon Westport through him. He was then twenty-two years of age.

The Westport men in Captain Livingston's company were:

Captain Nelson J. Gibbs. Son of Merrill and Abigail Gibbs. Married first, Theresa, daughter of Aaron Clark; second, Jennie, daughter of James Richards.

Lt. William H. Stevenson. Killed May 16, 1864. Son of Thomas Stevenson.

John Flinn. Killed in action; brother of Jerry and Michael Flinn.

Newton Merrill. Died at Gloucester Point, Va.; son of Noel Merrill.

George Wright. Died in U. S. hospital, St. Dennis, Md.; son of Elijah Wright.

William L. Frisbie. Died in hospital near Relay House, Md., Feb. 15, 1863, aged twenty. Son of Levi Frisbie, and grandson of Capt. Levi Frisbie.

Egbert Braman. Son of Jason, and grandson of Capt. Jesse Braman; afterward entered the ministry of the M. E. church.

John Ormiston. Died at Young's Mills, Va., May 1, 1862.

Henry Welch. Was brought home sick by his father, Eleazar Welch, and died upon the wharf at Westport immediately after landing from the steamboat.

William Ringer.

Adolph James.

Lambert Cross.

Alvin T. Burt.

Ralza Roberts, of Lewis. Afterward practiced medicine in Westport.

Hiram Lampman.

Joseph Hardy.

Henry Southard.

Conant Sawyer. Could not pass the medical examination necessary to enlistment, for the reason that he was totally blind in one eye, as the result of an accident in boyhood. Knowing this, he applied to Captain Livingston in person, and begged so hard to be allowed to go with the company that the captain took him, giving him the task of caring for his horse, and other duties about his person. One of his brothers had been already killed, and two others were in the service.

The Ninety-Sixth New York.

There were nine Westport men in this regiment at different times.

Sergeant Austin Braisted, Co. K. Son of Darius Braisted.

Sergeant Hiram Barnes. Re-enlisted in the 96th after having been discharged from the 77th on account of wounds received at Antietam. Captured, in Libby prison five weeks, in Salisbury stockade, six months.

Silas W. Flinn, son of Jerry Flinn. Died in Salisbury stockade.

Leonidas Barnes. Brother of Hiram.

Fred Matthews.

John Tucker.

Zemmett Couchey.

Robert Tyler, Co. C.

Dr. Platt R. H. Sawyer was hospital steward in the 42nd N. Y., was promoted to assistant surgeon in the 142nd N. Y., and then full surgeon in the 96th N. Y.

Other Regiments.

There were two Westport men in Company F, 99th U. S. Infantry, Hosea Sayre, who died at Brandy Station, Va., April 28, 1864, and Ed. Sweatt.

Other men in infantry regiments were :

Frank Whipple, corporal in Co. E, 12th N. Y.

Henry Bromley, 14th N. Y.

Walter Goff, son of George W. Goff, belonged to the 44th, or the "Ellsworth Avengers."

Robert Hooper, enlisted at Ogdensburgh in the 105th N. Y.

Ed. Ross, 121st N. Y.

Some of our men enlisted in other states. Daniel F. Payne enlisted in Burlington, Vt., Sept. 1861, in the 5th Vermont Volunteers; was wounded at Savage Station June 29, 1862, losing his right arm and receiving injuries in the head; left behind in the retreat of McClellan, he was a prisoner in Richmond four weeks, was then exchanged and sent to the hospital in Philadelphia; served to Sept. 1862.

Charles P. Sheldon, son of Platt R. Sheldon, enlisted from his home in Iowa. William Welch and Edwin Barnes also enlisted in Iowa. Peter Ringer went out from California, and was killed in the service. Zenas Clark went from Maine, Ed. Holcomb from New Hampshire, and Joseph Estey from Vermont. Edward Osborne was in the 17th Vermont Volunteers, which was the last regiment raised in Vermont. It was mustered in Oct. 17, 1864, fought at Petersburg, pursued Lee's

army until its surrender, and was mustered out July 22, 1865.

Alvin Farr was in the 17th Michigan, and Lewis Potter in the 21st Wisconsin, the latter badly wounded in the battle of Lookout Mountain.

Samuel K. Dunster was hospital steward in the 24th Massachusetts.

Dr. William H. Richardson was a volunteer surgeon in the Army of the Potomac after the battles of the Wilderness in 1864. He was sent to the Assembly the same year.

Some names have been given me which I have been unable to assign to the proper regiment :

Augustus Avery, Silas Allen, Darwin Buck, Henry Counter, October Counter, John Decker, James Fee, William Harper, John McConley, Dan McConley, James McGray, Felix McMannus, Lewis Raymond, Charles Shambo, Robert Slaughter, Richard Winter (belonged to a Zouave regiment), and Charles Young.

Benoni T. West is buried here, but probably enlisted from North Hudson.

Cavalry Regiments.

We had thirty-six men in the cavalry arm of the service, fourteen belonging to the Second New York Veteran Volunteer Cavalry, a regiment which saw most of its service in the western campaigns.

Allen Talbot. Co. D.

Joseph Sunn.

Levi Harris.

Oscar Phinney, enlisted Sept., 1863, in Co. E.

Josiah Stratton. Co. E.

William Floyd, son of Ransom,

Edward Harper.

Edward Harper, Jr.

Silas Frazier.

Daniel James.

John E. Gregory.

Alexis Sarswell,

Robert Stevenson. Brother of Lieut. Stevenson of the 118th,

Carlyle H. Torrance, Co. L, served from Feb. 1864 to Nov. 1865. He now has a son in the Philippine war.

Nine were in the Eleventh New York Cavalry, or "Scott's Nine Hundred." This regiment went from Washington to New Orleans, and took part in the operations on the Mississippi, then went eastward through Tennessee and made a junction with Sherman's army, after it had gone "Marching through Georgia."

James E. Patten, Co. C.

Edwin Lawrence, Co. C.

Leslie Smith, Co. C.

Solomon Deyo, Co. I.

Alexis Brothers, Co. I.

Cassius Joubert, Co. I. Died in Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 27, 1864, of typhoid fever, at the age of nineteen. Brother of Napoleon Joubert.

H. L. Degroff.

Benjamin Albert Barrett. The marble-cutter at Wadhams who cut the name of John Brown upon the ancient tombstone at North Elba.

Oliver Dana Barrett, his brother, a graduate of the University of Vermont. Raised a battalion in "Scott's Nine Hundred." Practiced law in Washington from 1867 until his death in 1901, being the law partner of Gen. B. F. Butler and executor of his estate.

We had seven men in the Second New York Cavalry, called the "Harris Light Brigade," named after Senator Ira Harris of Albany. This regiment belonged to the Army of the Potomac, and when the monument to its memory was erected on the field of Gettysburg, one of the speakers said of it: "The story of the marches, raids, skirmishes and fights of this regiment from the Potomac to the Rappahannock, from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan, from the Rapidan to Gettysburg back through the valley of Virginia to Appomattox, is best told by the traces of bullets upon its battle flags."

Our men were :

Julius Blongy.

Culbert Matthews.

Lafayette Lasher.

A. C. Constantine.

Charles Constantine, his son.

Elbert M. Johnson.

Chauncey Hodgkins.

Five men joined Company H of the Fifth New York Cavalry. This company was raised in Crown Point by Captain John Hammond, afterward Colonel of the regiment and brevet Brigadier-General, in the summer of 1861. The company was mounted upon one hundred and eight horses, many of which were purchased in

Westport. Col. Hammond himself rode a Westport horse. The regiment was organized with one thousand and sixty-four mounted men, and at the end of the war only seven of the original horses still remained.

The Fifth New York Cavalry had a brilliant career in Virginia and in the Shenandoah valley, where it was commanded by Gens. Wilson and Custer. There it fought in the line next the 77th New York Infantry. At Gettysburgh, upon July 3, it stood upon the extreme left, supporting Elder's Battery, and made a gallant charge at the base of Big Round Top. Its monument upon that battle-field bears a beautiful bas-relief of a cavalryman upon his horse, and the legend, "5th N. Y. Cavalry, 1st Brig. 3rd Div. Cavalry Corps." Watson says: "By an auspicious fortune the Fifth had fought at Hanover, Pa., the first battle on free soil; it was the first Union regiment that crossed the Rapidan in Grant's campaign; it received the first shock at the battle of the Wilderness, and was the last to leave the field."

John G. Viall was appointed Second Lieutenant of Company H in December of 1861, First Lieutenant in September of 1862, and Captain in April of 1864. His father, William Viall, and his grandfather, John Greeley, had both seen service in the war of 1812, and his great-grandfather, John Greeley, fought as a boy at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Other Westport men in Company H were Abram Sherman, DeWitt Hooper, Thomas Ross and Andrew J. Daniels.

Napoleon Joubert belonged to the Fourth New York Cavalry.

William Sherman, brother of Abram, served upon the peninsula before Yorktown in the 16th Michigan Lancers.

Col. Francis L. Lee.

There is a book in the village library called "The Record of the Service of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in North Carolina, August 1862 to May 1863." It is dedicated "To the Memory of our Commander, Comrade and Friend, Colonel Francis L. Lee," stating the fact that Col. Lee died while the book was passing through the press. From these pages the following facts have been gathered.

Mr. Lee had been for years a member of the New England Guards, a military organization of Boston which was founded during the war of 1812, and which endured until September 1862, when it was merged into the Forty-fourth Massachusetts. When President Lincoln issued the call for three hundred thousand troops for nine months, August 4, 1862, Mr. Lee was at home with his family at Stony Sides. When he read the news of the President's call in the papers, he started immediately for Boston, which he reached on the evening of August 7, going at once to the armory where the Fourth Battalion were assembled. As he entered, the men were signing the roll for the new regiment, in the midst of cheers and enthusiasm. Mr. Lee was then Major, but soon afterward received his commission as colonel of the regiment, and on August 29 they went into camp

at Readville, near Boston, where they remained until they were ordered to the front October 23. We quote the "Record :"

"When we went to Readville, Colonel Lee was placed in command of camp, with military jurisdiction over a territorial radius of one mile. Although neither of our field officers believed in the principle of total abstinence, they realized the evil influence caused by undue indulgence in intoxicating drinks, and for this reason, as well as to set an example to the men under their command, they mutually resolved not to taste any wine or ardent spirits while they were in the service of the United States, a resolution to which they scrupulously adhered. Colonel Lee in particular felt very strongly about this matter, and waged a relentless war against 'traffickers in the ardent' who attempted to establish booths near our camp."

A large proportion of the Forty-fourth were Boston clerks, and there were seventy-five Harvard students in the regiment. Camp life was enlivened by concerts of classical music, and at one time a whole opera was composed and rendered by some of the soldiers for the entertainment of the rest. Their attention to their appearance on parade gave them the name of the "kid glove regiment," but it was acknowledged that there was the same thoroughness about their fighting. The Forty-fourth was assigned to the 2nd brigade, 4th division, 18th Army Corps, Department of North Carolina, and its chief service was in the operations about New Berne and Washington, N. C. Their

banner bears the names of "Kinston, Whitehall, Goldsboro, Dec. 1862," and "Washington, April, 1863." It was after this engagement of Washington, N. C., (called "Little Washington") that it was reported in the papers that Col. Lee had been killed. Not the least interesting page of the "Record" is that which contains portraits of the field and staff officers of the Forty-fourth, with the familiar figure of Colonel Lee in the centre, in his uniform, with sash and sword and military cap. The regiment was mustered out June 18, 1863.

Two men born in Westport attained to the rank of Brigadier-General after removing to other places. One was John Tyler Cutting, half-brother of Dr. Sewall S. Cutting, who served in the civil war from the state of California, and was for nine years connected with the National Guard of California as Lieutenant, Major, Colonel and Brigadier-General.

The other was Alonzo Alden, born at Wadhams Mills, July 18, 1834. His father was Isaac Alden, a descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower. Alonzo Alden graduated from Williams College in 1859 and entered the law office of Gale & Alden of Troy. In 1861 he received a commission as Lieut.-Colonel of the 169th N. Y. V. He led the charge of the regiment at Coal Harbor, Va., and was the first to stand on the works of the enemy, himself planting upon the redoubt the colors which he had snatched from the hand of the color bearer as he fell, shot dead. Lt. Col. Alden was at this time wounded in the head, but after two months at

home he returned to duty, this time as Colonel. He led the 169th at Fort Fisher, and when the fort was captured was placed in command of it. The enemy exploded a mine beneath the fort, and Colonel Alden with a hundred of his men was blown thirty feet in the air. From the injuries received at that time he never recovered, and in recognition of his bravery was brevetted Brigadier-General. The remainder of his life was spent in Troy, where he held the office of postmaster from 1866 to 1874.

A list of the daughters of Westport who have married military men would be interesting, but hard to make complete. The husband of Emeline Wadhams, John E. Burton, was Captain of the 11th N. Y. Independent Battery, Light Artillery, U. S. V., and was brevetted Major. The first husband of Frances Wadhams, George D. Davenport, was Captain of Co. B, 5th Vt. Vols., and was killed in action at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. Her second husband, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, was Captain of Co. G, 12th Vt. Vols., and afterward Governor of the state of Vermont.

The record of Captain Albion Varette Wadhams, U. S. N., is as follows: Appointed midshipman in the U. S. Navy, Sept. 24, 1864; graduated from the Naval Academy in 1868, promoted to Ensign April 19, 1869; to Master July 12, 1870; to Lieutenant March 25, 1875, to Lieut. Commander July 21, 1894, to Commander March 3, 1899, to Captain Dec. 27, 1904. The naval history of Captain Wadhams presents many picturesque details of service on all our foreign and home stations,

with presentations at courts and participation in many a sharp fight. During the Spanish war he was in command of the patrol of our coast from Mobile to Mexico. In 1893 he began lecturing upon his experiences in the navy, and has become famous as a public speaker. He makes his summer home at Wadhams Mills, and will sometimes entertain the people there who remember him as a boy with one of the lectures which he has delivered to large audiences all over the United States.

Albion James Wadhams, son of Captain Wadhams, entered the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis Sept. 4, 1891; graduated and was commissioned Ensign July 1, 1897, and Lieutenant, Junior Grade, July 1, 1900. Resigned May 5, 1901.

The Work of the Women.

And what part did our women take in the war, besides the involuntary role of waiting and weeping at home, with the whole interest of existence centered in the news from the front? We are fortunate in that this question can be fully answered, so far as details go, by the records of the Soldiers' Relief Society which was formed as soon as Company A had left for Saratoga. November 25, 1861, is the first date in the little manuscript book which is still preserved by the secretary of the society, and which has been kindly lent to the writer. The constitution is written out in full and the object of "The Ladies' Soldier's Relief Society of West-

port" thus defined: "To meet the present emergency, and respond to the call of the government for aid in relieving the wants of the sick and wounded in our army, and also to supply those who may need suitable clothing to make them comfortable." This was womanly work indeed, and it is plain that the society was faithful to its calling. The names of fifty women, and twenty-one men as honorary members, are written in the little book. Time goes so fast, and we have every reason to believe that it will go no more slowly after this book is printed than it has gone before, that I have added notes of explanation after each name, so far as I was able, so that after another fifty years these women may have yet some slight token of remembrance for the generation to whom they will be great-grandmothers. Every woman in her native town has (if she marries) two distinct names, her own, and her husband's. I have given both these names whenever I could.

Mrs. William Richards (Mary Ann Henderson). Her son Henry was in Co. A.

Mrs. Freeborn H. Page (Phebe Ann Viall). A brother in the Fifth N. Y. Cavalry.

Mrs. William Frisbie (Mary Orr.).

Mrs. Platt Sheldon (Asenath Braman). Two sons in the service, one killed.

Mrs. Henry Eddy (Marietta Hickok).

Mrs. Barton B. Richards (Almira Newell).

Mrs. Wm. Harris (Jane Rachel Kent).

Mrs. T. W. Harwood, wife of the Methodist minister.

Mrs. Harry J. Persons (Maria Holcomb). A son who died in hospital.

Mrs. Abiathar Pollard (Hannah Douglass).

Mrs. Reuben Whallon (Helen Mary Douglass).

Mrs. Harriet M. Todd (the village milliner).

Mrs. L. Edgerton (Lucetta Loveland).

Mrs. Willard Ingalls (Elizabeth Greeley).

Mrs. Ralph A. Loveland, (Harriet Kent).

Mrs. Victor Spencer (Augusta Kent).

Mrs. Aaron B. Mack (Jane McKinney).

Mrs. Edmund J. Smith (Emma Larrabee).

Mrs. William Wadhams (Emeline Cole).

Mrs. Joseph Williams (Elizabeth Sheldon).

Mrs. Guy Stevens (Mabel Stoddard). Two sons in the 77th.

Mrs. Isaac Lyon (Lucinda Holcomb). Her son William was killed in Virginia.

Mrs. Wm. H. Richardson (Elizabeth Spencer.)

Mrs. Miles M^F. Sawyer (Caroline Halstead). Four sons in the war, one killed.

Mrs. J. Nelson Barton (Phebe Maria Sawyer, her daughter.)

Mrs. William Davis.

Mrs. Albert P. Cole (Julia Hickok).

Mrs. S. McIntyre.

Mrs. Elijah Newell (Harriet Baker). Two sons in the Confederate service.

Mrs. Harriette Young. A son in the army.

Mrs. Alvin Davis. Son in the 77th.

Mrs. Samuel Root (Cynthia Fisher).

Mrs. R. Odell.

Mrs. Griffin.

Mrs. C. B. Hatch (Margaretta Winans).

Mrs. Potter.

Mrs. Tatro (husband in the 77th).

Mrs. Jerry Flinn. Her son Silas died in Salisbury,
N. C.

Mrs. Capt. Arnold (Marion Barber).

Mrs. A. N. Greeley.

Mrs. M. L. Daniels.

Miss Susan A. Roberts.

Miss M. A. Sheldon.

Miss A. Heath.

Miss H. Holcomb.

Miss Eliza M. Lyon, who afterward married Major
C. E. Stevens.

Miss M. M. Holcomb.

Miss Clara Spencer, a little girl six or seven years
old.

Miss Ann Gibbs, sister of Captain Gibbs.

Honorary Members.

Barton B. Richards, John J. Greeley, C. H. Eddy,
Victor Spencer, Aaron B. Mack, Rev. Mr. Harwood, of
the M. E. church, Orren Howard, Freeborn H. Page,
William Frisbie, Wm. H. Richardson, M. D., Lewis
Roe, D. L. Allen, L. B. Newell, just beginning his first
school in Westport, William Richards, J. W. Eddy,
William Merriam, Walter Douglass, Wallace Olds,
Jerry Flinn, Samuel Root, Henry Warren.

The articles collected and completed ready for pack-

ing at the fourth meeting of the society, Dec. 18, 1861, were as follows : 42 comfortables, 32 pillows and cases, 16 hospital shirts, 3 dressing gowns, 46 white linen towels, 22 brown towels, 50 pair mittens, 12 pair socks, 2 knit caps, 16 pocket handkerchiefs, a large quantity of lint and bandages, a large amount and variety of dried fruit, 1 cheese, 1 vol. military tactics, some other books and papers. This list represents a great many stitches taken by women's hands in a month's time, for not one article was factory made, and there was hardly a sewing machine in town,—indeed, I doubt if there was a single one. The record goes on : "Several gentlemen volunteered to assist in procuring boxes, marking, packing, etc. Mr. William Frisbie and Mr. Jerry Flinn both volunteered to carry the boxes to the express office in Vergennes, and Mr. Peter Ferris offered to ferry them across the lake free of charge. The two boxes were consigned to the care of Mr. Frisbie who carried them to Vergennes Monday morning, Dec. 23, 1861, and returned a receipt from the express office for the same. Collected \$11.50 to pay the express charges from Vergennes to Washington. The boxes were received in good order by Co A, 77th Reg't N. Y. S. V., to whom they were sent. After they were opened, the company at their evening dress parade gave nine hearty cheers for the Ladies of Westport, which were taken up and repeated by every company in the regiment. Many letters were written home by various members of the company overflowing with thanks, and stating that the gifts were appreciated as only soldiers upon the

tented field could appreciate such favors from friends at home."

The further records of this society, being probably kept upon loose sheets, have been lost, but their meetings and their work were continued. After three years the society was reorganized. It is well-known that the National Sanitary Commission was not thoroughly organized for the gigantic task of supplying the needs of our soldiers in camp and on the battle field until the last years of the war. The Secretary's book begins :

"According to previous notice the patriotic Ladies and Gentlemen of Westport convened in the Methodist church August 15, 1864. Mr. William Frisbie was called to the chair. C. H. Nash (the Baptist minister) elected secretary pro tem. After listening to interesting remarks from gentlemen present, the meeting proceeded to organize a Ladies' Society by electing the following officers :

Mrs. Ralph A. Loveland, President.

Mrs. F. H. Page, Vice-President.

Mrs. William Richards, Secretary.

Mrs. William Frisbie, Treasurer.

Directresses.

Mrs. William Harris.

Mrs. D. L. Allen (Clara Page).

Mrs. A. M. Olds.

Mrs. James Allen (Mary Cole).

Mrs. Mabel Stevens.

Mrs. Gold (wife of the Methodist minister).

Mrs. Harry Cole.

Mrs. Platt Sheldon.

Mrs. Henry E. Warren (Mina Frisbie).

Mrs. Samuel Root.

Miss Kate Allen (two brothers in the war).

Miss Delia Frisbie.

The names found in the list of members are, almost without exception, the same as those of the original society, with these added :

Mrs. Cephas Bradley.

Mrs. Noel Merrill (Pamela Cole). She had two sons and a brother in the army.

Mrs. Reuben Ingalls (Mandana Holt).

Mrs. James Barnes (her husband in the army).

Mrs. C. E. Stevens (Eliza Lyon, married since the organization of the first society).

Mrs. Warren Pooler.

Mrs. H. Cole.

Mrs. Gibbs.

Mrs. Albert Carpenter (Mary Sheldon).

Mrs. L. B. Newell (Sarah Purmort).

Mrs. Braisted.

Mrs. Alexander Stevenson.

Mrs. Ransom Floyd (Julia Allen, of Panton).

Mrs. Andrew Frisbie.

Mrs. William Douglass (Marian Havens).

Mrs. M. Howard.

Mrs. Angier.

Mrs. M. Hoisington.

Mrs. Stephen Wright (wife of the Baptist minister).

Mrs. Sturtevant.

Misses Almira Greeley, Sarah Lyon, Frances Loveland, Libbie Loveland, Clara Spencer, Frances Richards, Lillian C. Richards, H. Sturtevant, C. Harris, Louise Olds, Louise Dorman, Louise Allen, Alzoa Reed, Carrie Wright, Nona Gold, Juliette Gold, Martha Young, Theresa Clark, Jennie Cole, Louise Cole, Helen Burt.

Additional honorary members : Rev. Mr. Gold, Rev. C. H. Nash, Aaron Clark, Douglass Low, Henry H. Richards, John H. Sawyer, Albert P. Cole, Erastus Loveland, William Harris, E. Frapier, A. M. Olds, Orange Gibbs, Isaac D. Lyon, M. D. Howard, H. B. Howard, Peter Ferris, Charles H. Pattison, William J. Cole, Laurens White, Peter Bacon, Reuben Ingalls, G. W. Stranahan, Lorenzo Gibbs, John Osborne, O. Bennett, Frank H. Eddy, Percival P. Hatch, Charles W. Low, J. H. Dorman, Mr. Mitchell, A. Viall, L. Avery, A. Stringham.

The name of the new society was "The Ladies' Soldiers Relief Society Auxiliary to the Christian Commission of the United States" It was addressed once or twice by speakers sent out by the Christian Commission from its headquarters at Philadelphia, and it was to Philadelphia that the boxes of supplies were sent. The committee for drafting the constitution of the society consisted of Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Ralph Loveland, Mrs. William Richards and Mrs. Victor Spencer, with the Rev. Mr. Gold and Mr. L. B. Newell. The committee appointed to pack and forward the first boxes of supplies was Mrs. F. H. Page, Mrs. V. Spencer and Mrs. C. E.

Stevens. "On motion Messrs. B. B. Richards and E. H. Page were invited to assist the committee by furnishing boxes, marking, etc., which assistance was cheerfully rendered." Four boxes were forwarded Sept. 1, 1864, and two afterward, containing articles similar to those in the first which were sent, with some additions, especially currant wine and blackberry cordial. One day all the young people of the village went into the back part of the town to pick blackberries which were made into cordial and sent to the soldiers. On October 21 a festival was held in the basement of the M. E. church at which the ladies served ice-cream, cake and fruit. The two young ladies appointed to solicit contributions were Frances Loveland and Frances Richards. At the festival \$114.25 was raised, and \$100.00 immediately sent to the Christian Commission. In about two months the society raised \$176.05, besides the supplies sent in six boxes. Once a piece of sheeting containing thirty-eight yards was purchased "to make into garments for hospital purposes," and the bill was \$21.00, making the price of cotton cloth at that time a little over fifty-five cents a yard, the quality probably no better than that for which we now pay seven cents. At one time one hundred pounds of dried fruit and eight gallons of blackberry cordial and currant wine were sent to the soldiers.

This was the first woman's society ever organized (I suppose) in Westport, brought about by the pressure of a nation's need for woman's work. Public meetings were held in both churches, often addressed by speak-

ers from abroad. The meetings for sewing and the transaction of business were held in the basements of the churches, and in the "Reclabites' Hall" over C. B. Hatch's store. These details, so dry to a stranger, are full of life to one who can remember the women as they sat at work together, talking about battles and camps and hospitals, and dropping many a tear upon the shirts and the mittens. In those days they all wore hoops, and dresses were often flounced from hem to waist. The hats were tiny flat things, and the hair was worn in a large braided coil at the back of the head, called a "chignon."

The figures which have been given by no means represent all the supplies actually sent, as there were many individual contributions, and there was a large amount of work done at Wadhams, although there seems to have been no regularly organized society there. One piece of the women's work has been more lasting than the rest, a quilt which was made up and sent to the boys of Company A. The blocks were pink, and in the centre of each was a square of white muslin. Each woman took one block to make, and when it was done she wrote her name in indelible ink on the white square. Can you imagine the soldiers bending over it when it came and reading the different names? At the end of the war the company gave this quilt to Mrs. A. W. Fay, of Jay, the wife of a soldier in the 118th, who accompanied her husband through most of the campaigns. She brought it home with her to Essex County, and has caused it to be exhibited at the County Fair, where it

has been the object of much interest, especially to Westport women.

Although so far from the land of slavery, Westport had at least one contraband of war added to her population. When Dr. Platt R. H. Sawyer came home from the war he brought with him a black boy named William Mallory, who had come into the Union camp, and had attached himself to the doctor as a kind of body-servant. Few Westport children had at that time ever seen a colored man, and the writer well remembers the interest excited by the arrival of William, who remained for some time in the family. He was very quiet and well mannered, and often admonished us children in points of etiquette. Many years afterward, in 1904, I visited Virginia, and the name of Mallory Avenue in the village of Hampton reminded me of the William of my childhood. I began making inquiries, and I found an old colored man who told me that he had known William Mallory well, that he returned to Virginia, married, lived to middle age, died, and was buried in the graveyard of old St. John's church.

After the war the S. C. Dwyer Post of the G. A. R. was established, embracing the towns of Elizabethtown, Lewis and Westport. Memorial Day exercises are held in rotation in the villages of Lewis, E'town Westport and Wadhams. Successive Commanders of the Post have been Oscar A. Phinney, Daniel F. Payne, C. Wesley Daniels, Henry H. Richards, Daniel S. French and Alembert J. Durand.

Especially interesting Memorial exercises were held

in the Westport High School in 1902, at which many of the old soldiers were present, and addressed the children upon the subject of their life in the army. Major Stevens read a written account of the history of Company A of the 77th, which has been the basis of the sketch given in this book. One remarkable fact connected with these exercises was that the President of the Board of Education, sitting upon the platform with the gray-headed Union soldiers,—Dr. J. W. M. Shattuck,—was in the Confederate service as a medical officer during the war. He was born in Vermont, but was living in Mississippi at the time of the outbreak of hostilities, and returned to the north some time after the close of the war. Several young men born in Westport fought under the Stars and Bars. Charles and Henry Newell, sons of Elijah Newell, were living in Louisiana at the opening of the war, and cast in their lot with the people with whom they lived. This was also true of Gideon, son of Benjamin Warren.

And so the war was over, and once more the town life went on in the old, well worn way, tilling the soil, trading for the necessaries of life, and keeping up the traditions of old time in the yearly election of town officers.

1866.

Town Meeting held in the Armory.
Samuel Root, Supervisor.
Reuben J. Ingalls, Clerk.
Aaron Clark and Dan F. Payne, Justices.
Israel Pattison, Assessor.
William O. Nichols, Collector.

Charles A. Sweat, Highway Commissioner.

Peter Ferris and Charles C. Dunster, Poor Masters.

A. C. Hall and Albert Pierce, Inspectors of Election.

Hosea B. Howard, Harvey Pierce, Charles H. Sweat, Charles W. Holcomb, Peter Joubert, Constables.

Pathmasters.—O. B. Howard, Granville Stone, R. W. Arnold, William O. Nichols, George W. Pattison, C. W. Holcomb, William Richards, P. D. Merriam, William T. Williams, James M. Whallon, E. D. Sturtevant, Eli Farnsworth, Edwin Kidder, Sylvester Young, Richard Eggleston, Ephraim Hill, Harvey Smith, Julius Vaughan, Herri-man Daniels, Albert Carpenter, J. J. Greeley, F. B. Howard, Solomon Stockwell, Luman Hubbard, J. F. Braisted, James E. Smith, Joseph Hodgkins, Jerome Baily, William Pierce, Webster Royce, Riley Palmer, Jerome B. Baily.

Survey bill of a road leading westerly from W. P. & P. D. Merriam's Coal Kilns to the west line of Westport, beginning at a point west of said Merriams' store at the center of the highway, etc.

Survey bill of a road leading northerly from the town line between Westport and Moriah by the new Furnace, and intersecting the road running from Merriam's Coal Kilns to the West line of Westport, beginning where the road crosses the town line, near a large rock marked T.J. Surveyed by R. H. Lee.

"The New Furnace" here mentioned in the bare chronicle of the road surveys means the iron furnace in the southwest corner of the town, surrounded by the little mushroom settlement which is known in Westport as "Seventy-five," though perhaps more commonly called "Fletcherville" in Moriah. The iron works are thus described in Watson's history, published in 1869.

"This furnace is situated seven and a half miles northwest of Port Henry. It is owned by Messrs. S. H. & J. G. Witherbee & F. P. Fletcher; its erection was commenced in 1864, and it was blown in in August, 1865. The stack is of stone, and the boiler house of brick. The height of the furnace is forty-two feet, and

the width of the boshes eleven feet. Steam is the motive power of the works, and charcoal the only fuel consumed. This is burnt in ten large kilns, capable of containing sixty-five cords of wood. Nearly fifty bushels of charcoal is yielded in these kilns by every cord of seasoned wood. The company own extensive ranges of timber land, which supplies the material for the kilns. The average product per week of this furnace has been at some periods seventy-six and a half tons per week. A large proportion of the iron produced here is manufactured in the Bessemer works of Troy. Mr. Thomas F. Weatherbee, is the resident agent and manager at this furnace."

In the Essex County history of 1885 this furnace is not so much as mentioned, and it was probably not in operation more than ten years, perhaps not so long as that. None of the ore used in this furnace was obtained from Westport mines, although a shaft was sunk on Westport territory a little west of the school house at Seventy-five, to be soon abandoned and known henceforth by the descriptive title of the "Humbug mine." Ores from the Moriah mines were worked up as long as the furnace ran, and when it had devoured all the wood upon the mountains for miles around, it stopped for want of fuel, and the machinery was afterward removed. The furnace is now a heap of ruins, and the settlement another "Deserted Village" of the Adirondacks.

Much more nearly affecting Westport as a town was another iron enterprise, entirely distinct from the his-

tory of the Moriah mines, which stirred the sleepy little village of the days directly after the war into a momentary activity. As early as 1864 a company known as the Lake Champlain Ore and Iron Company, purchased an interest in most of the Elizabethtown mines and forges, which had been in operation, more or less, since the establishment of a forge at New Russia, on the Boquet in 1802. This company was closely connected with the banking firm of Jay Cook & Co. of Philadelphia, which had been the agent of the United States for the war loans during the Civil War. Its representative in this region was Mr. R. Remington, who came first to Elizabethtown, and operated there for two or three years, buying the Haasz, Burt, Steel, Odell and Mitchell ore beds, besides the Valley Forge on the Boquet, the Kingdom or Noble Forge on the Black, and eleven thousand acres of woodland, investing, it is said, \$100,000 in the whole. An ore bed in Westport was also purchased, lying high up on the side of Campbell Hill, just north of Nichols pond. This bed had been opened before 1850, and the ore worked up in the Valley Forge, on the Boquet, with considerable success. It is said to have made iron of a very fine grain, and extraordinarily ductile. Since these are the qualities of the famous Norway iron, the new owners of the mine called it the Norway bed. It lies on lots Nos. 166 and 168, Iron Ore Tract, not far from Elizabethtown line. There are two openings, the northern of which, according to the Bulletin of the New York State Museum, published 1895.

shows the most valuable body of ore in the town of Westport.

In 1868 the Lake Champlain Ore & Iron Company bought the Halstead house and land, between Main street and the lake shore, (now the grounds of the Westport Inn,) and also the William J. Cutting place at the head of Liberty street, upon which are now found the golf links. Additional territory along the lake front was obtained by the purchase of a narrow strip from Minerva Clark, whose house stood on Main street, and a number of acres from Israel Pattison. In the fall of 1869 a large furnace was built upon the lake shore, and a wharf thrown out a little to the north of it. Liberty street was opened to the lake for the first time, to give access to the wharf and furnace, and the company made a road from Main street to their works. The furnace stood upon the line between the Halstead property and the land south of it. It was not so large nor so expensive as the Sisco furnace at Jacksonville, built twenty years before, and it manufactured but a small quantity of iron, never making large shipments. For the masonry of the works the Gibbs brothers of Westport,—Orange Gibbs being the head of this firm,—were employed by the contractors.

The furnace was named, I think, the Norway Furnace, but the village people always called it the New Furnace, and the wharf the New Wharf. The ore which was made into iron here came from the Elizabethtown mines, and from the Norway bed at Nichols pond. The transportation of the ore to the furnace was the great-

est problem of the enterprise, and one which the company never solved. There was no railroad through Essex county then, and all the iron manufactured must go south by water, on canal boats, from the company's wharf. The ore lay on a mountainside sixteen hundred feet higher than the furnace, and about five miles away in an air-line, but no one expected the ore to come down on an air-line. A separator was built on the shore of the pond, below the mine, and a tram-road was planned to run from the separator to the furnace, crossing the highway near the McMahon place. It was to be ballasted with tailings from the mine, and it crossed an arm of the pond. The rails were actually laid as far as the highway, and some cars of the separated ore were run down, and their contents loaded upon wagons to be carried to the furnace, but the work was abandoned before the road was put in good working condition. This tram road was laid out to pass within forty rods of the Merriam mine, which had been opened in 1867, on lot No. 165, south of the Norway mine, but although some of the ore from the Merriam was transported to Merriam's Forge, (a distance of ten miles or more,) it was all carried on the town's highway.

Two years from the time that the Norway Furnace was erected, it was evident that Westport need hope for no era of prosperity from the development of her iron mines by the Lake Champlain Ore & Iron Company. The history of the enterprise is simply the history of an experiment, and one which proved signally unsuccessful, the net results to the town being little

more than one or two additions to her interesting collection of ruins. The failure of the firm of Jay Cook & Co., on Sept. 19, 1873,—the “Black Friday” which began the disastrous panic of that year,—occurred some time after the business in Westport had been suspended, and there is no connection between the two events. The separator on the shore of the lonely pond and the furnace far below on the shore of the lake were suffered to fall slowly in decay, the machinery rusting with neglect and damp. For years it was a favorite pretext for an idle stroll to wander down to the shore and look around the New Furnace, which lay open to any visitor. In the map of 1876 four buildings are shown still standing at that time, but in 1887 the last traces of the unsightly ruins were removed.

Eventually most of the property passed into the hands of a company with a slightly different name,—the Lake Champlain Ore Company, but the Halstead house stood in the name of the F. P. Fletcher estate. The Pattison farm returned to its owner through foreclosure. Mr. John A. Griswold, the great iron manufacturer of Troy, undertook the settlement of the business in Westport, and afterward Gen. Marvin, also one of the iron men of Troy, owned the Halstead property, and when the house was converted into a hotel, in 1876, it was called the Marvin House, on this account.

Mr. R. Remington, the agent of the company, during his residence in Westport boarded with Mrs. Harriet Sheldon in the Cutting house. This house was also connected with the history of the Sisco furnace,

since it was occupied for five or six years by Hon. George W. Goff, when he owned the property at Jacksonville. Mr. Remington was a gentleman in the first stages of consumption when he came into the Adirondacks, and after the conclusion of the business, (about 1871) he started for California, but died upon the way thither. Various people connected with the iron works lived in the Halstead and the Cutting houses, among others Mr. Schubert, and Mr. Crowley, of Baltimore, who built the tram road.

It cannot have been long after the enterprise of the Norway Furnace that the Split Rock ore bed was opened, on the steep lakeward side of the mountains, directly opposite Fort Cassin. It is said that William M. Tweed, the famous Grand Sachem of Tammany, invested funds, public or private, in this mine, but his connection with it cannot have been of long duration, as his dramatic downfall and imprisonment occurred in 1871. After the railroad, in 1876, opened communication with the south, some Albany parties worked the mine and built the separator on the water's edge, the ore sliding down from the mine by gravity. The boarding house was built then, and the workmen's houses, on a narrow shelf seven hundred feet above the lake, reached from the wharf by long flights of ladderlike stairs, with hundreds of steps. The landward approach was across the Split Rock range from the Essex highway.

We must not leave this year without its record of the first match game of modern base ball ever played in

the county, between the Adirondacks of Elizabethtown and the Monitors of Westport, in July, at the county seat. The Monitors who played that day were R. W. Arnold, C. E. Stevens, George, Charles and Warren Pattison, Rush and Harvey Howard, Henry Merrill and Henry Sheldon, with Jim Barnes as one of the scorers.

1867.

Town Meeting held in the Armory.

Samuel Root, Supervisor.

George W. Cole, Clerk.

James A. Allen, Justice.

Eli Farnsworth, Assessor.

William O. Nichols, Collector.

Levi Frisbie, Albert Carpenter, Edward Kidder, Highway Commissioners.

B. A. Barrett, Charles W. Holcomb, Poor Masters.

Charles E. Stevens, Ansel C. Hall, Hinkley Coll, Inspectors of Election.

Edwin B. Low, Charles W. Holcomb, Edwin Lawrence, Charles H. Sweet, Constables.

Pathmasters.—Henry Sheldon, Melvin Carpenter, Henry E. Warren, Major Barber, Augustus P. Holt, Charles W. Holcomb, A. C. Lewis, P. D. Merriam, Alden Sibley, Cyrus B. Royce, Henry Lafayette, Dorr Howard, Charles C. Dunster, Dewitt Hooper, D. R. Woodruff, Ephraim Hill, Harvey Smith, Julius Vaughan; Herriman Daniels, E. J. Smith, Eleazer Welch, Alvin Burt, Solomon Stockwell, Lewis Cleland or J. Ferris, J. F. Braisted, John E. Smith, Orrin Taylor, Guy Frisbie, Martin Pierce, John Fortune, Jerome B. Bailey, D. L. Allen.

April 23 an election was held to choose delegates to the Constitutional Convention. Whole number of votes given for Senatorial Delegates to the Convention, 121.

In March of 1867 the M. E. church was rededicated, having been enlarged and remodeled the previous year. Twenty feet were added to its length, and the expense of the alterations amounted to \$4000. The pastor at

this time was the Rev. David Lytle. At the rededication services, the Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D., of Troy, and the Rev. J. E. Bowen, presiding elder of the Plattsburg District, were present. The trustees were D. L. Allen, Samuel Root, P. D. Merriam, William Frisbie, Aaron Clark, and C. W. Holcomb. The committee on repairs, Samuel Root, P. D. Merriam, and D. L. Allen. Aaron Clark was the builder, all the work being done under his supervision. This was now the leading church, in numbers and wealth, as it has since remained. In 1881 the membership was two hundred and fourteen.

1868.

Town Meeting held in the Armory.

Barton B. Richards, Supervisor.

Henry H. Richards, Clerk.

Philetus D. Merriam, Justice.

Alvin Burt, Assessor.

William O. Nichols, Collector.

James M. Whallon, Highway Commissioner.

Charles W. Holcomb and Kittredge Cross, Poor Masters.

Hinckley Coll, Cyrus W. Richards, Laureus H. White, Inspectors of Election.

William O. Nichols, Charles W. Holcomb, J. C. Osborne, Frank Sweatt, Alfred E. Williams, Constables.

Harvey Pierce appointed constable.

For this year we will give the names of the pathmasters in connection with the road district in which each one lived. Since the adoption, in 1903, of the new system of road working, these road districts are no longer important as actual divisions, but are given as so much ancient history. In another half century the names and places mentioned will have a quaint interest for the inheritors of the soil of Westport.

Boundaries of Road Districts:

No. 1. Beginning at the north line of Platt Sheldon's farm, and running to the south line of O. B. Howard's farm. Pathmaster, *Orren B. Howard*,

2. Beginning at the town line, running north to the south line of Samuel Root's farm. *Henry Stone*.

3. Beginning at the south line of Samuel Root's farm, and running north to the north line of Charles Pattison's farm, including the road from Coll's Mills to the Warren school house. *Charles H. Pattison*.

4. At the house of James W. Coll, running east and north by Archibald Pattison's to the south line of A. P. Holt's farm, including the road to Barber's Point and Young's Bay. *Henry Frisbie*.

5. At the north line of Charles Pattison's farm, running north to the west end of the bridge, thence south along the plank road to James A. Allen's wharf, thence up the hill to the west corner of Page and Eddy's store; including road from Nelson Barton's wheelwright shop to Charles H. Eddy's by N. J. Barton's house; also from the guide board at A. P. Holt's on the lake road to the south line of A. P. Holt's farm. *Israel Pattison*.

6. At the forks of the road near Patrick Boyle's house, running east to the forks of the road near the gate. *Enoch Gregory*.

7. At the top of the hill in front of the Union School house, running north by the "half way rock" near Asa Viall's; also the road running northeast to the brook crossing the road near the house of A. A. Allen. *Almon A. Allen*.

8. At the bridge near the Moses Felt place, running north by Merriam's Forge until it intersects the road leading from Wadhams Mills to Essex; including as much of said road as lies between a well situated a few rods west of P. D. Merriam's house, and the town line.

William P. Merriam.

9. At the brook near Almond Allen's house, running north to the north line of T. Pottery's farm, including the road running west by Asahel Havens to the Moses Felt bridge.

William T. Williams.

10. At the north line of T. Pottery's farm, running north to the north line of the town near Whallonsburg, including the road to M. P. Whallons.

Cyrus B. Royce.

11. At the forks of the road near the Angier school house, running north to the town line, including the road by Webster Royce's to the town line.

Henry Lafayette.

12. From the half way rock north to the town line near John R. Whitney's including the road from the grist mill up the hill to the forks of the road where the Presbyterian church formerly stood; also the road leading west, a little north of Elijah Wright's, to the east line of Henry Betts' lot.

William Lawrence.

13. From the corner of the road at the Exchange Hotel, east to a well situated a few rods west of buildings now occupied by P. D. Merriam, including the road past Henry Dunster's to the Felt Bridge, and the road to Benjamin's Hardy's.

Edwin Ames.

14. From the corner where the Presbyterian church formerly stood, west of Sylvester Young's to the plank

road, including the road from District No. 27 to Joseph Hodgkins. *Joseph Hodgkins.*

15. From the corner where the Presbyterian church formerly stood, west to the east line of Isaac Johnson's farm, including the road running north past A. Hartwell's to the north line. *D. R. Woodruff.*

16. From the Widow Bowers' place, south across the plank road to the run near old Southwell place. *Howard Farnsworth.*

17. From the forks of the road near Samuel Storrs', east by Harvey Smith's to the road from the Willard Hartwell place to Julius Vaughan's. *Edgar Hill.*

18. From Julius Vaughan's west line, east to John Bromley's house. *Marcus J. Hoisington.*

19. From Julius Vaughan's west line, west to the bridge near Meigs' Forge, thence south to the Steel Mill. *Herriman Daniels.*

20. From the southeast corner of Harry J. Persons' hotel, west and south to the south line of D. M. Howard's farm. *D. Mansfield Howard.*

21. From D. M. Howard's house, west to M. J. Hoisington's including the road from Abram Greeley's to Eleazar Welch's west line. *J. J. Greeley.*

22. From Orren Howard's south line, south to the town line. *Alvin Burt.*

23. From the corner of the road near the Stevenson school house, west to the town line. *Orsemus Stockwell.*

24. From the bridge at Brainerd's Forge, northeast

to the town line near Clelands, and from Lee Prouty's across to I. Johnson's. *Julius Ferris.*

25. From the Felt bridge south to A. A. Allen's. *Abram Sherman, Jr.*

26. From near Abram Greeley's, west to W. P. Merriam's west line on the mountain. *John E. Smith.*

27. From the corner near I. Johnson's, south to the north line of District No. 14. *Leonard Taylor.*

28. From the corner near Julius Vaughan's, north to the plank road. *Martin Vaughan.*

29. From the corner near Brainard's Forge, south by Sam Pierce's to the north line of Widow Bowers, also from the bridge at Brainard's Forge east to the line of Isaac Johnson. *Rufus Hodgkins.*

30. From the south line of John Mather's land to the south line of the town of Essex. *John Fortune.*

31. From the west line of Wm. P. Merriam's mountain, south to the Seventy-five Furnace. *Thomas With-
erbee.*

33. From the plank road near Charles Holcomb's, east to D. L. Allen's wharf, thence south by Allen's store, and west through the lane to the main road, between D. S. McLeod and William Barnard. *William W. Olds.*

On August 27, 1868, the school district at Seventy-five was formed, and called No. 14. The consenting trustees were Walter Tefft of Moriah, William F. Hanchett of Elizabethtown, and Alvin Burt, Melvin Carpenter and John Stevenson of Westport. H. Riley Palmer was resident at Seventy-five.

Statement of result of General Election, Nov. 3
 Whole number of votes for Governor;—for John A. Griswold, 252; for John T. Hoffman, 135. Vote for Inspector of State Prisons, 386; for Henry A. Barnum, 242; for David B. McNeil, 144. Votes for Member of Assembly, 386; for Samuel Root, 257; for Abiathar Pollard, 139.

Thus we see that Col. Root went to the Assembly this year, as he also did in 1869.

1869.

Town Meeting held at the Armory.

Lewis H. Roe, Supervisor.

Edwin B. Low, Clerk.

Cyrenus R. Payne, Justice.

Israel Pattison, Assessor.

Henry H. Merrill, Collector.

Marcus Storrs and Charles C. Dunster, Highway Commissioners.

Harley Clark and Samuel Pierce, Poor Masters.

James E. Barnes, George A. Skinner and Hinkley Coll. Inspectors of Election.

Pathmasters.—William Floyd, Alexander Stevenson, Henry Warren, Henry B. Merrill, H. B. Howard, Enoch Gregory, Asa Viall, P. D. Merriam, Edmund Floyd, James M. Whallon, Henry Lafayette, Orrin F. Hardy, R. Hustis, Artemas Hartwell, Harvey Drake, Franklin Vaughan, Patrick Boyle, Heman Franklin, Albert Carpenter, Warren Pooler, Henry Stone, Orlin Stockwell, George Palmer, Abram Sherman, John E. Smith, Ozro Taylor, Col. Bennett, Martin Pierce, John Fortune, Thomas Witherbee, D. L. Allen.

In July D. L. Allen was appointed Assessor.

In October Harvey Pierce was appointed Constable. J. H. Allen, Justice.

This year's supervisor, Lewis H. Roe, was a nephew of the Hon. George W. Goff, and succeeded him in the

management of the Sisco furnace and the property at Jacksonville. The Roes came from Scotland to America about 1730, and settled in Orange county, N. Y., before the Revolution. The first immigrant was Jesse Roe, and his son, Captain Nathaniel Roe, was one of first settlers of Chester, N. Y. His son Daniel was the father of Dr. Genest Roe, who married Elizabeth Goff, sister of George W., Robert, and Sophia, who married Silas H. Witherbee. The children of Dr. Genest Roe were: Lewis H., George G.; Alice, who married Prof. E. J. Owen; Sophia, who married Jonathan G. Witherbee of Port Henry; Mary, who married John W. Whitehead of Port Henry; and Jennie, who married Charles E. Hall of Philadelphia. Mrs. Elizabeth Roe lived at Jacksonville until her death, and her daughter, Mrs. Hall, now owns the place. Mrs. Hall's daughters are Sophia and Josephine, the latter now Mrs. Robertson Marshall.

In April of 1869 occurred the great flood upon Mill Brook in Moriah, caused by the rapid melting of the snow with heavy rains.

1870.

Town Meeting held at the Armory.

Lewis H. Roe, Supervisor.

James H. Allen, Clerk.

Edwin B. Low, Justice.

William B. Lawrence and Milo Gibbs, Assessors.

James E. Barnes, Collector.

Levi Frisbie, Highway Commissioner.

Peter Ferris and Edwin Kidder, Poor Masters.

Charles E. Stevens, Orrin Hardy and Cyrus Richards, Inspectors of Election.

Harvey Pierce, James E. Barnes, Enoch Gregory, Richard Brown, Alvin Davis, Constables.

Pathmasters.—Henry Sheldon, Alexander Stevenson, Charles Pattison, Archibald Pattison, Israel Pattison, Enoch Gregory, Joshua Bennett, William P. Merriam, William T. Williams, Cyrus B. Royce, Henry Lafayette, Henry Betts, Cyrenus R. Reed, D. Hooper, G. H. Pierce, Ephraim Hill, Henry Willard, Barney Boyle, Charles Patten, Harvey Howard, Warren Pooler, F. B. Howard, Orin Stockwell, George Palmer, J. F. Braisted, John E. Smith, Ozro Taylor, John Quincy Adams, J. T. Johnson, John Fortune, Sorel Fountain, M. Flinn.

D. F. Payne was appointed Assessor in place of William Lawrence, who refused to serve. Israel Pattison was appointed Assessor in the place of Milo Gibbs, who refused to serve. William Joiner appointed Constable.

This year it was found necessary to purchase a new book for the keeping of the town records, which is still in use. The present writer has not performed the labor of copying the records in the new book, leaving that for a future volume and (probably) a future historian. The supervisors and town clerks for the past thirty-two years have been as follows :

1871. Town meeting in the Armory. Edwin B. Low, Supervisor. Twenty-four years before this his father, John H. Low, had held the same office. The Lows, father and son, were also justices of the town for the greater part of the lives of each, doing much of the legal business required in the vicinity. James H. Allen, Clerk.

1872. In the Armory. William P. Merriam, Supervisor. James H. Allen, Clerk.

1873. In the Armory. William P. Merriam, Supervisor. James H. Allen, Clerk. Resigning in May,

probably to remove to Port Henry, his father, D. L. Allen, was appointed Clerk in his place.

1874. In the Town Hall, meaning that the Armory had been purchased by the town, and was now called the Town Hall. Samuel Root, Supervisor. Frank H. Eddy, clerk.

1875. Daniel F. Payne, Supervisor. William C. Pollard, Clerk. This was the son of Dr. Abiathar Pollard.

1876. Andrew J. Daniels, Supervisor. William C. Pollard, Clerk. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Daniels was the first one of the only two Democrats who have been elected supervisor since the war. Westport is solidly and stolidly Republican and conservative, as the election returns for forty years will show, and when a Democrat is elected to office it may fairly be taken to indicate the popularity of the candidate.

1877. Charles D. Sprague, Supervisor. Charles Edson Stevens, Clerk.

1878. Charles D. Sprague, Supervisor. Charles Edson Stevens, Clerk.

1879. Samuel Root, Supervisor. M. Judson Hickok, Clerk.

1880. Merritt A. Clark, Supervisor. Frank H. Eddy, Clerk, and re-elected to this office, with the exception of one year, for twenty-one years, to the time of his death, in 1901.

1881. Merritt A. Clark.

1882. Charles D. Sprague.

1883. Merritt A. Clark.

1884. Daniel F. Payne.

1885. Freeborn H. Page.

1886. Freeborn H. Page.

1887. Freeborn H. Page.

1888. Henry H. Richards. Mr. Richards is the second Democrat elected to this office in the term of years mentioned.

1888. Ellery J. Sherman. This year the town meeting was held for the first time in the new Library building, which had been opened the preceding summer, and each town meeting since that time has been held in the same place.

1890. Ellery J. Sherman.

1891. Ellery J. Sherman.

1892. Daniel F. Payne, Supervisor. Low E. Fuller. Clerk.

1893. Daniel F. Payne, Supervisor. Frank H. Eddy, Clerk.

1894. Luther Boardman Newell, Supervisor. This was the last election under the old law of annual town meetings. Henceforth all town officers held office for two years. Mr. Newell dying in office, Mr. Augustus P. Holt was appointed Supervisor in his place.

1896. Augustus P. Holt.

1898. Augustus P. Holt.

1901. Samuel H. Hodgkins. The Town Clerk, Mr. Frank H. Eddy, dying in office, Mr. George B. Richards, his brother-in-law, was appointed in his place.

Justices of the peace since 1879 have been William Douglass, C. Wesley Daniels, James A. Allen, Fred V.

Lester, Charles C. Dunster, Frank B. Royce, Scott E. Phinney, James E. Patten, and Case Howard, the last four now holding office.

1870-1875.

The five years from 1870 to 1875 complete the history of the Old Westport,—the Westport without a railroad, and without a summer season devoted to strangers. Dull and listless was the little place, with the Days of Lumber far back in history, and the Days of Iron just acknowledged as hopelessly past, although there was in reality another decade of iron production in the near future. One event of this short period was the building of the lighthouse at Barber's Point in 1873.

Split Rock light had burned for twenty-five years and that at Crown Point for fifteen, but there was as yet no guide for a midnight mariner seeking to enter Northwest bay. The light of Barber's Point is visible fifteen miles, and the tower is eighty-three feet high, forming part of the dwelling of the keeper. The whole structure is of stone, built at the top of a steep descent into deep water, where the scarred rocks show tremendous action of water and ice, exposed as they are to the full force of the strongest winds, waves and currents found upon the whole length of the lake. From the land the place is easily accessible, and a charming spot. The first keeper of the light was Sergeant James E. Barnes, an old soldier who had lost one leg in the service, and the present one is Major C. E. Stevens of the 77th N. Y. V.

In the spring of 1875, just as the ice was breaking up in the lake, the Hunter house was burned upon North Shore, at Hunter's bay. It occurred in the evening, and the unwonted light was soon observed from the village. It was two miles away by water and four by land, but men ran down to the boat houses on the shore and took out the boats which had lain there all winter, launched them and pushed off, making their way as best they could with lanterns between the floating cakes of ice. Others hastened to the scene by land, but no one arrived in time to be of material assistance, as the house with nearly all its contents burned to the ground. Mr. Hunter was at the time a helpless invalid, and Mrs. Hunter, before any help came, had herself brought him out to a place of safety, then returning for a box of valuable papers she was overcome and fell to the floor insensible. At this moment the farmer who lived in the farmhouse upon the place arrived, and going into the burning house discovered Mrs. Hunter upon the floor and brought her out. The house was not rebuilt until 1902.

Also upon North Shore, that same summer, the steamer Champlain was wrecked. In those days, before the railroad was built upon our side of the lake, there were two regular line steamers touching at our wharf daily, a day boat and a night boat. The night boat was the Champlain, making her landing at near midnight. One clear, still, moonlight night near the middle of July she touched at our wharf, discharging freight and passengers, the latter numbering several of the

first summer boarders who had found us out. The steamer went on her way, but when she came to the northern point of the bay, just beyond Rock Harbor, a place where her course lay close under the shore, and in water two or three hundred feet deep, she failed to make the necessary turn around the point, and ran upon it, the force of her engines lifting her out of the water as her bow slid up upon a shelving rock. There she hung over a backbone of rock, her great timbers straining and breaking amidships, with her bow out of the water and the waves washing in at the stern windows, and setting the dining room afloat. There was no panic among the crew, and the passengers were soon set ashore in safety, the gang-plank being run out to the shore, quite in the ordinary way, with trunks and valises following as though lake steamers commonly made landings at midnight on lonely and uninhabited shores, with bewildered passengers hustled off to sit on the rocks until morning. Soon after daybreak the tug A. Williams came along and was signalled alongside the wreck, and the passengers transferred to her deck for the continuance of the voyage.

Perhaps the very tameness of this shipwreck, in which no lives were lost, gave rise to the story that it was premeditated, and a neat device of the Transportation Company to obtain the insurance of an old boat. For my part, I have never been able to believe it possible that men would so risk their own lives in so dangerous an experiment. Close off the point upon which the Champlain struck, the water measures from one

hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth, smooth rocks dropping sheer down beneath the water, and had she rebounded as she struck, or had she struck only a few feet farther from shore, she would have sunk out of sight with all on board as soon as she could have filled with water. If it was planned, it was well planned, and an example of the fine art of wrecking. Captain George Rushlow was then in command of the *Champlain*, and the pilot was John Eldridge. The latter left the boat instantly as soon as she struck, made his way to the shore and wandered off into the woods upon the mountain sides. At daybreak he came to the house of Col Lee, about four miles from the scene of the wreck, seeming to be completely lost, and too much dazed to be able to give a clear account of his recent experience. All this served to give a touch of mystery to the event which greatly added to the enjoyment of the village people as they rose to the comprehension of the fact that this startling occurrence, a genuine hopeless, disastrous wreck, had been sent to these shores by that especial Providence which sometimes remembers the *Places Where Things Never Happen*. It was printed in the New York papers that there had been a Wreck near Westport, and we felt that now we might dare to defy Oblivion. There was a distinct sense of wistful regret that the wreck in itself had not been more shocking, so as to attract more attention in foreign parts, but we made the most of the story as it was. On the program of the next school exhibition, arranged by a teacher with a fine eye for local effect, stood these

words : "Poem—The Wreck of the Champlain," and the village poet, then a young girl, did her best at working up the dramatic points of the incident. The poet has not felt herself the centre of so tremendous an occasion since the night when she read that poem to the solemn-faced rows of people sitting on the rude benches of the old school-house. There was one place in the poem where there had been a dreadful struggle between the rhyme and the grammar. It is now quite forgotten which went to the wall, but it was full twenty years afterward before it occurred to the poet that that particular stanza might perhaps have been left out. But she remembers with gratitude the sturdy patriotism which applauded with indiscriminating admiration, and has never regretted that she helped to heighten the effect of an unusual incident in our history.

The point upon which the Champlain was wrecked has since been known as Calamity Point.

Modern History.

1876-1904.

With the last quarter of the nineteenth century may be said to begin the story of the New Westport. In 1876 came the railroad, connecting Albany with Montreal, and giving us for the first time swift access to either. That this railroad, owned by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, runs along the precipitous shore of the lake, instead of through the comparatively smooth valley followed by the Old State Road through

Schroon and Lewis to Keeseville, is entirely due to the great influence of the town of Moriah, strong in her iron interests, and seconded by all the lake towns as far as lay in their power. Westport was bonded for \$25,000. The road as a whole presented great engineering difficulties, but its passage through the central valley of Westport, avoiding both our mountain systems, called for no tunneling nor extensive blasting. Regular trains began running in time to carry Essex County people to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and to many a native youth that summer was the first which gave him a glimpse of the wide, wide world. Now came the decline of the lake traffic, with its many romantic conditions, afterward partially restored by the increase of summer traveling for pleasure. And with the railroad arose the era of the summer boarder, with all which that implies.

For another reason the year 1876 marks a division line in our village history, in that it was the year of the Great Fire, a calamity which cleared the way for many changes. It occurred on the night of August 15, originating, probably by accident, in the stables of the old Lake House, and sweeping southward along Main street until the hotel, the corner block owned by D. L. Hooper and R. J. Ingalls, the dwelling house of V. C. Spencer and the Baptist church were consumed. Then the wind shifted ever so little from north to west, and the brick corner block across the street, containing the stores of C. H. Eddy, E. B. Low and Amos Prescott, was also destroyed, and the next block considera-

bly damaged. In the building of E. B. Low was the post-office, then kept by William Douglass, and in that of C. H. Eddy was the town clerk's office. One historic deposit consumed with Eddy's store was a quantity of type and printing material, the mortal remains of the old Turner newspaper, consigned to the cellar a generation before. The excitement and confusion were great in a village with no fire department and no adequate water supply, but men fought the flames bravely inch by inch, climbing the shingled roofs and covering them with wet earth and sods, carrying water in pails from wells and cisterns, and even up the hill from the lake. The three bells were rung until the country people for miles around were roused, and came in to help. It happened that there was at the time a Teachers' Institute held in town, and the hotel was filled to its utmost capacity. The old Halstead house, opposite the Baptist church, was saved by the thick, damp, foliage of the large elms and maples which had shaded it for so many years, but these were so badly scorched that they have never quite recovered their beauty, and some of them have died. The total cost of the fire was estimated at \$75,000. The burned area was immediately built over by the owners, in a manner greatly to the advantage of the village, with the exception of the hotel site, which lay untouched for eleven years.

Thus the southern part of the village was left with no place of entertainment for strangers, a state of things which had not existed since John Halstead built the first frame house in the village, on the south corner at

the top of the lake hill, in 1800, and there offered entertainment to man and beast. Here came the earliest travelers, landing from the ferry, or awaiting its uncertain arrival. But in course of time conditions changed, and from about 1825 the house was a private dwelling, occupied by the Halstead and Sawyer families until 1868. Then it was sold to the Lake Champlain Ore and Iron Company, and this company owned it at the time of the fire. A large addition was then built to the house, and it was transformed into a hotel, under the name of the Marvin House. Gen. Marvin of Troy, one of the iron magnates of the day, was the principal owner. For ten years the management changed frequently, Mr. Montford Weed keeping it the greater part of the time, and in 1887 the property was purchased by the present proprietors, and the house became the Westport Inn. It has been improved and built upon until the original structure is now entirely gone. The Inn is a summer hotel, keeping open only from June to October, and has become one of the popular resorts of the Adirondacks. It is in its season the principal hotel of the place, accommodating one hundred and fifty guests. The first manager was Mrs. Henry C. Lyon, followed after a few years by Mrs. O. C. Daniels. In 1900 the management was assumed by Mr. Harry P. Smith, who has been connected with the Inn since its first opening. The Inn property now comprises all the old Halstead property along the lake shore, with two places across the road, the Gables and Over the Way, besides the William J. Cutting place, on which are the golf links

stretching back toward the mountains, and the club house on the corner, made out of J. N. Barton's carriage shop.

The water works came as a direct consequence of the opening of the Inn, the company being chartered in 1891. The water, the best in the world, is brought from the Mountain Spring in the hills back of the village, and the pipes extend from A. P. Holt's on the south to Stony Sides on the north, from Jacksonville on the east to the railway station on the west. All the central part of the village is sewered.

The Library.

In the winter of 1884-5 was the first movement toward a town Library. The idea originated with Miss D. May Howard, then teaching south of the village, and was eagerly approved by the faculty of the High School, at that time consisting of three teachers, Mr. Chas. F. Chisholm, Miss Kate Rogers and Miss Lina H. Barton. Other young people of the town who gave help at the beginning were Miss Lou Prescott, Miss Ada G. Douglass, Miss Minnie Newell, Charles Holt, George Richards, Harry Douglass, Frank Royce, and Ben Douglass. Mrs. Francis L. Lee gave substantial help when applied to, and Dr. F. T. Delano, then just settled in town, gave valuable aid.

The young people held entertainments in the Armory, which had been fitted up with a rude stage and ruder seats some years before for the use of the Forrest Club,

and in a few months fifty dollars was raised and invested in books. Mr. Amos Prescott offered the use of a wing of his house as a library, and for three years his daughter acted as Librarian, with some help from other young ladies. Membership tickets were sold, entertainments and sociables were held at the houses of people kindly disposed and the first catalog, printed June, 1886, showed 238 volumes. Now, after eighteen years, we have over two thousand volumes.

In 1887 Miss Alice Lee took an active part in the fortunes of the growing Library. By personal effort she succeeded in obtaining subscriptions in town of \$1,100 in cash and labor, and donations from friends outside to the amount of \$1,400. In October of 1887 the Westport Library Association was incorporated by the state, the charter members of the Board of Trustees being Miss Alice Lee, Peter P. Bacon, Frank H. Eddy, Frank T. Delano, John Hoffnagle and Luther B. Newell. Upon Mr. Hoffnagle's moving to Rouses Point, David A. Clark was elected in his place, and after the death of Mr. Newell Mr. George C. Spencer and Mr. Frank B. Royce were elected trustees. After the removal from town of Dr. DeLano and Mr. Spencer, and the deaths of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Eddy, three more were elected, Mr. Frank E. Smith, Mr. Harry P. Smith and Mr. George B. Richards. The President of the Association is Miss Lee. Secretary, Mr. L. B. Newell, succeeded by Mr. Frank B. Royce. Treasurer, Mr. F. H. Eddy, succeeded by Mrs. F. H. Eddy. For a number of years the work of Librarian was done gratui-

tously by ladies living in town, the first of whom was Miss Louise Prescott. After the new building was occupied help was given by Miss Ada G. Douglass, Mrs. F. T. DeLano, Mrs. F. H. Eddy, Mrs. J. L. Roberts, Mrs. F. E. Smith, Mrs. F. B. Royce and Miss Jennie Daniell. Since 1892 paid Librarians have been employed,—Miss Marian Ferris, Miss Marie Bacon, afterward Mrs. Harry P. Smith, Miss Osite Bacon, afterward Mrs. John H. Low, and Miss Molly Eddy.

The vacant lot in the centre of the village, still covered with the ruins of the old "Persons Hotel," was purchased as the site for the new Library building, and the grounds were leveled and cleared by contributed labor. The Library building, 26x52 feet in size, was designed by Messrs. Andrews & Jaques of Boston, and constructed by Mr. David A. Clark. On Thursday evening, July 26, 1888, the hall was filled with the audience which had gathered to witness the opening ceremonies. Upon the platform sat the trustees and librarian, with the Rev. H. L. Grant of the M. E. Church, Rev. Mr. Benedict of the Baptist, and Rev. F. X. LaChance, of the Roman Catholic Church, and also Mr. Amos Prescott, who had given the Library a home for three years. Dr. F. T. DeLano presided, an account of the work was given by Mr. L. B. Newell, and the principal address was made by the Hon. Richard L. Hand of Elizabethtown, followed by remarks from Senator R. C. Kellogg.

The Library has been used since its opening as a town hall, in which elections and town meetings are

held. It is also the most available place for public entertainments. It is supported entirely by the rent received in this way, by tickets sold to non-residents and by contributions from friends, as the town has never been taxed for its maintenance.

Westport Farms.

Important in the history of the old patent of Bessboro was the purchase, in 1894 of nine farms along the lake shore, by Mr. James McKinley Graeff. These farms, with a mountain lot on Harper mountain, comprise eighteen hundred acres, and all are operated together under the name of the Westport Farms. No finer farming land can be found in all the world, and here much of the modern improved farming machinery has been first seen in town. The Creamery, the manufacture of maple sugar in its season, and all the operations of a large estate give employment to large numbers of workmen and their families. The residence has been built overlooking the site of the old pre-Revolutionary settlement of Raymond's Mills, and the island of Father Jognes. The beautiful bay has now a tragic interest from the drowning of Mr. Graeff's eldest son, a boy of twelve, in June of 1903. It was in 1900 that Mr. Graeff received his first election to the Assembly, and he is now holding his fourth term as member from Essex County.

IRON.

To this last quarter century belongs the record of the last iron manufacture in the town, and it would seem that this is the proper place for a brief summary of the whole history of that industry. It might be said to begin with Philip Skene, about 1765, shipping ore from the Crown Point bed, now the Cheever, to Skenesboro, followed by the operations of the Plattsburgh proprietors at the same place after the Revolution. But for the soil of the present Westport the history of iron begins in the earliest decade of the nineteenth century, with the work of Jonas Morgan at two points on the Black river. For fifty years, the time being divided into two periods by the freshet of 1830 which swept away most of the work of the earliest settlers, the little forges on the Black carried on an intermittent but not an inconsiderable industry. Here belong the names of Brainard and Mitchell, Southwell, Lobdell, Myrick and Hatch, ending with Meigs, who vanished in 1855. Iron was not made upon the Boquet so early as upon the Black, but the town records mention Wadhams and Braman's forge at the Falls in 1822, and in 1829 the only iron works in town were those of Barnabas Myrick at the same place. During this half century of small local iron making, bar iron was recognized as a standard of exchange, equally with grain and cattle.

The second period begins with the purchase of the Cheever ore bed by Boston capitalists in 1838, leading to the development of the Moriah mines, and the in-

creased manufacture of their ore in Elizabethtown and Westport. In 1845 the plank road was laid from the Valley to the Bay, chiefly for the convenience of the men who were drawing iron to the wharves. In the same year Merriam's Forge was opened upon the Boquet, to see a prosperous existence of about twenty-five years, making in 1866 four hundred and fifty tons of iron, and using eighty thousand bushels of charcoal. All the ore was drawn over the mountains from Mineville, much of it in the winter, the farmers of the neighborhood going with a load of hay or grain, and returning with a load of ore for Merriam's Forge. In 1848 the Sisco Furnace was built upon the lake shore, by Boston capital, and represents the height of our iron production. Six to nine tons of iron were made per day, but all was over with Jackson's failure in 1857. To this period belong the first attempts to raise ore in Westport. The Campbell or Nichols Pond bed (afterward the Norway) was opened between 1845 and 1850, and the ore used in the Valley Forge, in Elizabethtown. About 1850 the Jackson or Ledge Hill bed was opened and the ore used in the Sisco Furnace. The Merriam bed was not opened until 1867.

After the war came the third period, and the briefest of all. The furnace at Seventy-five was built in 1864, standing by a geographical accident on Westport land, but belonging in fact to the system of Moriah iron works. In 1868 the Lake Champlain Ore and Iron Company, of which firm the most famous name is that of Jay Cook, began operations, building the Norway Furnace

in 1869, with the separator and tram road at Nichols Pond, and giving its name to the Norway bed. At nearly the same time the Split Rock bed was opened, faintly enhaloed with the name of Boss Tweed, but not until the late seventies were separator, wharf and dwelling houses built.

Our fourth period, and the last, that of Payne at Wadhams Mills, extends from 1873 to 1884. Daniel French Payne had bought all the old Wadhams property, lands and mills, in 1865, built a new saw mill in 1867, and enlarged the grist mill in 1868. In 1873 he began the construction of a two-fired forge, finished it in 1875, added another fire in 1879, and still another in 1880. With this plant his maximum production of iron was one thousand tons a year. The ore was brought from the Moriah mines and from Ferrona and Chateaugay on the railroad. The last iron was made in 1884, the difficulty of obtaining charcoal rendering its further production unprofitable.

This undoubtedly ends the chapter of iron making in Westport. The water-power at Wadhams has since been used only for milling purposes, but now, in 1904, it is about to be utilized for an extensive electric plant, capable of furnishing light and power for many miles of the surrounding country. So that instead of loads of ore dragged slowly over the mountains to be made into iron at the Falls of the Boquet, the electricity generated at the Falls will be flashed to Mineville to furnish the power for working the mines there.

Roman Catholic Church.

It was intended to give complete sketches of each of the three churches in town, but the essential details of the histories of the three Protestant denominations may easily be gathered from the data given in the chronological account, and any one interested will gladly undertake the trouble of tracing their growth and development. They were organized early among an emigrant people of New England origin, as one of the first necessities of their daily lives, the Baptist church in 1807, the M. E. church in 1816, and the Congregational somewhat later. The fourth church has been unmentioned until an outline of its history is now given.

The first white man who ever looked upon the shores of Westport was a Roman Catholic,—Samuel de Champlain, in 1609. The first white man whose foot ever pressed the soil of Westport was a Roman Catholic,—Pere Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest. In 1642 he, with two companions, Couure and Goupil, also priests, were captured by the Mohawks on the St. Lawrence and carried up Lake Champlain. Landing upon the island near the southern shore of the land which is now called Westport, the three priests were compelled to run the gauntlet, and were otherwise tortured. Pere Jogues was afterward killed by the Indians in the Mohawk country.

All through the one hundred and fifty years of French sovereignty over Lake Champlain and its borders, the

Pope of Rome claimed spiritual sway over all souls within it. When the fort at Crown Point was built in 1731 a little church sheltered an altar where mass was said, at times, as long as the lilies of France floated from the flag staff upon the ramparts. The French village near the fort saw many a priest stopping for a night on his journeys up and down the lake, sometimes with a war party of painted savages on their way to burn villages on the English frontier. To this period, we believe, belongs the little ebony image of the Virgin and Child, discovered among the pebbles of North Shore. Some Canadian voyager, some Indian convert, or some missionary priest traveling in the bark canoe of an Iroquois warrior, may have dropped it as he stepped ashore for a night's encampment.

When the country was given over to England, in 1763, the religion of France retained no foothold upon it. Not until 1840 was mass first said in Port Henry, and not for several years after that in Westport. The Roman Catholics in the place have been, almost without exception, immigrants from Canada, in numbers too few to maintain a separate parish until within twenty years. The conversion to Roman Catholicism of Edgar Wadhams seems to have little connection with his boyhood home, as he was received by the Sulpicians of St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore in 1845, four years afterward ordained a priest of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral at Albany, and there remained until he became first Bishop of the new see of Ogdensburgh in 1872. Therefore it cannot be said that he influenced the growth of the church in

this vicinity in any degree until his entrance upon his bishopric.

In 1857 land was purchased for a church and cemetery, and the frame of the church was raised and enclosed, although the building remained uncompleted for more than twenty years. Active in these beginnings, as always through the subsequent history of the church, was Mr. Peter P. Bacon, who was trustee of the church until his death. Other trustees have been Michael Flinn, John Close and John Ferrell. Upon the appointment of Bishop Wadhams to his see, he sent Father Shields to this mission, and afterward Father O'Rourke, in charge at Port Henry, gave time and attention to the completion of the church in 1879. In 1882 the parish of Westport was formed, including Elizabethtown, Essex and Keene, and it was attended by the Rev. Joseph Redington, and then by the Rev. John Sullivan, who died in the winter of 1884. The next summer the Rev. Michael Halahan was removed from his position as assistant at the cathedral and placed in charge of the parish. Through his exertions the church and grounds were greatly improved, and a parochial residence erected, since which time the home of the parish priest has been in this place. The completed church was dedicated by Bishop Wadhams, under the protection of St. Philip of Neri, with a large number of visiting priests in attendance. The new bell was baptized with the name of Pere Isaac Jogues, and its musical sound floated forth over the little island where the gentle priest had suffered, two hundred and

forty years before. The cruel savages are gone. Their animal-like worship of the forces of nature has commanded no followers since they were swept away. But the cross of Christ, upon which Isaac Jogues fixed every thought of his anguished soul as his gaze swept the horizon of this wilderness, still shines as a symbol over the whole land.

Father Halahan was followed by the Rev. Francis Xavier LaChance, who still ministers to the people. The church property on Pleasant street adds greatly to the attractiveness of the village, as church, parish house and cemetery are kept in fine order, and much care and labor are expended on the grounds, where the shrubbery and flower beds are more beautiful every summer.

Murders.

Only three were ever committed on our soil. In the summer of 1882 a man by the name of DeBosnys, a Portuguese by birth, came to Essex, and soon married a widow by the name of Betsy Wells. The first of August they drove to Port Henry, and returned by way of the lake road to Essex. In one of the loneliest spots of that lonely road over the the Split Rock range, they left the buggy and went into the wood, where DeBosnys shot and stabbed the woman, covered her body with bushes, returned to the buggy and drove on to Essex alone. There he went into the post office, and while giving directions in regard to letters which might come for him there in future, an officer entered and ar-

rested him, only five hours after the murder had been done. His detection was really due to the loneliness of the spot which he had chosen, and which he had reckoned upon as his greatest protection. Travelers were not so frequent upon that road as to pass unnoticed, and DeBosnys and his wife were seen to pass the old Gen. Wright place, where Allen Talbot then lived. Soon afterward Mr. Talbot was out in the fields and saw a man skulking in the woods. Meeting a neighbor, William Blinn, who lived in the next house toward Essex, he learned that DeBosnys had been seen passing Blinn's house alone. As DeBosnys was a foreigner and a suspicious character, search was immediately begun for the missing woman, and every movement of the murderer and his victim was easily traced. DeBosnys was tried the next March, instantly convicted, and hung at Elizabethtown April 27, 1883, the second man ever hung in the county.

On the same lonely mountain road, but two miles nearer the village, occurred the second murder, in February of 1890. Two old people, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Floyd, living alone upon their farm, had sold a rocky pasture high up on the hills of the Split Rock range, and the check sent in payment lay in the house. One evening a masked man entered and shot them both. It was thought that he meant only to frighten them out of the money, but that she, a woman of extraordinary strength and spirit, though frail in appearance, tore the mask from his face and recognized him, and then in self defence, to escape detection, he killed them both.

But the check had never been endorsed, and the murderer left it behind him, smeared with bloody hands. A light snow fell to cover his tracks, and to this day it is not known who did the deed.

In August of the same year a brutal wretch, Charles Wright by name, killed an old woman who lived alone on another mountain road, the one that leads from Stevenson's to Mineville. Her name was Bedelia Taylor. The murderer was at once apprehended, and although there was from the first no doubt whatever of his guilt, it took the people of the state of New York nearly three years to send him to imprisonment for life in Dannemora prison. Many people believe that this man Wright also killed Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, as he was at one time employed upon the farm, and knew the house well. The sale of the land and the receipt of the check had been common talk for days in the neighborhood and in the village, and it was supposed that the check had been cashed.

Bibliography.

The books of Westport are not many. Aside from the list of books concerning the Champlain valley, every one of which has of course a connection more or less intimate with the history of this township, no book has ever been written about Westport until the present volume. The actual literary production seems to begin with the first newspaper, the *Essex County Times* and *Westport Herald*, published from 1841 to 1844 by

Anson H. Allen, and continued from 1844 a few years longer by David Turner, under the name of the *Essex County Times*. This is our one and only newspaper, with the exception of a sheet called the *Yankee Nation*, of which one issue was printed in the summer of 1898, by a man from Vergennes who did not seem to have serious intentions.

Of contributions to periodicals outside the town, the first that I know are the letters written to the *New York Evening Post*, descriptive of a winter in Florida, by Lieut. Platt R. Halstead, in 1845.

The same year Sewall Sylvester Cutting became editor of the *New York Recorder*, a religious paper which he conducted for ten years, with the exception of three years in which he was editor of *Quarterly Christian Review*. In 1858 he published "Historical Viudications of the Baptists." His hymns and poems, which were numerous and widely read, have never been collected in a volume. One of the most important was the alumni poem, "Lake Champlain," read before the alumni of the University of Vermont at the Commencement of 1877. Of his many contributions to local history, perhaps the best known is "The Genesis of the Buck-board."

Judge Asa Aikens published one of his law-books, "Forms," before coming to Westport, and another, "Tables," in 1846, while living here.

We have a right to claim in our list Dr. George T. Stevens' "Three years in the Sixth Corps," published in 1866, in Albany, by S. R. Gray, partly from the fact

of Dr. Stevens' residence at Wadhams from 1857 to '61, and partly because this book describes particularly the war experiences of many Westport men belonging to the 77th N. Y. V. His later scientific works can hardly be claimed in this list.

A little volume of letters of travel, written by Mrs. Francis L. Lee during a western trip taken in 1886, was dedicated to her grandchildren, and published in Boston in 1887. It is "Glimpses of Mexico and California, by S. M. Lee."

Mr. F. V. Lester, at one time Principal of our High School, published in 1899 a school book called "Nine Ninety-nine Problems."

Heraldry.

The armorial bearings of nations and individuals connected with our history have made a pleasant study. The Iroquois who owned the land before the white man came were armigers in the strictest sense, bearing totemic insignia by which the tribes were distinguished. The totems of the Five Nations were the bear, the deer, the wolf, the tortoise and the beaver, all animals familiar to our forests, which might well be quartered upon a shield as the arms of the Iroquois Confederacy.

The first white man who ever saw the shores of Westport, Samuel de Champlain, undoubtedly bore arms, as he came of noble family, but the symbols upon his shield we do not know, since his line is extinct, and no records have yet been found in which the family arms

are given. The city of Quebec, founded by Champlain, and therefore anxious to do him honor, has spent much time and money in the search, but so far without result.

Should we represent our history by a series of shields, symbolizing the changes in events from 1609 onward, we should place directly after the totems of the Iroquois the royal insignia of France, the three golden lilies on an azure field which were blazoned on the first flag which ever floated over our soil. Afterward came the banner of England, planted upon the walls of Crown Point fort, gorgeous in its many colored quarterings. This was the flag to which Raymond and his settlers took off their hats when they went to the fort, and the one which flew from the masts of Carleton's ships when he fought with Benedict Arnold in Northwest Bay. Arnold's ships bore the flag of thirteen red and white stripes, with the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick combined in the familiar union of the British ensign. Now our school children are taught to salute "the flag of Washington," which is the same as Arnold's except for the starry union which was afterward adopted.

The first owner of land in Westport, William Gilliland, who surveyed the boundaries of Bessboro in 1764, bore arms,—*"azure, a lion rampant argent,"* that is, a silver lion standing upright on a shield of blue. The crest is a right hand with a mailed wrist, clenching the handle of a dagger, the helmet above the shield is that of an esquire, and the motto is *"Dieu et mon pais"*

("God and my peace" in old French). These arms are still used on the bookplate of the Gilliland family.

Next we may hang the arms of the Irish Bessboro, an earldom of the Ponsonby family in the south of Kilkenny, which Gilliland doubtless had in mind when he named this patent, although we know of no real connection between him and the Ponsonby estate. The shield is red, crossed by a silver chevron, with three silver combs, two above and one below the chevron. The comb is a very uncommon charge in heraldry, but it is explained that an ancestor of the Ponsouby family came into England with William the Conqueror and was appointed barber to the king, assuming three combs upon his shield. The crest is a snake twining about a cluster of three arrows whose points are downward,—a device startlingly prophetic of the New World Bessboro, if the serpent be a rattlesnake and the arrows the stone headed shafts of the Iroquois. The motto is *Pro rege, lege, grege*.

The second owner of our soil, Sir Philip Skene, came of a Scottish clan, with a tartan of its own, and arms which were assumed in the time of King Malcolm III. A skene, readers of Scotch tales will remember, is a short hunting dagger, double edged, which the Highlander sometimes carried in his stocking. The story is that King Malcolm was attacked in the royal forest by a wolf, and the wolf was killed by one of the courtiers whom the king rewarded by giving him arms of his own which are thus described :

"The arms of Skene of that ilk are gules, three skenes

paleways in fess argent, hilted and pommelled or, on the point of each a wolf's head coupé of the third. Supporters, dexter, a highlandman in his proper garb holding a skene in his right hand in a guarding posture; sinister, another highlandman in a servile habit, his target on the left arm and the dorrach by the right side, all proper. Crest, a dexter hand proper holding a dagger argent, hilted and pommelled or, surmounted of a wolf's head. Motto, *Virtutis regia merces.*"

But that Sir Philip who sailed on Lake Champlain was not a Skene of Skene, but belonged to that branch of the family called Skene of Halyards, a younger branch whose cadency is indicated by a crescent as a difference, the shield being otherwise the same as the arms of Skene of that ilk. Therefore if the village of Westport should desire to make use of the arms of the first owner of the soil as armorial bearings for the community, they would be a red shield, bearing three silver daggers with golden handles, the point of each thrust into a wolf's head.

Of the eight men who owned Skene's patent after the Revolution, the two Platts, Zephaniah and Nathaniel, came of a family which bore arms, and a brilliant coat it was, which would make a fine show on the seal of the city of Plattsburgh. It was "party per pale, or and gules; a lion passant argent, armed azure. Crest, a chaplet." That is, the shield is half gold and half red, divided in the middle lengthwise, and upon this glowing background walks a silver lion with toes and tail tuft of blue.

The wife of Platt Rogers was a Wiltse, and the "arms

de Wiltz" are "or, a chief gules," that is, a golden shield, with the upper third red. Crest, a cap of maintenance, a state ornament often carried before a prince or the mayor of a city on occasions of ceremony. The cap is of red with a rim of gold, and above it are two golden wings "au vol." Whether that first Wiltse who came to Manhattan in 1656 had good right and title to this coat of arms it is hard to tell, but at least many an American claims arms and ancestry with no more decisive proof.

There is no more beautiful coat than that of Wadhams of Merrifield, the colors being red and silver. The shield is "gules, a chevron between three roses, argent. Crest, a stag's head couped, with a rose between the horns." That is, on a red shield a silver chevron between three silver roses, two above and one below. Crest, a pair of antlers with part of the skull attached, couching them; the whole of gold, except the rose, which is silver. This shield is found upon the seal of the bishopric of Ogdensburgh, but not the crest, since a bishop bears no crest.

One department of heraldry belongs almost entirely to the new world,—that of inventing coats of arms for new commonwealths. Why should not dear old Westport have at least this one article of luxury, which ought not to cost more than a little inventive power, together with a sympathetic knowledge of her history? I would here humbly offer an escutcheon which has shaped itself in my imagination as symbolic of the town. Let us take the Gilliland tinctures, blue and

silver, the same as those of the lake and the unclouded sky. Let the shield be of silver, to symbolize the gleaming surface of the bay, and let us have a chief of azure, like the sky which bends above it. On this azure chief put three golden fleurs-de-lys, for Champlain, and for the hundred and fifty years of the sovereignty of France. For motto we will take Gilliland's own, "God and my peace," since nothing could be better for an unambitious little town of quiet history. I am more in doubt about the crest than anything else. Shall it be Skene's silver dagger with the wolf's head upon it, or the tomahawk of one of Rogers' Rangers sunk into the head of a lynx? Or shall we have the graceful two-masted periagua of the Plattsburgh proprietors under full sail, or the first Vermont, with its long trail of smoke? But these are all too elaborate, since good heraldry is not pictorial, but symbolic. The stag's antlers would be better, such as have tossed among our forest trees for untold centuries. If it is left to me, I shall draw the arms of Westport *argent, on a chief azure three fleurs-de-lys or*. Crest, *a stag's head coupé, argent*. When this is hung upon the wall we will surround it with a mantling of rich green, for the foliage of our summer landscape, and the motto shall be "*Dieu et mon pays*." For supporters we might have a woodsman with his axe and one of Rogers' Rangers in full buckskin, but I incline to one of our black bears on the dexter side, with an immense muskalonge, as big as the one Champlain thought he saw, which was certainly of a size to balance that of a bear, on the sinister side.

This may also symbolize the fish stories of the summer boarder, and shall be the only hint of modern conditions. I confess that I contemplate this imaginary shield with some complacency. Perhaps, when the American College of Heraldry shall be finally constituted, I shall be given some humble office,—I think I should like to be Portcullis,—and then I promise you that it shall not be forgotten.

Additional Facts.

The leisurely manner in which this book has gone through the press has given ample time for the discovery of many additional facts. In a little book in the State Library, "Benedict Arnold's Regimental Memorandum Book, written while at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, 1775," which was printed in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* in 1884, are several references to Raymond's Mills. On June 1st Arnold writes, "Sent a boat to Raymond's Saw Mills for Boards to repair the Barracks, &c., at Crown Point. Then June 3rd, "8 Carpenters employed in repairing the Barracks. Received two thousand feet boards from Raymond's mill," a part of which he sent to Ti. The same day "Sent Capt. M'Kenzie in his Battoe to Raymond's mill for boards." This was probably William McKenzie, the first settler upon the site of Port Henry, and doubtless living there at this time, since he was the owner of a batteau which could be pressed into the service. June

4th, "Sent a boat to Raymond's for Ash for Oars and Troughs for Guns," and the 12th and 13th a boat brought boards from the same place. On the 13th he writes, "Sent a boat with Sken's Negroes to dig ore." These were the twelve slaves taken at Skenesboro a few weeks before, who had been left there by Sir Philip Skene for the service and protection of his family. Later in the diary Arnold notes the arrival of "3 Miss Skeins" at Crown Point, probably to be placed on board one of the ships to be taken southward. Arnold had ever a winning way with women, and we may imagine him graceful, deferential, sympathetic, toward the three captive ladies of high degree; while he made good use of their slaves in fitting out his fleet. He sent the slaves to Skene's ore bed to dig ore, and then had it taken to Skenesboro and forged into bolts and links and whatever he needed for his ships. June 16th he "sent to Raymond's Mill for Timber and provisions for Skene's Negroes." If he had had to write Sir Philip's name again perhaps he would have invented still another way to spell it, but the diary ends June 24th, leaving us with so much more food for the imagination in dwelling upon the life in our first settlement.

In reminiscences of early settlers on the Vermont shore, gathered betimes into the immortal "Hemenway," we find that one Thomas Hinckley lived at Raymond's Mills in the fall of 1778, and was taken captive, with almost every other man on both sides of the lake, and put on board one of the British ships to be carried to Canada. The policy of the British at this time was to

remove the fighting men and leave the women and children behind to return to the older settlements. These were collected in batteaux, and two of the prisoners, Elijah Grandey of Pantou and Thomas Hinckley, were released for the express purpose of taking these batteaux loaded with women, children and a few hastily snatched household goods, to Skenesboro. Probably the commanding officer intended setting sail at once, and could not wait for the return of two of his own men from this errand.

It was at this time that Peter Ferris, who had brought his family from Dutchess county in 1766 and settled opposite Raymond's Mills, was taken to Canada and confined in Quebec until June of 1782. His house was burned by an old Tory neighbor, and so we can never see it, with the marks of the cannon balls that struck it as Carleton fired volley after volley into the retreating ships of Arnold, in October of 1776.

But there was one man living at Raymond's Mill at this period who retained the confidence of the British to such a degree that he was left at liberty while his neighbors and friends were being carried into captivity. His name was Webster, and in this calamitous November of 1778 he sheltered Lt. Benjamin Everest, a Green Mountain Boy of Pantou, who escaped from a British ship as it lay at Ti. and made his way northward through the woods to the Raymond settlement. Everest spent one night in the forest, and came at sunrise to Put's creek. Keeping well back on the hills, but always in sight of the lake, he passed the fort

at Crown Point at a prudent distance, and about mid-day came to Raymond's Mills. As he drew near the settlement, he heard the strokes of an axe ringing clear in the sharp November air in the woods back of the clearing. Skulking behind trees, he came near enough to the axeman to recognize Webster, and made himself known. Webster started to take him to his cabin, but as they came out of the woods into the clearing they saw the whole British fleet, laden as it was with captured Yankees, come dropping down the lake with a light breeze. The ships came to anchor for the night in mid-channel, directly opposite the settlement, and Everest crept back into the woods once more, hungry and shivering, while Webster went into the house and carried food to the fugitive. Then they agreed upon a plan and a signal. Webster returned to his house and built a roaring fire in the rude stone fireplace with sticks from the woodpile which lay at every frontiersman's door. After nightfall, when all was quiet on board the fleet, with no sign of search parties sent out for escaped prisoners, Webster opened his door, letting out the light from his fireplace upon the dark woods, and split a few sticks of wood from his woodpile. As the strokes of his axe sounded on the still, frosty air, heard as plainly by the sentries on board the fleet as by Everest hiding in the woods, he whistled a tune which had been agreed upon as a signal that all was well. The sentries heard only a backwoodsman splitting wood at his door to keep his fire going in the chill autumn night, but Everest heard and sped away in the

darkness to the place on the shore where he knew Webster's canoe was lying, pushed it off and paddled silently away. He crossed the lake without attracting attention from either fleet or fort, landed on the shore and made his way to Castleton.

This story brings out the fact that the Raymond settlement was by no means deserted until after 1778. The settlers probably fled to the south after Arnold's defeat by Carleton, returning to their farms the next spring, or perhaps not until after the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777. We know that on the Vermont shore the settlers who were driven from their homes during the war almost invariably returned to them again, sometimes in the face of positive danger.

In a list of early boatmen on the lake we find the names of Elijah Newell and Levi Hinckley, about 1790, who probably sailed boats belonging to the merchant fleet of "Admiral" Gideon King of Burlington. A search for the names and histories of vessels built at the shipyard of Alexander Young at Young's bay has been rewarded by one name only, that of the *Emperor*, a sailing boat of fifty tons, "built for H. and A. Ferris, at Barber's Point, by Young," in 1810.

As for the early supervisors who deliberated upon our town affairs, the first was William McKenzie, elected in 1796 for the town of Crown Point, the same "Capt. M'Kenzie," I think, who carried boards for Arnold in his batteau in June of 1775. He lived near the site of Port Henry, and went to Plattsburgh to meet the four other supervisors of Clinton county. The next

supervisor of Crown Point was John Kirby, who lived at Kirby's Point in Ticonderoga. He is said to have been a Tory during the revolution, and Cook says that his family were sent to Canada in batteaux by Carleton at the beginning of the war, returning in 1782. Kirby first knew this region through his service in the old French war.

Then when the town of Elizabethtown was formed in 1798, its first supervisor was Ebenezer Newell, who lived at Northwest Bay. I have erroneously stated on page 169 that this first supervisor was Ebenezer *Arnold*, a name since proven to belong only to a mythical personage conjured up by the mistake of a printer who misunderstood some one's poor penmanship and printed *Arnold* for *Newell* in the Essex County History of 1885, whence my information was obtained.

Conclusion.

Closing my book, I am reminded of something in a novel published perhaps twenty years ago,—“Jupiter Lights,” by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Cicely had been ill, and was watched over by a nurse whom she exceedingly disliked, a slow, commonplace woman who never read but one book, and that a history of her native town. “Cicely gazed at her for some time; then she jumped from the couch with a quick bound. “It’s

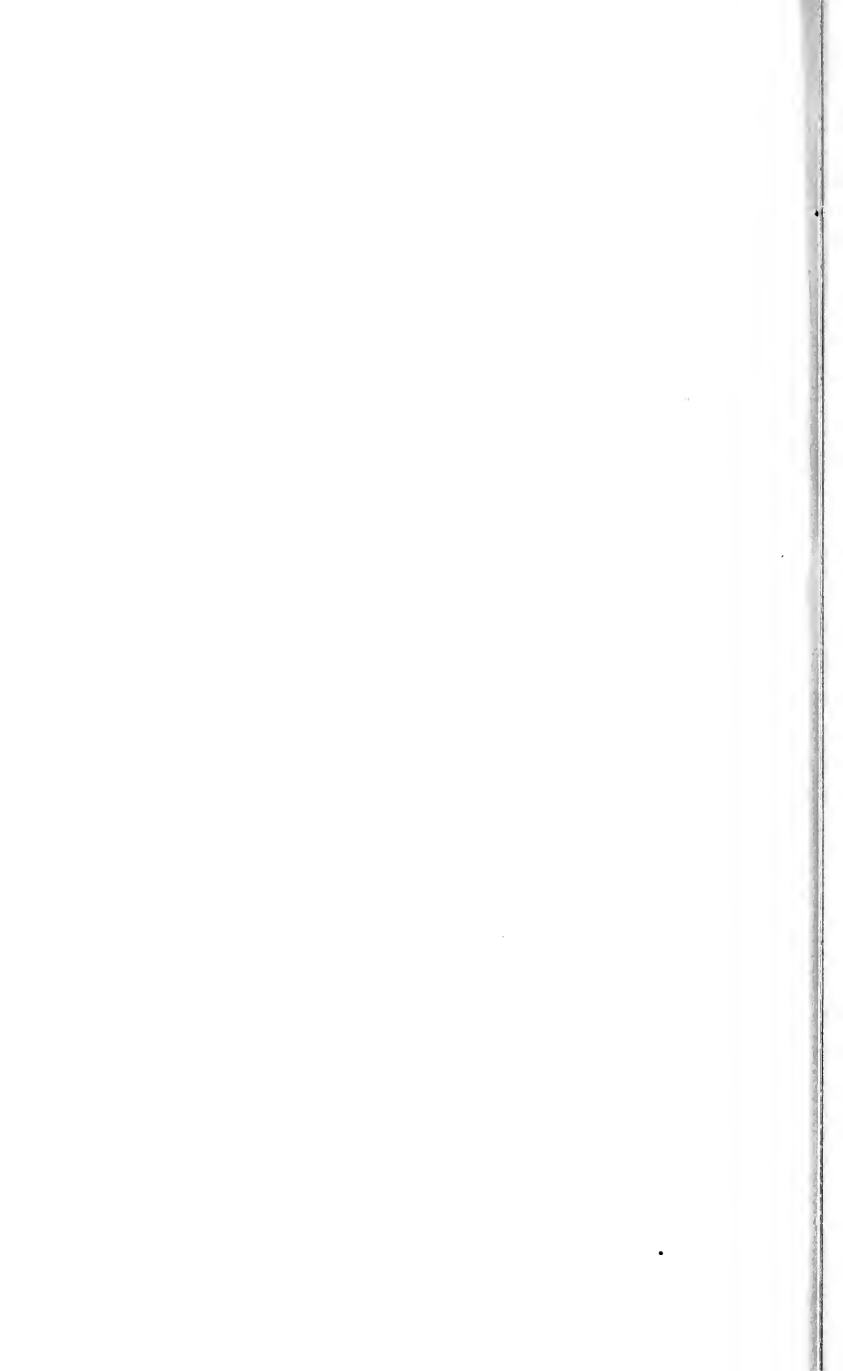
impossible to lie here another instant and see that history of Windham, Connecticut! The next thing you'll be proposing to read it aloud to me," which was something that Cicely could never have endured. This view of the entertaining qualities of a town history was once my own, and it sometimes surprises me yet to reflect that I have lived to put my name to such a volume. Dull and dry it seems to a stranger, but to us who can read between the lines it will be, I know, a real, live book, in spite of all its mistakes and omissions. I expect correction, hearty and plentiful, as soon as it comes to be read, and shall receive it with gratitude. Such is the advantage of writing a book which deals only with facts and not with opinions. I am conscious that the genealogical notes are often incomplete, and it may be asked why certain families have their genealogies given with some fullness, while other families, no less important or interesting, receive no mention at all. To this question I would humbly answer that my services have been limited by my ignorance. That is, if I happened to know something of a family line I put it down as well as I could, but seldom found time to make many inquiries in regard to lines with which I was not familiar. Furthermore, I will confess that I have sometimes gazed in wistful silence upon a semi-acquaintance, longing to ask questions about grandfathers and great-grandfathers and similar things, but mindful of the fact that of all bores the worst is the genealogical bore when it would seem that there is something meddlesome in his boring. This is the less creditable to my

enterprise since I have never, in a single instance, met with anything but the most prompt and pleasant response to any question I found courage to ask.

No one, I suppose, is allowed to choose the one thing by which he is to be remembered most when action shall have ceased, and thought can no longer make itself known. But could I choose, I would be satisfied always to be remembered as one who put some years of hard and happy work upon the history of my native town, and made it to be known forever by another name,—the name of Bessboro.

“Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee.
Thus much—how little!—from the range
Of Death and Destiny.”

—From “*Praxiteles and Phryne*”
by Wm. Wetmore Story.



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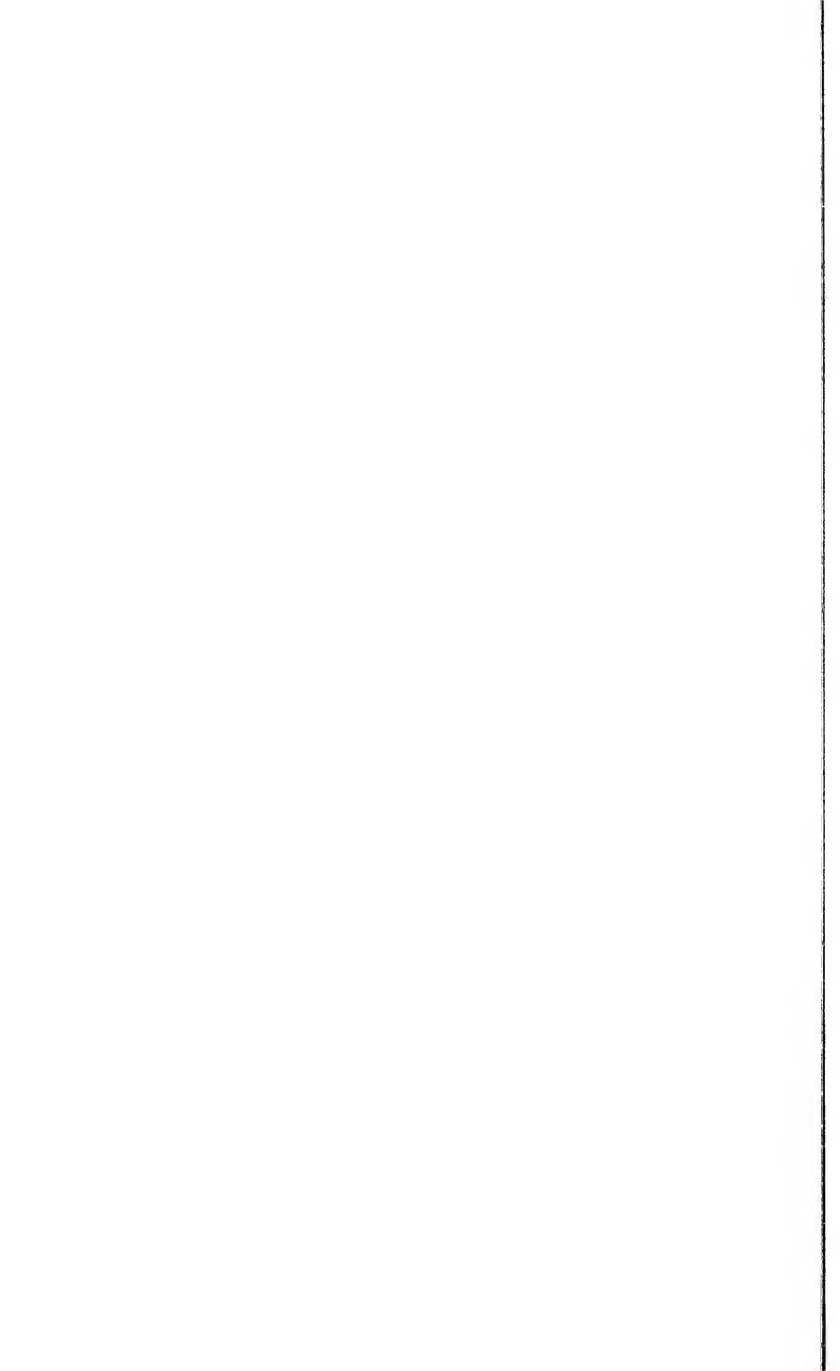
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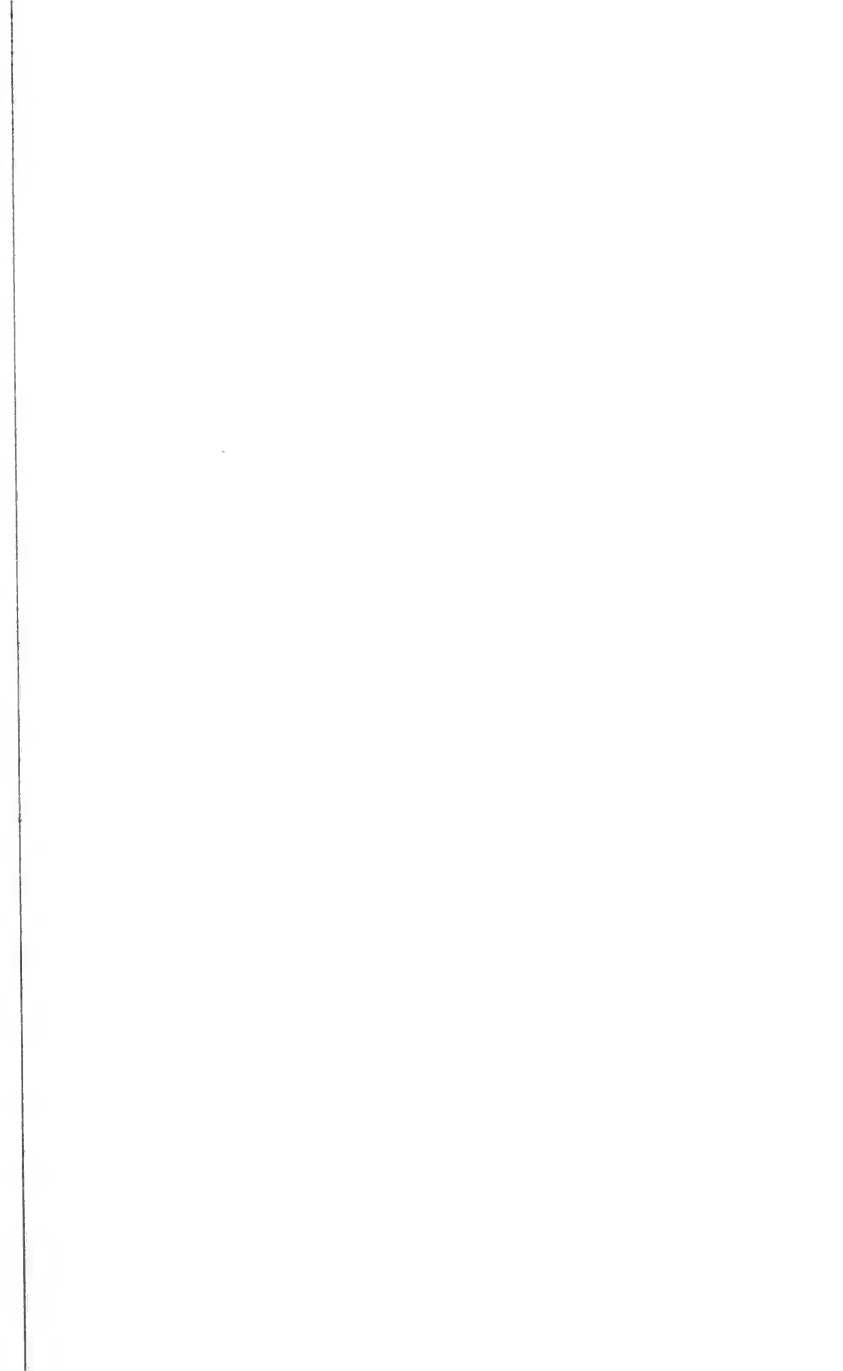
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